



BOYS' AND
GIRLS'
BOOKSHELF

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Historical Children's Books

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And each will try his best to show
The way those tales of Wonder grew.
For this our Book House Friends expect
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That's all they ask for all we learn.
"John-martin,

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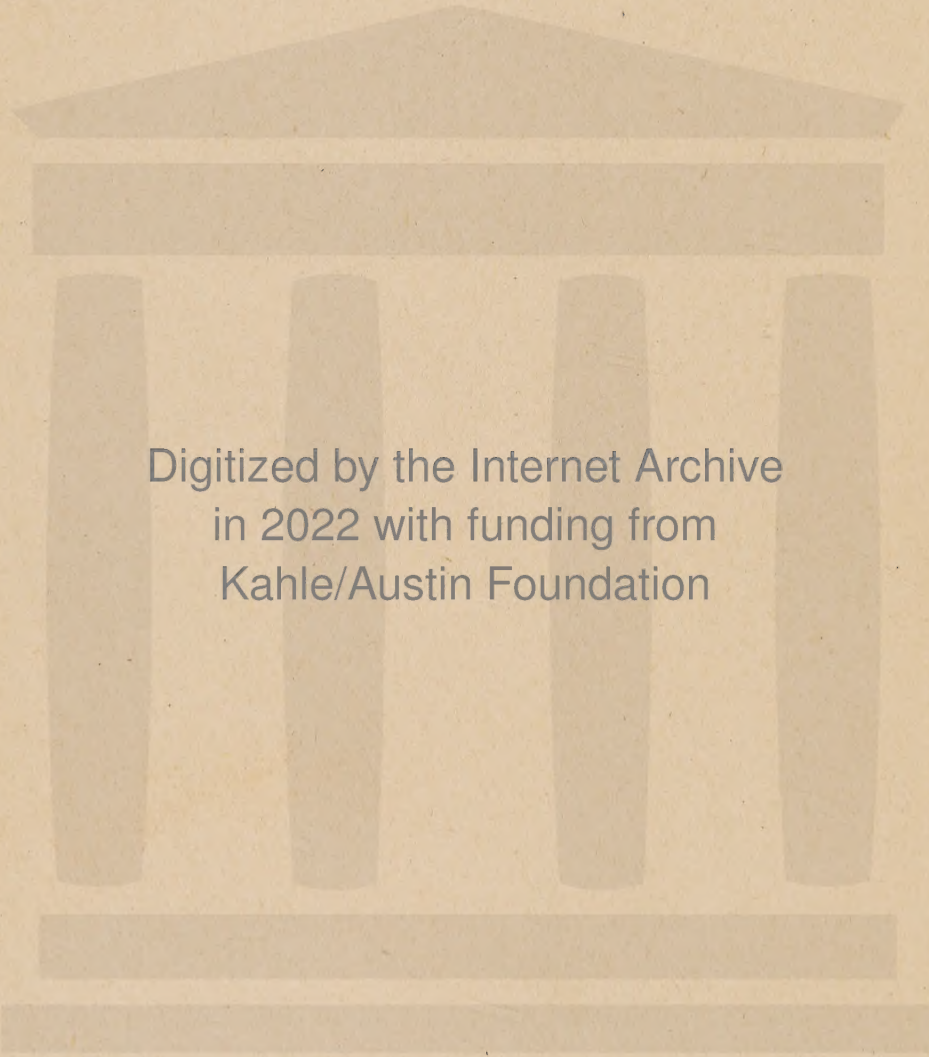
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Long, long ago its seed was sown;
For years and years the Tree has grown.
Ten thousand thousand Hearts & Heads
Have cared for it, so now it spreads
Its Roots and Branches far and wide,
And casts its shade on every side.

This Tree bears Fruit of different kinds
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But no one ever soils or breaks
The Golden Fruit he *needs* and takes,
And no one ever bends or tears
The Books this Tree of Knowledge bears.

❖ "John-martin" ❖





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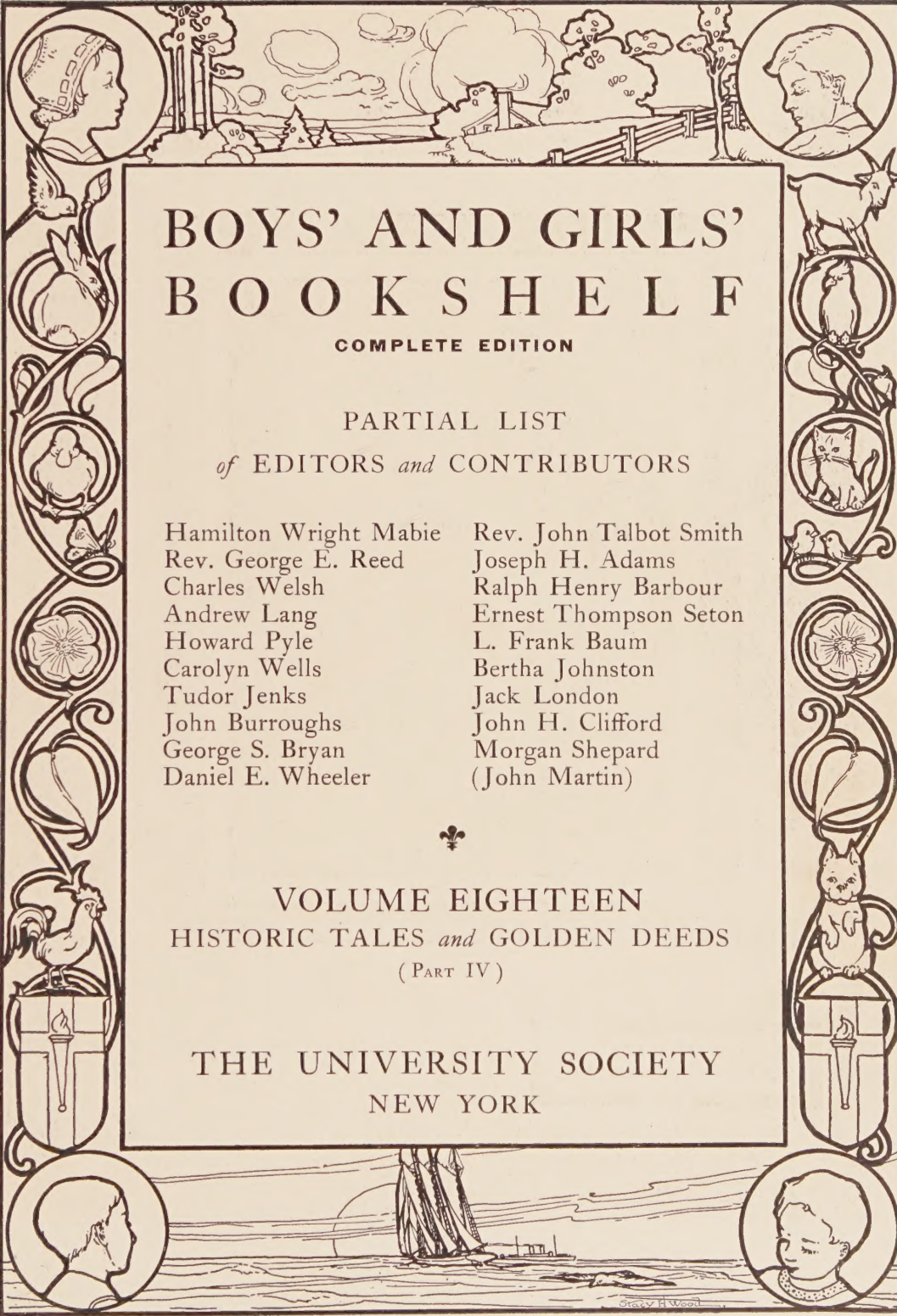


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COMPLETE EDITION

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VOLUME EIGHTEEN
HISTORIC TALES *and* GOLDEN DEEDS
(PART IV)

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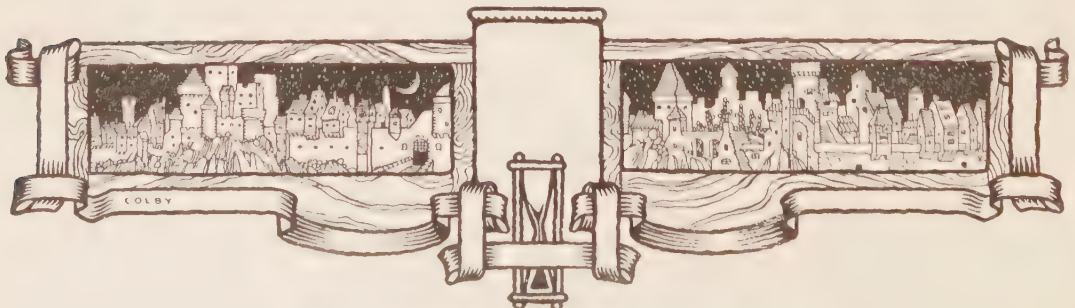
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LITTLE HISTORY STORIES OF MANY LANDS

A CENT'S WORTH OF FUN

How would you like to go to a fair with a cent—a whole cent—to spend as you pleased? We think we can see some of you curling your lips and looking very scornful. "A cent, indeed!" you say. "Of what use is a cent? I wouldn't mind going to a fair with a quarter, or even with a dime, but what could any one do with a cent?"

Well, in Japan you could do a great deal with a cent, and indeed with what is really less than a cent, but which we have no coin now to represent—we used to have the half-cent.

We must remember that Japan is a country of tiny wages; many of its workers do not receive more than twelve cents a day, and a man who gets a quarter of a dollar is well off. Tiny earnings mean tiny spendings, and things are arranged on a scale to meet very slender purses.

We will now see what sort of time O Hara San, Miss Blossom, and her brother, Taro San, Master Eldest Son, had at the fair one fine day in Nagasaki. In the morning they sprang up from their quilts full of excited pleasure, for they had been looking forward to this fair for some time. But they did not romp and chatter and show their excitement as American children would do. Their black eyes shone a little more brightly than usual, and that was all.

When they had whipped their rice into their mouths with their little chopsticks, they started for the fair, which was to be held in the grounds of a great temple. Of course, they were dressed in their best clothes. Their father and grandmother went with them, but their mother stayed at home with the baby. Their father wore a newly washed kimono—a loose outer garment—but his chief glory was an old felt hat which a European gentleman had given him. It had been much too large for him, but he had neatly taken it in, and now wore it with great pride. When they reached the fair they gave themselves up to its delights with all their hearts. There was so much to do and so much to see. Almost at once

O Hara San and Taro were beguiled by a sweet-meat stall.

Each had five rin, and five rin make half a cent, or rather less, but we will call it half a cent for the sake of convenience. One rin apiece was spent here. The stall was in two divisions; one stocked with delicious little bottles of sugar-water, the other with pieces of candy, tinted bright blue and red and green. Miss Blossom chose a bottle of sugar-water, and her brother took candies. But first he demanded of the candy-seller that he should be allowed to try his luck at the disk. This was a disk having an arrow that could be whirled round, and if the arrow paused opposite a lucky spot an extra piece of candy was added to the purchase. To Taro's great joy, he made a lucky hit, and won the extra piece of candy; he felt that the fair had begun very well for him.

While they drank sugar-water and munched candy, they wandered along looking at the booths, where all sorts of wonders were to be seen—booths full of conjurers, acrobats, dancers, of women who could stretch their necks to the length of their arms, or thrust their lips up to cover their eyebrows, and a hundred other curious tricks. The price of admission was one rin each to children, and finally they chose the conjurer's booth, and saw him spout fire from his mouth, swallow a long sword, and finally exhibit a sea-serpent, which appeared to be made of seal-skins tacked together.

When they left the show they came all at once upon one of the great delights of a Japanese fair. It was the man with the cooking-stove, round whom children always throng as flies gather about honey. For the tenth part of a cent you may have the use of his cooking-stove, you may have a piece of dough, or you may have batter with a cup, a spoon, and a dash of soy, a sweet sauce. You may then abandon yourself to the delights of making a cake for yourself, baking it for yourself, and then eating it yourself, and if you spend a couple of hours over the operation the man will not grumble. As this ar-

rangement combines both the pleasure of making a cake and playing with fire, it is very popular, and we cannot wonder that Taro took a turn, though Miss Blossom did not. She felt herself rather too big to join the swarm of happy urchins round the stove.

While Taro was baking his cake she spent her third rin on a peep-show, where a juggler made little figures of paper and pasteboard dance and perform all kinds of antics. Then they went on again. Each bought one rin's worth of sugared beans, a very favorite sweetmeat; and these they ate while they waited for their father and grandmother to join them at the door of a certain theater where they had agreed to meet. Into this theater was pouring a stream of people, old and young, men, women, children, and babies, for a great historical play was to be performed and it would soon begin. The elders came, and the father took the children's last rin to make up the payment which would admit them.

In they went, and took their place. The floor of the theater was divided by little partitions, about a foot or so high, into a vast number of tiny squares, like open egg-boxes. In one of these little boxes our friends squatted down on the floor, and the grandmother began to unpack the bundle which she had been carrying. This bundle contained a number of cooking-vessels and an ample supply of rice, for here they meant to stay for some hours to see the play, to eat and drink, and enjoy themselves generally. Each box contained a family, and each family had brought its cooking-pots, its food, and its drink; and hawkers of food and of a score of other things rambled up and down selling their wares.

When the play began every one paid close attention, for it was a great historical play, and the Japanese go to the theater and take their children there in order to learn history. There are represented the great events that make up the history of old Japan. When an actor gave pleasure, the audience flung their hats on the stage. These were collected by an attendant, and kept until the owners redeemed them by giving a present.

For six hours O Hara San and Taro sat in their little box, laughing, shouting, eating, and drinking, while the play went on. Then it was over, for it was only a short play, at a cheap theater. "Ah!" said their father, "when I was a boy we had real plays. We used to rise early and be in the theater by six o'clock in the morning. There we would stay enjoying ourselves until eleven at night. But now the decree of

the government is that no play shall last more than nine hours. It is too little!"

The children quite agreed with him as they helped their grandmother to gather the pots and pans and dishes which were scattered about their box. Then each took the wooden ticket that would secure the shoes they had left outside with the attendants, and went slowly from the theater. When they had got their shoes and put them on, Miss Blossom and Master Eldest Son strolled slowly homeward through the fair. They had not another rin to spend—their cent's worth of fun was over.

JAPANESE KITE-FLYING

ON a fine windy afternoon of a holiday, Taro, with his father and his younger brother Ito, turned out to fly kites. Some of their neighbors were already at work flying kites from the roofs of the houses or from windows, but our friends wanted more room than that, and went up to a piece of higher ground behind their street. Here they joined a crowd of kite-flyers. Every one was out to-day with his kite, old and young, men of sixty, with yellow, wrinkled faces, down to toddlers of three, who clutched their strings and flew their little kites with as much gravity and staidness as their grandfathers. Before long O Hara San came up with the baby on her back, and he had a bit of string in his tiny fist and a scrap of a kite not much bigger than a man's hand floating a few yards above his head.

But Taro was a proud boy this afternoon. He was about to fly his first big fighting kite. It was made of tough, strong paper, stretched on a bamboo frame five feet square, a kite taller than his own father. The day before Taro had pounded a piece of glass up fine and mixed it with glue. The mixture had been rubbed on the string of his kite for about thirty feet near the kite-end and left to dry. Now, if he could only get this string to cut sharply across the string of another kite, the latter cord would be severed, and he could proudly claim the vanquished kite as his own.

Kites of every color and shape hovered in the air above the wide open space. There were square kites of red, yellow, green, blue—every color of the rainbow; many were decorated with gaily painted figures of gods, heroes, warriors, and dragons. There were kites in the shape of fish, hawks, eagles, and butterflies. Some had hummers, made of whalebone, which hummed musically in the wind as they rose; and as for fighting kites, they were abroad in squads and battalions. In one place the fight was be-

tween single kites; in another a score of men with blue kites met a score with red kites and the kites fluttered, darted, swooped, dived this way, that way, and every way, as they were skilfully moved by the strings pulled from below. Now and again one of them was seen to fall helplessly away and drift down the wind; its string had been cut by some victorious rival, and it had been put out of the battle.

Taro had his kite high up in the air very soon; it flew splendidly, and for some time he was very busy in trying it and learning its ways, for every kite has its own tricks of moving in the air. Then suddenly he saw a great brown eagle sailing toward it. He looked and saw that a boy named Kanaya was directing the eagle kite toward his own, and that it was a challenge to a fight. Taro accepted at once, and the combat was joined.

Kanaya brought his eagle swiftly over Taro's big square kite, brightly painted in bars of many colors, but Taro let out string and escaped. Then he swung his kite up into the wind and made it swoop on the eagle. But Kanaya was already winding his string swiftly in and had raised his kite out of reach of the swoop. And so they went on for more than an hour, pursuing, escaping, feinting, dodging, until at last the eagle caught a favorable slant of wind and darted down so swiftly that Taro could not escape. The strings crossed, and the upper began to chafe the lower savagely.

Taro tried to work his kite away, but in vain. The eagle string was strong and sharp. At the next moment Taro felt a horrid slackness of his string; no more could he feel the strong, splendid pull of his big kite. There it was, going, falling headlong to the ground. Kanaya had won. Nothing now remained to Taro but to take his beating like a Japanese and a gentleman. With a cheerful smile he made three low bows to his conqueror. Kanaya, with the utmost gravity, returned the bows before he ran away to secure the kite he had won.

Now, there had been a very interested and attentive observer of this battle in Ito, Taro's younger brother. Ito never said a word or moved a muscle of his little brown face when he saw his brother defeated and the big kite seized in triumph by Kanaya. But his black eyes gleamed a little more brightly in their narrow slits as he let out more string and waited for Kanaya to begin to fly again.

Ito had succeeded to the possession of Taro's old kite. It was less than two feet square, but it flew well, and Ito had also anointed his string with the mixture of pounded glass and glue,

and was ready for combat. Within ten minutes Kanaya was flying once more, and now he had Taro's kite high in the air. He had put away his own big brown eagle, and was flying the kite he had just won. He had scarcely got it well up when a smaller square kite came darting down upon it from a great height. Ito had entered the lists, and a fresh battle began.

It was even longer and stubbornner than the first, for Ito's kite, being much smaller, had much less power in the air; but Ito made up for this by showing the greatest skill in the handling of his kite, and quite a crowd gathered to see the struggle, watching every movement in perfect silence and with the deepest gravity. Suddenly Ito pounced. He caught a favorable gust of wind, and swung his line across Kanaya's with the greatest dexterity. Saw-saw went the line, and at the next moment the great kite went tumbling down the wind, and Kanaya and Ito exchanged the regulation bows. Then the latter looked at his brother without a word, and Taro ran to seize his beloved kite again.

"It is yours now, Ito," said the elder brother, when he came back.

"Oh no," said Ito; "we will each keep our own. I am glad I got it back from Kanaya."

THE POLICEMAN AND THE SOLDIER IN JAPAN

THE Japanese policeman is, first and foremost, a gentleman. He is a samurai, that is a member of the former soldier class, a man of good family, and therefore deeply respected by the mass of the people. He is often a small man, even for a Japanese, but though his height may run only from four feet ten to five feet nothing, he is a man of much authority. When, in the last century, the samurai were disbanded, there were very few occupations to which they could turn. They disdained agriculture and trade, but numbers of them became servants, printers, and policemen. This seems an odd mixture of tasks, but there are sound reasons for it.

Many samurai became servants because service is an honorable profession in Japan; many became printers because the samurai were an educated class, and the only people fitted to deal with the very complicated Japanese alphabet; and many became policeman because it was a post for which their fighting instinct and their habit of authority well fitted them. Their authority over the people is absolute and unquestioning; and, again, there are sound reasons for this.

Half a century ago the Japanese people could have been divided very sharply into two classes,

the ruling and the ruled. The ruling class was formed of the great princes and the samurai, their followers, about 2,000,000 people in all. The remaining 38,000,000 of the population were the common people, the ruled. Now, in the old days when a daimio, or military chief, left his castle for a journey, he was borne in a kago, a closed carriage, and was attended by a guard of his samurai. If a common person met the procession, he was expected either to retire quickly from the path or fling himself humbly on his face until the carriage had gone by; if he did not, the samurai whipped out their long swords and slew him in short order, and not a single word was said about it. This way of dealing with those who did not belong to the ruling class made the people very respectful to the samurai, and that respect is now transferred to the police.

The Japanese policeman is also to be respected for his skill in wrestling, and, small as he is, the tallest and most powerful foreigner is likely to be quite helpless in his hands. He is thoroughly trained in the art of Japanese wrestling—the jiu-jitsu of which we hear so much nowadays. In this system a trained wrestler can seize his opponent in such a manner that the other man is quite at his mercy, or with a slight impetus he can fling the other about as he pleases. One writer speaks of seeing a very small Japanese policeman arrest a huge riotous Russian sailor, a man much more than six feet high. It seemed a contest between a giant and a child. The sailor made rush after rush at his tiny opponent, but the policeman stepped nimbly aside, waiting for the right moment to grip his man. At last it came. The sailor made a furious lunge, and the policeman seized him by the wrist. To the astonishment of the onlooker, the sailor flew right over the policeman's head, and fell all in a heap more than a dozen feet away. When he picked himself up, confused and half stunned, the policeman tied a bit of string to his belt and led him away in triumph to the station.

The policeman never has any trouble with his own people; they obey at once and without question. If a crowd gathers and becomes a nuisance to any one, it melts as soon as one of the little men in uniform comes along and gives the order to disperse. He may sometimes be seen lecturing a coolie or rickshaw-boy for some misdeed or other. The culprit, his big hat held between his hands, ducks respectfully at every second word, and looks all humility and obedience.

Being an educated man, the policeman has much sympathy with art and artists, and is de-

lighted to help a foreigner who is painting scenes in Japan. An eminent writer, the artist Mortimer Menpes, says: "Altogether I found the policeman the most delightful person in the world. When I was painting a shop, if a passer-by chanced to look in at a window, he would see at a glance exactly what I wanted; and I would find that that figure would remain there, looking in at the shop, as still as a statue, until I had finished my painting; the policeman meanwhile strutting up and down the street, delighted to be of help to an artist, looking everywhere but at my work, and directing the entire traffic down another street."

Of the Japanese soldier there is no need for us to say much here, since the world has so lately been ringing with his praises. The endurance, the obedience, the courage of the Japanese soldier and sailor were shown in marvelous fashion during the great war with Russia, and Japan proved herself to be one of the greatest of the naval and military powers of the world.

The Japanese soldier is the result of the family life in Japan. From his infancy he is taught that he has two supreme duties: one of obedience to his parents, the other of service to his country. This unhesitating, unquestioning habit of obedience, a habit which becomes second nature to him, is of immense value to him as a soldier. He is a disciplined man before he enters the ranks, and he transfers at once to his officers the obedience which he has hitherto shown toward the elders of his family.

His second great duty of service to his country also leads him onward toward becoming the perfect soldier. He not only looks upon his life as a thing to be readily risked or given for his Emperor and for Japan, but he strives to make himself a thoroughly capable servant of his land. No detail of his duty is too small for him to attend to, for he fears lest the lack of that detail should prevent him from putting forth his full strength on the day of trial. He cleans a button as carefully as he lays a big gun, and this readiness for any duty, great or small, was a large factor in the wonderful victory of Japan over Russia.

In battle he questions no order. During the war with Russia many Japanese regiments knew that they were being sent to certain death, in order that they might open a way for their comrades. They never flinched. Shouting their "Banzai!"—their Japanese hurrah—the dogged little men rushed forward upon batteries spouting flame and shell, or upon ramparts lined with rifles, and gave their lives freely for Dai Nippon, Great Japan, the country of their birth. When

wars shall, happily, come to an end, the Japanese nation may be expected to do great things for the world in helping to cultivate the finer arts of peace.

HOW THE SIAMESE SHAVE THE TOPKNOT

SOMETIMES when the traveler in Siam is passing along one of the rivers or canals he will hear the sound of merry music close at hand. He probably pulls ashore, and goes to see what is happening. There is no need to wait for invitations in this free-and-easy country. He makes his way to the place where the band is doing its best to deafen all the poor creatures within reach, and there he finds a motley crowd—men and women in their best and brightest clothes, priests in their most brilliant yellow, actresses with chalked faces and hideous masks, dogs, cats, and children. Among the many people assembled together there is one child, about eleven or thirteen years old, belonging to the class of the well-to-do, and laden with jewelry—necklaces, gold chains, armlets, bracelets, and anklets. It is on this child's account that the people are feasting together, the theater playing, and the drums booming.

We will suppose that the child is a boy. He is holding a great party. The visitors have come to see him get his hair cut! This, however, is not an ordinary visit to a barber, but a ceremony as important as a wedding or a funeral. From the very earliest years the heads of the children are shaved completely, with the exception of one little tuft in the center of the head. Each day this precious tuft is oiled and curled, a jeweled pin is stuck through it, and a tiny wreath of freshly woven flowers is twined around it. No scissors are ever allowed to touch the cherished lock until the boy is eleven, thirteen, or fifteen years old, and by that time it is often a foot or more long.

When the parents think that the proper time has almost arrived for the topknot to be removed, they visit an astrologer, who fixes a lucky day for the operation. If the hair were not cut off on a lucky day, and in just the proper fashion, no one knows what terrible things might happen to the child. He might become ill or insane, or he might die, or, worse still, demons might come and live inside him. So great care has to be taken that all is done in a fitting manner. After the astrologer has appointed the day, people are invited to be present at the ceremonies. Actresses, priests, and friends are called to-

gether, and for two or three days there are prayers and plays, feasts and fiddling.

The performance is opened by the priests. They ascend to a platform some feet above the ground, and sit down cross-legged like tailors on the mats. They chant long passages from the sacred books, and ask the spirits to be kind to the boy and to keep all evil away from him. While they are chanting, they hold a piece of white thread in their hands. One end of this thread is tied round the clasped hands of the child, and as the priests call down blessings from above, these blessings pass through the hands of the priests, along the thread, and so into the body and soul of the boy! It works like a telegraph wire, and no one sees the good influence flashing along the cotton. There is also a thread fastened right round the house and the gardens to keep out the naughty little demons that take a delight in spoiling the proceedings.

On the second day, the chief person present takes a pair of scissors and clips off the topknot, after which a professional barber comes along with a sharp razor, and the boy's head is shaved completely, so that it looks very much like a new clean ostrich-egg. The boy now dresses himself in white robes, and the priests lead him to a seat raised from the ground and shaded by a canopy of white cloth. First the parents, then the relations, and last of all the friends, pour holy water over the boy's head. Everybody likes to play his part, and there the youngster sits in his drenched robes, as the crowd files by and half drowns him with the water.

When the last person has emptied the last bowl, the boy is dressed in the gayest clothes that he possesses, or that can be borrowed for the occasion, and is seated on a throne. On each side of him is a stand laden with rice, fruit, flowers, and other things. These are offerings to the spirits of the air. The band strikes up; the people form a kind of procession, and walk round the child five times. Each person carries a lighted candle, which is blown out when the fifth turn is made. The smoke is wafted toward the young person on the throne, and as it circles round his shaven crown, it bears toward him a supply of courage and good luck sufficient to last him for the rest of his life.

All this time the child is probably more bored than delighted with the honor paid to him. But the next part of the ceremony gives him every satisfaction. It would please anybody. The relatives and friends present money to the child, each giving according to his means, so that if the boy has many rich relatives he gets quite a handsome sum.

All is not yet over, for a long and jolly feast is the necessary ending of the important event. The priests are served first. When they have finished, the rest of the party fall rapidly and heartily upon the multitude of tempting dishes that have been prepared.

People who are very poor and have no friends merely go to a certain temple and ask one of the priests to cut off the topknot. Rich people, on the other hand, spend enormous sums of money in entertaining their friends and in giving presents.

The hairs that have been cut off are separated into two bundles, long and short. The short hairs are put into a little vessel made of plantain-leaves, and sent adrift on the ebb-tide in the nearest canal or river. As they float away, they are supposed to carry with them all the bad temper, the greediness, and the pride of their former owner. The shaven child gets a new start in life, freed from all that was disagreeable in his character. The long hairs are kept till he makes a pilgrimage to worship at what is called Buddha's footprint, which is to be seen on the sacred hill at Prabat.

The hairs so carefully kept must be given to the priests, who are supposed to make them into brushes for sweeping the footprint; but in reality so much hair is presented to the priests each year that they are unable to use it all. They wait till the pilgrims have gone home again, when they throw all the hair that they do not want into a fire.

LAPLANDERS AT HOME

ALTHOUGH Lapps are occasionally seen in charge of reindeer herds on some of the southern mountain tracts of Norway, their real home is in the Far North, not only of Norway, but also of Sweden, Finland, and Russia, and the country which they inhabit is known as Lapland.

That portion of it which belongs to Norway covers only some 3000 or 4000 square miles, while the whole of the Land of the Lapps has an area of something like 35,000 square miles. But in Norwegian Lapland there are a great many more inhabitants than there are in Russian, Finnish, and Swedish Lapland put together; and the people, whether they be under the rule of Russia, Sweden, or Norway, are all of the same race—Asiatics and Mongols—totally unlike Europeans in appearance.

In the first place, they are dark, and what we consider ugly, though it is quite possible that in their eyes we ourselves are hideous. Then they are short—a five-foot Lapp would be almost a

giant—but what they lack in stature they make up in sturdiness; for, although they are spare of body, probably no men in the world can do a longer day's work, or survive greater hardships. Dirty they are certainly, since they never change their clothes and seldom comb their hair; yet, for all that, they are healthy and happy.

They have gradually split up into three groups, known as Mountain Lapps, Sea Lapps, and River Lapps, the first being nomads, or wanderers, and the other two settlers, by the sea or river, who have abandoned the original mode of life of their race.

Mountain Lapps are the most restless individuals it is possible to imagine. Winter and summer they are always on the move, and three days are seldom passed in one place. Time does not enslave them, for they do not trouble about it. Routine is nothing to them: they eat and drink when they feel inclined, and they sleep when a favorable opportunity occurs. In such matters, as well as in many others, they resemble wild animals. But in some respects they are methodical: they work by the seasons, and in their wanderings take the same lines each year. In the summer months they are down by the sea; during the remainder of the year they are on the mountains, though at Christmas-time they usually arrange to encamp somewhere in the vicinity of a church; for the Lapps profess Christianity and Christmas is a great event in their lives. If they are able to go to church at no other time of the year, they make a point of doing so at this season.

To-day these people are law-abiding and peaceable, but they are a strange mixture of good and bad. They are kind and hospitable, and of a cheerful disposition; at the same time they can be cruel, cunning, and selfish, while their love of money is no less than their love of drink—when they can obtain it.

For one thing only does the Mountain Lapp live—his herd of reindeer. They provide all his wants—food, clothing, and the wherewithal to purchase luxuries. They are his wealth; his very existence depends on them, and his mode of living has to be accommodated to their habits. Whithersoever they choose to graze, their owner has to follow; and he deems it no hardship to pitch his rough tent on the snowy wastes in winter, or even to sleep out under a rock, with the thermometer at seventy degrees below zero. It is his life; from earliest childhood he has known none other; he is content with it. And it is not only the men who pass their lives thus; for the Lapp family is to some extent a united one, and the women and children thoroughly enjoy the

wild, free life, apparently suffering no ill effects from the rigors of the climate.

A Lapp baby starts life in a very queer way. Until it is able to walk it is kept in what is called a komse, a kind of cradle made of strips of wood covered with leather, and just large enough to take the baby. The little creature is rolled up in sheepskin and put into the cradle, which is then stuffed with moss, and the leather covering laced securely all around, so that only the baby's face is seen. To protect its head the komse is provided with a wooden hood, like most cradles, and there is generally a shawl, which can be thrown over the whole thing in severe weather; in fact, when the baby has been properly done up in its komse it might go by express without coming to much harm.

It is a very excellent arrangement, because the family is always moving, and the mothers have their work to do, so cannot be attending to their babies all the time. A thong of leather stretches from head to foot of the komse, which the mother can thus sling on her shoulder when going about, and by this thong the baby can be hung up to a tent-pole or to the branch of a tree when its mother is busy. But as often as not the komses are just stuck up on end in the snow, or against a rock, while work is going on. As soon as the child can walk and has finished its cradle existence, it is dressed in clothes similar to those of (his or her) father or mother, and looks most quaint.

The life these children lead has not much amusement. From the beginning they are helping to pack up and move the tent, and to look after the reindeer; they are nothing else than little old men and women; their toys are miniatures or models of such things as they will have to use later in life—lassoes, snowshoes, sleighs—and their games are the learning to use the same. They are treated by their parents more or less as if they were grown up, and allowed to do much as they please. Consequently, they become self-willed, and have little respect for their elders.

On the whole, the mode of life of the Lapps does not differ very greatly from that of gypsies. The wandering spirit is in both, but some of each sooner or later shake it off, and lead a more settled life. Some there are, however, who will never be anything but wanderers, so long as there remains a free country wherein they are at liberty to roam.

Let us now see the kind of place which the Mountain Lapp calls "home." It cannot be anything very elaborate or bulky, as it has to be packed up and moved nearly every day; and it has to be carried on the backs of the reindeer

in summer, or drawn by them in sleighs in the winter. So it is nothing more than a kind of tent, not altogether unlike the wigwam of the red Indian, or the dwelling of many other wandering people. A few long poles are stuck up on a circle, with their ends fastened together to form a sort of cone, and over this framework is stretched a covering of coarse woolen material. At one side there is a loose flap, forming a door, and the whole of the top part of the tent round about the ends of the poles is left open, to admit light and to allow the smoke from the fire to issue forth. The diameter of the tent is about twelve or fifteen feet, and the height in the center eight or ten feet. This is the kitchen, larder, store-room, drawing-room, dining-room, and bedroom of the family—men, women, boys, girls, babies, dogs and all.

A few branches of trees are spread on the ground, and in the middle, right under the opening in the roof, is the fire, which is kept going all the time. Around it the inmates sit on the ground by day and sleep by night. There is no furniture of any kind, and only a few cooking-pots, with some wooden bowls, and spoons of wood or of horn. Beds and blankets and such like luxuries are also absent, so undressing, dressing, washing, and personal matters of that kind are not indulged in. When the time has come to go to sleep, those who are in the tent just roll themselves close up to the fire, and sleep quite comfortably in the clothes which they probably have not taken off for a year or two. The whole family is not likely to be in the tent at the same time; some members of it must always be looking after the reindeer, as the herd can never be left to care for itself; so there is usually plenty of room.

Meals are free-and-easy affairs; there is no dinner-bell and no fixed time for eating. But food is always ready, hanging in a pot over the fire; and when any one feels inclined to eat, the hand is plunged into the pot, and a piece of meat pulled out and devoured. In addition to reindeer-meat—of which the Lapps consume a great deal—the food consists of cheese, and sometimes a kind of porridge; while for drink they have water, melted snow, reindeer-milk, and, on occasions, coffee, of which they are very fond, but which few families can afford to drink often.

Thus live the Mountain Lapps year in year out. To-day a family is in one place, to-morrow a dozen miles away; now and again other families are met with, and received hospitably; but for the most part the family and its herd keep to themselves, since to do otherwise might lead to difficulties about grazing. The rain floods their

tent; the snow buries it; the wind blows it down; yet they survive, and glory in their free life.

The Sea Lapps, though much more numerous than their brethren of the mountains, are not so interesting. They live by the coast in huts built of wood or of sods, and obtain a livelihood by fishing. The River Lapps, on the other hand, are both herdsmen and fishermen. Residing in small settlements on the banks of the rivers, they keep reindeer as well as a few cows and sheep, and they do a little in the way of farming the land round the settlement. Many of them are even intellectual, and the advantages of having their children properly educated in the schools are gradually becoming appreciated.

THE STORY OF BUDDHA

THE great religion of Central and Southern Asia is Buddhism. It is so called after the Buddha who was its founder and first missionary. The Buddha lived many, many years ago, and we know very little about him as a person. For centuries after his death wonderful stories were told about his power, his kindness, and his great wisdom. As the stories passed from mouth to mouth they became more and more marvelous, and at the present time there are scores of tales about him that are little better than fairy stories.

In the following account of this great and holy man the known facts of his life and some of the legends about himself and his doings are interwoven. It must be remembered that the Buddha was a man who did actually live upon the earth, and that, though the fables about him are unbelievable by us, yet these fables are useful as showing us what other people thought about their wise and saintly teacher.

About five hundred years before the birth of Christ the Buddha was born at a small village in India, only a few days' journey from Benares, the sacred city of the Hindus. His father was the rajah or chief of the tribe of Sakyas. The boy's family name was Gautama, and under this name we shall oftenest speak of him here. But his followers never use the name Gautama, thinking it too familiar and intimate. They always speak of him under some title, such as "the Lion of the Tribe of Sakya," "the Happy One," "the Conqueror," "the Lord of the World," "the King of Righteousness," and so on. When he was only seven days old his mother died, and he was brought up by his aunt.

The boy was quiet and thoughtful, and seemed to take no pleasure in hunting or in practising any of those exercises which would fit him to lead his tribe in war. His friends and relatives

and the great Sakya nobles were very angry at this, because they feared that, when their enemies should attack them, the young prince would be found unequal to lead them in their conflicts. So they went to his father and complained that the boy did nothing but follow his own pleasures, and that he learned nothing useful. When Gautama heard of this, he asked his father, who was a great landowner and perhaps a prince, to fix a day on which he could show his skill and strength in all the manly arts. On the appointed day thousands of people thronged to the place that had been chosen to see what the boy could do. He surprised every one, for he could ride the fiercest horses and fling the heaviest spears. He shot arrows, the legend tells us, with a bow that a thousand men could not bend, and the sound of whose twanging was heard seven thousand miles away. After this the people held their peace and wondered.

When he was nineteen he married his cousin, a girl singularly beautiful and good. For the next ten years after that we know nothing at all about him, but we feel sure that he lived a quiet, peaceful life, treating all around him with gentleness and courtesy, and thinking little about sickness or sorrow. One day, when he was about twenty-nine years old, Gautama was driving to the pleasure-grounds when he saw a man broken down by age—weak, poor, and miserable—and he asked the man who was driving his chariot to explain the sight. To which the charioteer replied that all men who live to a great age become weak in mind and body, just like the poor old wreck they had seen in the street. Another day he saw a man suffering from disease, and again the charioteer explained that all men have to suffer pain. A few days later he saw a dead body, and learned for the first time—a fact that had been kept from him through all the days of his childhood and his manhood even up to that hour—that all human beings must die.

Gautama was very sad when he thought of the misery that there is in the world, and he began to wonder if it could not all be done away with. He made up his mind to go away secretly and become a hermit. He would live away from towns and crowds, and see if he could not discover a way to lessen the sorrows of his fellow-men.

Just about this time his son was born. He loved this son very dearly, but he thought that if he were to find the path to happiness he would have to free himself from all earthly ties and relations. One night he went into the room where his wife lay sleeping. There, in the dim

yellow light of the lamp, he saw the mother and the child. The mother's hand rested caressingly on the head of the little baby; flowers were strewn upon the floor and around the bed. He wanted to take the tiny mite in his arms and kiss it before he went away; but he was afraid of waking either of the slumberers, so he took one last loving look at them both, and then fled into the night, accompanied only by Channa, his charioteer. Under the full light of the July moon he sped away, having given up his home, his wealth, and his dear ones to become an outcast and a wanderer.

Then appeared to him Mara, the evil one, who tempted him to give up his plans for a lonely life. Mara promised him, if he would return to wealth and worldly ease, to make him in seven days the sole ruler of the world. But Gautama was not to be persuaded, and the evil one was defeated.

Gautama and the charioteer rode on for many miles until they came to the banks of a certain river. There Gautama stopped. Taking his sword, he cut off his long flowing locks and gave them to Channa, telling him to take them, his horse, and his ornaments back to the town of his birth, in order that his friends and his relatives might know exactly what had happened to him. Channa was loath to leave his master, but was obliged to obey him.

When Channa had departed, Gautama sought the caves where the hermits dwelt. There he stayed a while, fasting and doing penance, in the hope of finding out in this way the true road to happiness and righteousness. So long did he go without food, and so severely did he inflict torture on himself, that one day he fell down exhausted. Every one thought he was dead, but he recovered after a little while.

It seemed to Gautama, when he regained consciousness, that this life of self-denial and hardship did not lead to that which he was seeking. So he left off fasting, and took his food again like an ordinary man. This disgusted the few disciples who had been living with him in retirement, and they all fled and left him to himself. When they had gone he strolled down to the banks of the neighboring river. As he went along, the daughter of one of the villagers offered him some food. He took it, and sat down under the shade of a large tree. This tree is known to all Buddhists as the bo-tree, and is as sacred to them as the cross is to Christians.

While sitting under the tree, Gautama thought seriously about the past and the future. He felt much disappointed with his failure and at the loss of his late friends. The evil one came to him again, and whispered to him of love

and power, of wealth and honor, and urged him to seek his home, his wife, and his child.

For forty-nine days and nights Gautama sat under the bo-tree, his mind torn with the conflict as to what was his duty. At the end of that time his doubts vanished, his mind cleared, the storm was over, and he had become the "Buddha"—that is, the "Enlightened One." He knew now that it was his duty to go and preach to people the way to happiness and peace, to show them how to avoid misery, and how to conquer even death itself. It would take too long now to tell you what it was that the Buddha preached to those who would listen to him. Some time when you are older you must read this for yourself in another book.

Gautama now returned to Benares, and addressed a great crowd of angels, men, and animals. Each man in the multitude, no matter what his language might be, understood the words of the speaker, and even the birds of the air and the beasts of the field knew that the wise man spoke to them too. He remained in the neighborhood of Benares for a long time, gathering round him men and women who were determined to do as he told them. When the rainy season was over, he dismissed them, sending them away in all directions to carry his gospel to whomsoever they should meet.

Gautama himself went to his native land, his father having sent to say that he was now old, and would like to see his son again before he died. His uncles were so displeased with him that when he arrived at the town where his father lived they offered him no food. So in the early morning he took his begging-bowl and went out to beg his daily meal. When his father heard of this he was very angry, for he thought it a disgrace that his son should walk like a common beggar from house to house asking alms. He met the Buddha and reproached him, but anger soon was lost in love, and the father, taking the son's bowl, led him to the palace.

The people in the palace crowded to meet them. But Gautama's wife remained in her own room waiting for him to come to her, in a place where she could welcome him alone. Presently he asked for her, and, learning where she was, he went to see her, accompanied by a few disciples. As soon as his wife saw him, she fell weeping at his feet. Somehow she knew, almost without looking at him, that he was changed, that he was wiser and holier than any man she had ever met. After a time he spoke to her of his message to men, and she listened earnestly to his words. She accepted his teaching, and asked to be allowed to become a nun.

The Buddha was not at first inclined to permit this, but at last he yielded to her entreaties, and his wife became one of the first of the Buddhist nuns.

For forty-five years the Buddha worked as a missionary in the valley of the Ganges, till the time of his end came, and he passed away from earth. As he lay dying, he said to his cousin Ananda, who had been a loving and faithful disciple: "O Ananda, do not let yourself be troubled; do not weep. Have I not told you that we must part from all we hold most dear and pleasant? For a long time, Ananda, you have been very near to me by kindness in act, and word, and thoughtfulness. You have always done well." And again speaking to the same disciple, he exclaimed: "You may perhaps begin to think that the word is ended now that your teacher is gone; but you must not think so. After I am dead let the law and the rules which I have taught you be a teacher to you."

He passed away leaving behind him many who sorrowed for his death. And after all these years temples are still built in his honor; monks still follow the rules that he laid down; and men and women lay flowers upon his altars, bend before his images, and carry his teachings in their hearts.

A BULL-FIGHT IN SPAIN

WE have our own views regarding the cruel and barbarous character of bull-fighting; and we have our own opinions about giving public amusements on Sunday; but now we are simply going to tell how this form of Sunday amusement is conducted in the land that is its peculiar home; and if we are to see the Spaniards reveling in their national sport, we must go to the *festa* on the usual day devoted to its celebration. Let us suppose ourselves to be in Madrid, and we will visit the bull-ring there, for it is famous as one of the two great centers where the best bull-fights take place, the other famous home of his pastime being Seville.

It is Sunday morning. We make our way to the booking-office in the city to secure our tickets. Even at this early hour we feel the glare and heat more than a little trying, and when we take our places in the auditorium of the bull-ring, the sun will have had several more hours in which to scorch the air, and will then be doing his worst to dazzle and frizzle. Readily do we see the advantage of paying a little extra for a *boletín de sombra*—a "ticket in the shade."

Soon after lunch we join the bubbling stream of excited folk wending toward the arena.

There is no necessity to ask the way; every one is going in the same direction with the same object. We have only to join the throng and move with it, and so infectious is its enthusiasm that we shall press forward much too eagerly to be in any risk of getting left behind. We walk far, but the distance does not seem long—there is so much to interest us all around. A constant procession of carriages fills the roadway: fashionable Madrid is driving to the scene of its great national drama. All the nobility and gentry have turned out for the occasion in their most gorgeous carriages, attended by their flunkies in smartest livery; all the cavaliers are groomed to perfection; all the ladies are arrayed in exquisite Parisian gowns of the latest model, but every one of them has resisted the temptation of putting on the chic Parisian hat that goes so well with her costume, for to-day the mantilla must be worn in honor of so distinguished a national ceremony. And constantly our attention is drawn from the classes to the masses, from the carriage-folk to the teeming majority of pedestrians that surges along the streets. To-day we can see the populace of Madrid, of its environs, of the near and distant neighboring towns and villages, displaying the splendor of national costume in its picturesque local varieties of dress, head-gear, and jewels.

The multitude leads us beyond the city and up a boulevard slope on the outskirts. Now we are in the heart of a gala-scene: the stately carriages have been joined by all manner of plebeian conveyances; refreshment-stalls to right and left are already doing a brisk trade; impish little ragamuffins, vagabondish cheap Jacks, and experienced peddlers, are all vying with each other to dispose of fans displaying the most dramatic scenes of the ring, pictures of the afternoon's principal performers, and paper rosettes in the colors of the day's heroes.

We pass through a gate in the high boundary-walls of the arena, and find ourselves in a spacious circular corridor, with numerous side-tracks leading into the lower tiers of the auditorium. Our reserved places are in the upper part of this open house, and as we mount flight after flight of steps, and pass story after story of lofty arcades, we begin to feel that we are in a huge building. But it is impossible to realize the colossal scale on which this ground is laid out until we are seated aloft, looking far down into the vast arena, taking a sweeping glance of the auditorium, which encircles it tier beyond tier, and noticing the densely packed thousands already massed together between the great vacant spaces waiting to accommodate the thousands

more flocking to the scene. It is a merry throng in which we find ourselves—a gaily dressed, excited democracy, in which aristocrat and peasant are united by common interests, common enthusiasm, common pride. We are in a thoroughly sporting atmosphere; but Spain is a most sober country so far as drinking is concerned, so we are not distracted by any rowdyism, any brawling, any side-shows of fisticuffs.

The period of waiting passes all too quickly in these surroundings, where the spectators in themselves present a most vivid and interesting drama of life. The appointed hour for the great spectacle of the day has arrived. The president has entered the presidential box, the signal is given, the opening ceremony begins.

Forth into the arena march the performers, grouped in picturesque array. The procession is headed by two caballeros, solemn-looking figures in black velvet costumes, mounted on black steeds. They are followed, on foot, by the two matadors, or swordsmen, the principal actor and his understudy, whose part is a single-handed contest with the bull in the last scene. These heroes of the day are gaily attired in their sporting colors—crimson and gold, orange and purple, blue and red, or some equally striking combination. Behind the matadors ride half a dozen picadores, clad in broad-brimmed felt hats, short cloaks, and long, steel-plated leathern leggings, and carrying spears. Next in the procession walk the eight banderilleros, a most conspicuous and gorgeous group in knee-breeches, who lavishly splash the scene with color; their waists are girdled with silk sashes of the brightest dyes, their legs are clad in stockings of vivid and varied shades, and in their hands are curiously shaped darts, ornamented with rainbow-hued ribbon streamers. The rear is brought up by stablemen leading the horses which are to drag the carcasses out of the arena, and which are dressed for their part in fine trappings and rich plumes.

The procession wends its way slowly across the ring, salutes the president, and breaks up, those who are to take part in the first act distributing themselves about the arena, the others retiring behind the scenes. The caballeros remain facing the president; again they salute, a shrill trumpet-cry rings out, and the president throws down the key of the *toril*—the bulls' den. A few moments later the first beast dashes into the arena. The sport has begun in real earnest; bull and men have met together in the ring to fight to the death. It is universally known that the bull's fate is already sealed, but none can yet tell how drastically the beast will avenge its own death before it draws its last breath.

XVIII—2

The banderilleros seem to play a somewhat cowardly part at first, for as the bull dashes hither and thither they vault the barrier round the arena to get safely out of its way. We soon discover that they are fully justified in their action. This is a scientific game of skill, and the proceedings have not yet come within the bounds of science. The bull, just let loose from his dark cell, is blinded by the sunlight, and is plunging aimlessly about in a wild revel of freedom; it would be mad folly for one man to meet him single-handed in this mood—there is no sport in an absurdly unequal contest. Presently the animal grows more accustomed to the light, and, "spotting" a particular picador, makes a direct attack.

The mounted combatant has a sporting chance with his adversary, but even so the banderilleros make ready to back him up should the necessity arise. As the bull comes to close quarters, the picador tries to wound him with his spear. Perhaps he succeeds, and the bull rushes off at a tangent. Maybe he fails, and there is a tense moment as the bull makes a lunge with his horns at the horse, and the rider falls to the ground with his gored steed. The man will surely be killed, you think, and you hold your breath and tremble in an agony of fear. But your neighbors are more enlightened; they know the chances are well in favor of the picador making good his escape. The ladies hide their faces behind their fans lest an accident *should* happen, but the men shout with excitement at this almost critical juncture.

Now the banderilleros hasten to draw off the bull by waving red flags before his eyes, the picador is disentangled—if he did not manage to free himself as he was falling—he is assisted to his feet, because he cannot rise unaided in his heavy accouterments, and the horse is examined. Is the poor hack quite disabled? No; it is being coaxed, prodded, and helped to an upright position. As the picador remounts to await another attack the applause of the multitude rends the air; and the more often he can repeat the whole performance, the greater will be the ovation accorded him when his sorry mount at last lies dead.

But not all the horses are necessarily killed in the fray, and the picadores may not all have been thrown before the president gives the signal that brings the first act of the drama to a close and heralds the second act. The banderilleros now play the principal part; their business is further to infuriate the bull by sticking their darts into his shoulders. Each in turn, armed with a couple of banderillas, deliberately marches

to meet the beast, and with raised arms prepares to run his darts home. In the course of this act there are some really splendid exhibitions of athletic skill and agility, and it is characterized throughout by a fine display of courage. In the final scene firework banderillas are often used, the explosion taking place within the bull's hide.

Again a signal from the president. The arena is cleared; for a second the bull has the ring to himself. With his trusty Toledo blade in one hand and a red flag in the other, the chief matador is standing before the presidential box, formally asking permission to kill the beast, and pledging himself to perform the deed in a manner that shall do honor to Madrid and to the glorious traditions of his profession. A second later a trumpet sounds, and he steps into the arena to meet his adversary in a duel. He is greeted by the audience with wild applause, which suddenly dies into an intense silence as he advances to meet the foe. For a considerable time he plays his adversary, exhibiting many skilful tricks of his profession, and some of the specially courageous and pretty athletic feats that have already won for him a high place of honor as a popular hero; and perhaps the bull attacks him in a way that gives him a chance to try a new feat.

Why does he not strike the death-blow at the first opportunity? Why should he prolong the period during every second of which he is in imminent peril of being done to death himself on the horns of the bull? Remember, this vast crowd around you has not collected for the purpose of seeing a bull tortured and slaughtered; the spectators have come to testify their faith in the national sport. This is the climax of a great sporting drama; the matador should be a master of the great art of bull-fighting, and alike to himself and those who watch him he is responsible for seeing that the performance is brought to a close in a truly grand finale.

And the present matador is a great master. See the raging beast charging straight for him, the while he stands his ground, cool and resolute, alert but unflinching; see the bull getting closer and closer, till now he is actually near enough to make a thrust with his horns.—They touch the motionless figure; in another second — No, no! do not hide your eyes; the most wondrous scene is crowded into this second. The man escapes death by a slight sway of his lithe body, puts his foot between the bull's horns, and springs clean over the beast. He has mocked the monster by using its own weapons as tools for sport; he has played a game in imitation of the

grim tragedy which the bull was on the very point of enacting.

A great master this matador, without a doubt, but he means to be something more. This afternoon he is going to raise himself above his fellow-chiefs—to become known throughout the length and breadth of Spain as the hero of heroes, one of the very greatest of all matadors, or die in the attempt. See, he is going to respond to an encore; he is going to throw himself once more. It seems a miracle that he is again able to go through that extraordinary feat, but it is safely accomplished after many a hair-breadth escape: and now at last he is watching for his opportunity to strike the death-blow. Presently he is standing face to face with the huge beast; there is a quick flash of steel; the bull staggers, drops on his knees, and falls dead or dying on the ground. The fight is finished; human courage and scientific skill have conquered brute force.

The tension is relieved, deafening cheers ring out, the vast crowd roars and surges, while the hero walks quietly, unassuming, toward the president's box. He salutes the master of ceremonies and bows to the spectators. A bouquet is thrown to him as an official tribute, and for a few minutes the air rains caps, gloves, favors, and even costly gifts, around him in the arena. Then the moments of his magnificent triumph are brought to an end. The band strikes up; horses are led into the ring and harnessed to the carcass of the bull and the mangled remains of the picadores' hacks, which are dragged at galloping speed out of sight; sand is raked over the ring; watering-carts come to lay the dust; and the arena is ready for a repetition of the whole performance.

The afternoon's programme usually consists of six events, all alike, except that the last bulls let loose in the arena are generally the fiercest.

BEDOUIN HOSPITALITY

THE Bedouins are Arabs, the children of the desert, dwellers in tents, who drive their flocks and herds from pasture to pasture and from well to well, as food and water grow scarce in the neighborhood where they have stayed for some time. They are striking and picturesque figures, these sons of the desert, when seated on their swift steeds, with flowing robes draped around their tall, spare, sinewy figures, and long spears held aloft. But they are figures greatly feared by the peasantry, for the Bedouin is a born raider, and attacks all from whom he can hope to gain the smallest treasure. A Bedouin will

calmly ride his mare into the standing corn of the farmer, and there permit it to pasture at ease, and he is prompt to strike with spear or shoot with his long-barreled gun if he is interfered with.

His encampment shows one of the earliest forms of human dwellings, the low tent of black haircloth pegged down to the ground—a dwelling which may be struck, packed, carried, and pitched again promptly and easily.

Wild and dangerous as these men are, they have one great virtue—hospitality. A guest is sacred, and the Arab host will defend a guest with his life. The great mark of friendship is to eat salt together, for the Arabs regard salt as the symbol of life and eternity; the “covenant of salt” binds two men together with a band of steel.

An English traveler once fell into the hands of a band of Arab robbers. He knew that his property and his life were both in great danger, but without exhibiting the least sign of fear he took a tin box out of his pocket, and began to eat the contents as if he were enjoying a delicious sweetmeat. The Arab chief looked into the box, and saw that it held a fine white powder. He did not dream for a moment that it was salt, for he had never seen salt except in coarse, discolored lumps. Eager to find what it was that his captive ate so greedily, he took a pinch and put it in his mouth. To his astonishment, it was salt, and now he had bound himself to treat his prisoner as an honored guest; he had made the “covenant of salt” with him.

A JOURNEY ON THE SOUTH AFRICAN VELD

It is the lament of old travelers that the railway is everywhere banishing romance from South Africa. Who, they ask, that visited the Victoria Falls, for example, in the olden days, would care to visit it again now that it has its railway bridge and hotel? Lucky, they add, are they who have had the experience of visiting the interesting parts of South Africa before the dawn of civilization. One of the old travelers gives the following narrative of a journey made in earlier days upon the veld, or open country.

Before starting on a long tramp of five or six hundred miles through uncivilized country, it is necessary to secure native, that is Kaffir, carriers. This is not always so easy as might be expected. On one occasion, on reaching the outpost of civilization, I was told that if I wanted boys to carry my loads, I would have to walk alone seventy or eighty miles through the heart of the bush and bring back with me the native carriers

I required. It was a strange experience, on another occasion, to ride two hundred miles to catch a train; but it was a stranger experience to have to walk a hundred and fifty miles before my journey really commenced.

It requires some experience to choose native carriers wisely. At first one is apt to pick out the men with the best developed muscles, especially selecting those with the biggest legs. The best carriers, however, generally have thin, firm legs, for the fine-looking natives are generally apt to be somewhat flabby. There is always a tremendous amount of talk before the native carriers are ready for their start. With one consent they all begin to make excuse: this boy thinks that his load is too bulky; that one thinks his load is too heavy; a third boy finds that he has got a thorn in his foot; a fourth boy discovers that his mother is ill; a fifth declares that he has left his private store of food at a friend's hut five miles away, and that he must go and fetch it; a sixth boy demands extra pay; and a seventh declares that he has changed his mind and won't go at all.

The hackneyed and unimaginative excuse “Mumma sick” is expected to be disregarded; complaints as to inequality of load may safely be left to the boys to settle among themselves; the demand for double pay is waved aside with a laugh; the boy who refuses to go is told to please himself, for he is almost certain to be the first one to pick up his load and start. Fully nine-tenths of the complaints are mere bluff, the boys simply trying to find out how “green” their employer is. At last a start is made, the experienced and wary traveler taking special care to keep an eye on the cook and on the boy who carries the food; the others may be more or less left to themselves, but these two boys must never be allowed to get out of sight.

The boys always start off in good spirits and leave camp tossing chaff and banter at one another, or chanting their own tribal songs. If the traveler is wise, he will start at dawn, and not stop for breakfast till ten o'clock, for it is always well to get the major portion of the day's journey finished before the heat of the day. And oh, that first breakfast! A man could eat his boots from sheer hunger; and, should he have brought a little meat with him, he will think that all the cooks of Europe could never make food so appetizing as does the smoke of the wood fire over which the meat is grilled.

As soon as the natives have thrown down their loads, they prepare their own meal, while some of the boys go down to the river—it is wise always to stop at a river if possible—and catch a

few small fish, which they roast over the fire. I am speaking now of the tribes north of Delagoa Bay, for most of the tribes in the south—except the Tongas—despise fish and refuse to eat them.

The food of the carriers consists chiefly of a grain called poco, which is somewhat smaller than millet-seed. When cooked, it makes a black mass of extremely glutinous character, and requires a stomach of about two or three ostrich-power to digest it! It is extremely economical, for it has great staying power, one meal of it serving a white man for at least a whole day. When the poco porridge is cooked, it is placed on leaves, which serve as a plate, and the natives sit round on their haunches and, turn and turn about, break off little morsels with their hands, nibbling a small portion of fish with each mouthful. The natives always share all their food with one another, and should a white man give his cook an odd sardine, all the natives in the party will have a taste of the delicacy.

Shortly after breakfast camp is struck, loads are remade, and everybody starts off quietly. It is, however, but the treacherous calm before the storm. After walking for about an hour, the natives will probably throw down their loads and refuse to go another step unless they are given double pay. It had been agreed that no wages were to be paid till the end of the journey; all the boys had been perfectly contented with the arrangement, and, indeed, had almost given one the impression that it did not matter much whether they were ever paid or not. Now, however, they say they will not move an inch unless the stipulated wages are paid down on the spot, and unless they are promised a similar additional sum at the end of the journey. Knowing that they are now twenty miles away from civilization, they think the white man is at their mercy, and should he lose his head for a moment, or showy the slightest sign of wavering, the game is lost; for Kaffirs are very acute in gaging character.

I must admit that the first time this trick was played upon me, it completely took me by surprise; and for a second or two I was at a loss what to do. Recovering my senses in a moment, I told the natives it was a beautiful spot at which to camp, and that I could easily stay where I was for a few days and secure other carriers. I told them they might go home at once, for I was very thankful to them for carrying my loads so far all for nothing. I then lay down in the shade and told the boys to put all the goods in a heap. At first there was a great murmuring among the natives, then there were violent altercations between two sections of carriers. The discussion

was carried on for a quarter of an hour, the natives retiring to a distance so as not to be overheard. Then a deputation came to me and said that they had been quite misunderstood and would gladly finish the journey at half the price stipulated, if that would please the white man. And that was the end of the trouble for the rest of the trip.

Toward sunset it is necessary to look out for a river at which to camp, and it is well to swim through it at once lest rain should come in the night and make crossing difficult. The first thing to do after selecting a suitable spot is to make provision against the lions. The boys cut down a quantity of thorn-bush, and build a horse-shoe-shaped zareba, or hedge, some ten feet high, leaving a large enough space inside to accommodate the whole party. Having done this, the boys fetch wood and water, and before long a "billy"—tin can—full of water is boiling briskly. Wheat-cakes or dumplings are quickly cooked, and tea is made. Should no game have been shot during the day's tramp, one is reduced to the necessity of eating canned beef—that refuge of the destitute.

The dusk comes on very quickly, and the stars flash out in the sky. After the evening meal the whole party sits round the camp-fire enjoying both the cool of the evening and the warmth of the fire, until a delightful sense of healthy tiredness—sleepiness without weariness—creeps over the company. The natives who have been clad all day in a loin-cloth made of little pieces of blue limbo, or calico, about the thickness of a pocket handkerchief, spread it on the bare ground and lie down on it, placing a similar piece over their body so as to act as a blanket. So genial is the climate, and so grateful is the night coolness that sometimes (when there are no mosquitoes about) the boys do not even cover themselves till they feel chilly at about three o'clock in the morning. Two fires are kept burning at the mouth of the horseshoe, and so every one feels tolerably safe from risk of attacks by lions.

And so the days pass. An indescribable sense of freedom possesses one; a man feels that the boundless veld belongs to him, free of all care and expense. He walks where he wills, he stops where he chooses, he shoots what he wishes, he swims the rivers, and when he has finished his day's journey he lies down on the ground just where he is, and sleeps beneath the open sky, feeling that at last he understands what it means to be filled with the sap of life. He may find the sand so hot from the merciless rays of the sun that it nearly blisters his feet through an inch of shoe-leather; he may feel half roasted to death,

as, clad in pith helmet, khaki trousers, and a flannel shirt tucked up to the elbow and open over the chest, he tramps across country; he may know that the thermometer stands at 110° or 115° in the shade; but when he thinks of the river ahead, he feels that the heat is but part of the fun, and the thought of the camp-fire and of the delight of lying in the cool night air gazing at the quiet heavens more than atones for any discomfort to be endured.

When, after three months of such glorious life, one returns to civilization, coats, collars, and stuffy rooms, and the conventions of society, he feels half smothered and choked, and he wonders what has possessed the human species to undergo voluntarily such lifelong penance, discomfort, and loss of the simple and wholesome joys of life.

RUSSIAN VILLAGE CUSTOMS AND CELEBRATIONS

RUSSIA has a terrific winter; rivers are frozen, and snow covers the land for five months in the year; in the far north for six. But early in April the snow begins to melt, and the mud and filth of a country without real roads cannot be imagined by ourselves. But the mud is just what the peasant needs for the grain which he is anxious to sow as soon as he can. Winter has left its mark on all; there has not been enough food for the family, or enough fodder for the cattle. Often the very thatching of the cottage roofs has been torn down to give some sustenance to the poor cattle and horses before they can be turned out on St. George's Day. They are indeed a sorry sight; thin, lean, ill, and lame they limp out into the fields and receive a sprinkling of holy water from the priest.

The beginning of spring is of such importance to the Russian villages that it is not to be wondered at that old customs of celebrating it are still kept up. In most parts these celebrations begin on March 1, when all the women and children get up very early and go to the top of the nearest hill, where, dancing round, they sing:

"Spring, beautiful Spring!
Come, O Spring, with joy!
With great goodness,
With tall flax,
With deep roots,
With abundant corn."

Most of Russia is so flat that there is often no hill, so the top of a cottage or barn is used. Sometimes the girls make a hole in the ice and dance round it singing:

"O healthful spring-tide water,
To us also give health!"

If the ice is melted, they may sing this in the water. People who are ill are carried through the melting snow and sprinkled with the water in the hope of a cure.

But St. George's Day is the great festival, for the Russian St. George did not trouble himself about the slaying of dragons and rescuing of princesses. He looked after the farmers and kept their cattle and sheep from injury. And so important is he that no cattle are turned out before then, even though the grass be green and the air mild. In the part of Russia called White Russia, the cattle are driven through the morning dew, which is supposed to be specially good on that day. In Little Russia the children go out on that morning very early and roll in it. One of the songs sung to St. George (Yegory) is the following:

"We have gone around the field,
We have called Yegory;
O thou our brave Yegory,
Save our cattle,
In the field and beyond the field,
In the forest and beyond the forest;
Under the bright moon,
Under the red sun;
From the rapacious wolf,
From the cruel bear,
From the cunning beast."

With the beginning of spring the young men who have been away working in the towns return to help their fathers and the rest of the household in the fields, and then there are great festivals. This lasts from Low Sunday till the end of June. The girls go out into the meadows to meet their brothers and friends, and then the return is celebrated by dance and song. A very favorite game is *pletén*, where a number of couples with hands locked together form in line and imitate a fence; then they sing:

"Be twined together, O fence! be twined together!
And do thou be coiled up, O golden pipe!
Be folded up, O rustling damask!
From behind the hills the maiden has driven out the ducks.
Come away home, duckie;
Come away home, gray one."

Then the leaders join and hold up their hands, while the other couples pass underneath, singing:

"Untwine, O fence, untwine!
Uncoil, O golden pipe!
Unfold, O rustling damask!"

There may be a couple of the *khorovods*, as these dancing circles are called, at opposite ends

of the village street, the songs floating pleasantly to the ears of the old people who sit outside their little wooden huts. The younger women on such holidays gather in groups, and discuss household matters; the men in other groups compare their flocks and herds.

With the early showers in the spring little children may be heard singing:

"Pour, O rain!
Over the grandmother's rye,
Over the father's wheat,
Over the girls' flax,
Pour in bucketfuls!
Rain, rain, let thyself go
Stronger, quicker!
Warm us young ones."

Sometimes the first rain from a thunderstorm is caught and kept to work cures, for the peasant despises a doctor, even if he can get one, and prefers a miracle.

Everything is regulated by saints' days, and the haymaking starts on St. Peter's Day (June 29), when the hay is fetched home in most curi-

ous carts. The little lean pony is harnessed with string to two poles, the back ends of which drag along the ground. On to these two poles are tied huge bundles of hay, and this wheelless apology for a cart is dragged and jerked from the common hayfield till the load can be deposited in its owner's shelter. The whole village goes out and mows at the same time, the hayfield being divided into the right number of strips on the spot. They cast lots for the strips and at once mow them.

From Elijah's Day (July 20) till the end of August the peasants have to work hard to get in the harvest—really, two harvests, one of oats and one of rye. Father, mother, sons, and daughters, all lend their aid early and late to get everything in by the end of September, and the seed sown for the following year. Then, on October 1, comes Harvest Home, a great festival kept both with church services, attended by the people in their finest clothes, and with a feast in every cottage, the one large room having received its great annual scrubbing in honor of the invited guests.

A LITTLE TALK ABOUT THE BIG PANAMA CANAL

BY WALTER KENYON

BEFORE the present generation of children are much older, an important feature of their geographies will be changed to describe North and South America as two great islands instead of one continuous continent. The work of cutting the western hemisphere in two is in charge of the American government, and there is no question about its final success. Modern machinery and methods of engineering work can accomplish what the French people failed to do in the last century, and the Panama Canal will soon be an accomplished fact.

This great "dream of the navigator" is almost as old as the discovery of America. It was when the conviction spread abroad in Europe that Columbus had only discovered a new continent, and not a new western passage to the wealth of the Indies, that men of science and travel began to think of opening a navigable channel from the Atlantic to the Pacific. As early as 1581 a survey was made to see if North and South America could not be cut in two. Captain Antonio Pereira, governor of Costa Rica, explored a route by way of the San Juan

River, the lake of the same name, and the rivers which empty into the Gulf of Nicoya, Costa Rica.

This early survey was the first actual beginning of the story of Panama, which now promises to reach a conclusion within the next few years. Diego de Mercado, about thirty-nine years later, made a survey of the Nicaragua route, and recommended to King Philip of Spain the construction of an interoceanic canal along the lines described by him.

From that time to the year when the French company, under the famous French engineer Ferdinand de Lesseps, essayed to cut the Isthmus of Panama in two, the Nicaragua and Panama routes have been periodically surveyed and re-surveyed until probably no other out-of-the-way corner of the earth has received half as much examination and geographical attention.

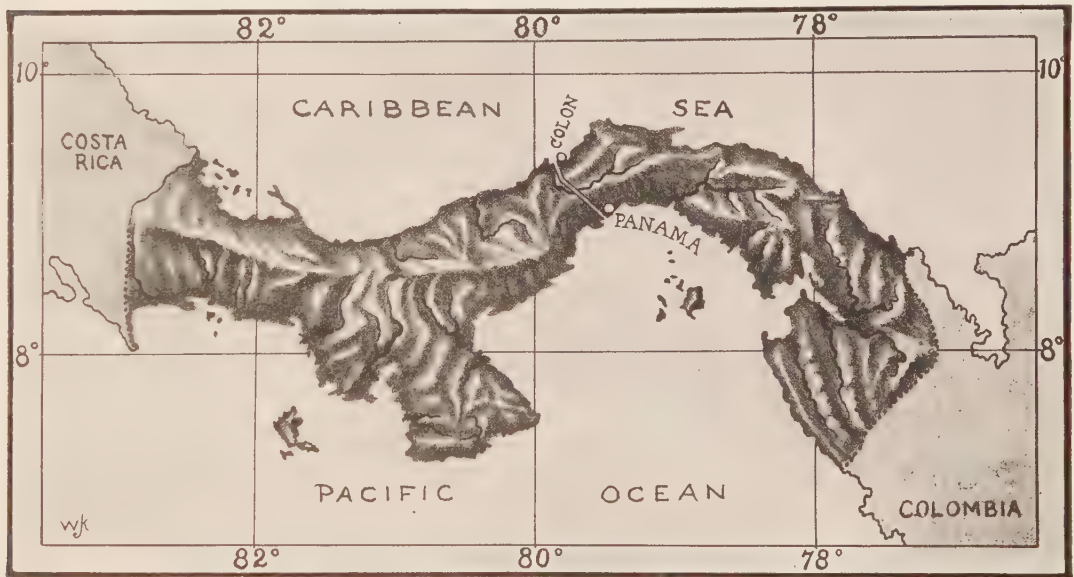
Many schemes of constructing the canal were proposed. Navigators of all parts of the world realized the importance of the canal or of some other method of transportation across the isthmus. One of the boldest conceptions was made

by an American engineer, James B. Eads, who proposed to construct at Tehuantepec a railroad from ocean to ocean, or rather from the Pacific Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico, capable of carrying the largest ships. Gigantic engines and flat-cars were to be built to run on double tracks. These cars were to run down an incline into great locks, so that ocean steamers could be floated upon them. Then the engines would cross the narrow tongue of land and launch the steamers in the ocean opposite. In this novel way the journey around the world, or from Europe to the East Indies, would not be interrupted, and passengers could go to sleep on the Atlantic and wake up the next morning on the Pacific.

But the great ship-railroad was never built,

shore to shore, of about $40\frac{1}{2}$ miles. From deep water on the east to deep water on the west, its length will be about 50 miles.

To cut a ship-canal of this length, the early French company estimated, would cost 843,000,000 francs, which later was reduced by M. de Lesseps to 600,000,000 francs, or about \$120,000,000 of our money. This huge cost did not deter the people of France from buying the bonds and stocks of the Panama Canal Company, and the money was soon raised. The genius of the company was the man who had constructed the Suez Canal, and his presence at the head of the undertaking was sufficient to give confidence to all. M. de Lesseps himself was so confident of his success that he extended invitations to prom-



MAP OF THE REPUBLIC OF PANAMA, CONNECTING CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA.

and the agitation for digging the canal to cut the western hemisphere in two was continued. The great scheme possessed a peculiar fascination for men of science and commerce; but it was not until 1879 that the first positive step was taken to realize the dream of the ages. In that year an international congress was held in Paris, and before it appeared Ferdinand de Lesseps to espouse the cause of a French engineering company, organizing to undertake the work of separating North and South America by a ship-canal.

The Isthmus of Panama is a narrow strip of land, scarcely twenty-one miles wide at its narrowest point; but the canal, owing to the character of the land, would have a total length from

independent men all over the world to attend the opening of the canal in 1888.

The first shipment of machinery and workmen arrived in Colon on February 21, 1881, and almost immediately began one of the most dramatic stories of modern times. Fraud, incompetency, mismanagement, and lack of knowledge of the grave conditions that confronted the contractors on the isthmus combined to delay the work, and in time to wreck the company. The inside history of the story may never be made perfectly plain to the world. Millions of dollars' worth of machinery that was never used was shipped to the isthmus, and even to-day much of it is rotting and rusting there in the tropical climate. The whole length of the proposed canal is marked

by these monuments to man's mismanagement and greed. Extensive camps and hospitals were built on the route of the canal, and thousands of workmen were sent down, only to die in the fever-ridden climate or to return home disgusted.

The French canal company purchased the Panama Railway in 1882 to facilitate the work in digging the big ditch. But so inhospitable was the climate that thousands of lives were sacrificed to the undertaking.

What has been termed by Yankee visitors to the isthmus "the white ghost of the canal" slew

The canal did not progress rapidly. Unexpected engineering difficulties appeared to delay its completion, besides the climate and the mismanagement of the funds. One of these was the control of the Chagres River, which discharged some 75,000 cubic feet of water per second. Another trouble was the action of the silt, which tended to fill up the canal almost as fast as it was excavated unless special precautions were taken to prevent it. A third insurmountable difficulty was that of the tropical growth of trees, vines, and plants. So rank and



FERDINAND DE LESSEPS IN HIS CHILDREN'S PONY-CART.

its victims by the hundreds. This white ghost was nothing more than the miasmatic fog or mist rising from the disturbed soil. The hot, moist climate of the isthmus is naturally weakening to those not accustomed to it. Rank vegetation springs up in a night and covers the soil with thick, fleshy leaves and vines. These die, and decompose in layers. When disturbed the soil releases poisonous gases, which often have spread fevers and disease around. This white ghost of the canal hovered over the camps of the French contractors, and killed off their workmen and engineers by the hundreds.

luxuriant were the growths that within a few weeks after excavation they would fill with a network of roots and leaves the ground that was opened. Work that was not properly planned had to be done over again several times. Portions of the canal that were neglected a few weeks would present at the end of that time a new problem for the contractors. Discouragement after discouragement followed, and finally, when the funds began to give out, the few honest, devoted engineers lost heart. They knew that the canal could not be finished under the auspices of their company. Much of the ma-

chinery sent to them proved unfit for the work demanded.

More funds were raised between 1882 and 1888, and then the French public grew suspicious and refused to subscribe more. The crash came in 1889, when the company was forced to suspend. In 1890 a commission was sent to the isthmus to report on the actual condition of affairs. It found not more than a fifth of the work finished, and \$50,000,000 worth of machinery, houses, and equipments rotting away. At Colon the finished portion of the canal was filling in, while the harbor itself was being filled with the silt from the canal, so that it would require deepening to make it navigable for large ships.

The whole unfortunate story of the scandal followed. An extension of time for finishing the canal was granted by the government of Colombia to the French Panama Canal Company, and an effort was made to resume operations. In 1892 the charge was made on the floor of the French Chamber of Deputies that the canal company had wasted the funds of the subscribers, and had bribed no less than one hundred deputies. An official investigation followed. Over 800,000 people of France had invested in the canal, and about \$156,400,000 had been raised; but of this vast amount not more than \$88,000,000 were really spent upon the excavation and construction of the canal.

In spite of this stupendous fraud, a new company was organized in 1894-95, which estimated the cost of completing the canal at \$110,000,000. The following year a strike among the workmen on the isthmus caused uneasiness in France, and when charges were made of another scandal it was impossible to raise further money. These charges proved untrue, but French prestige on the isthmus was lost and French confidence in the scheme exhausted. France had lost her opportunity through the dishonesty of those to whom the work was intrusted. Most of the officers of the first company were arrested, including Ferdinand de Lesseps and his son Charles.

The feeling against the company was bitter in France; but in spite of it there was widespread sympathy for the "grand old man" who had started the enterprise. M. de Lesseps was over eighty years of age when the exposure surprised the world, and he never recovered from it. He died within a short time, and his death was mourned by tens of thousands of Frenchmen who had lost their money in his scheme. Whether he was aware of the frauds practised by the company is something that has never been definitely proved. There were not lacking plenty

who believed him innocent. He died with the glory of building the Suez Canal as his chief recommendation for fame; but his name will forever be intimately associated with the Panama Canal.

The second chapter in the story of the Isthmus of Panama opens with the United States. Up to this time American engineers had favored the Nicaragua route; but with the failure of the second French Panama Canal Company public attention in this country was directed to the isthmus. The United States government sent several commissioners to the isthmus to report on the feasibility of buying up the French rights and property.

The first American commission reported that a canal could be completed at an expenditure of \$67,000,000 by way of Nicaragua, but later this estimate was raised to \$140,000,000.

In 1889 President McKinley sent another commission south to study the problem of cutting the hemisphere in two. Negotiations were begun with the directors of the old French Panama Company, and after years of fruitless work it was decided to transfer the rights of France to America. According to this agreement, the United States government was to pay to the French Panama Canal Company \$40,000,000 for all its rights and privileges. It was further estimated by the American Panama Canal Company, which received the property and concessions, that \$184,233,358 would be required to complete the forty-six miles of canal.

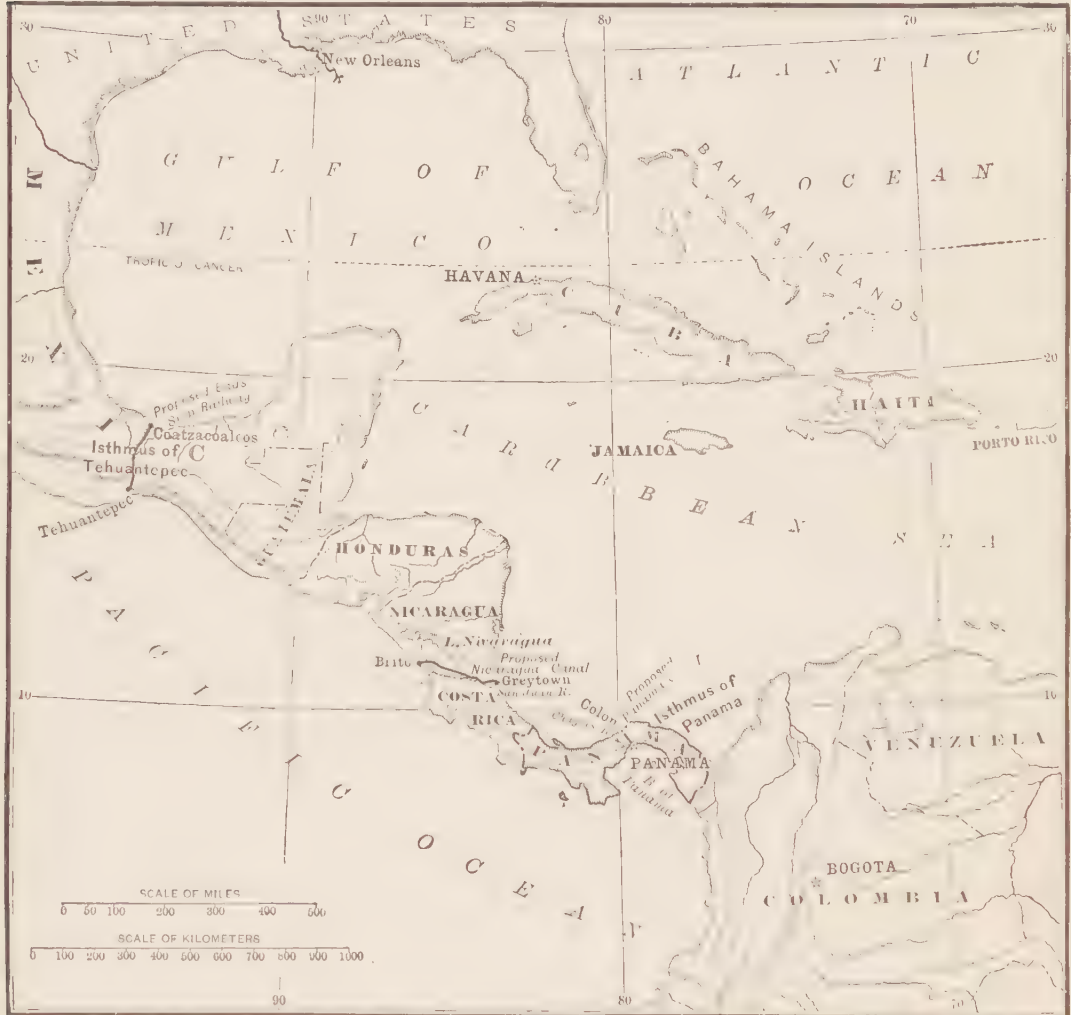
After the ratification of this agreement by the two countries, events moved rapidly on the isthmus, and every boy and girl must be familiar with the changes that created the new Republic of Panama.

The third chapter of the story of the canal began with our treaty with Panama in 1904. That republic gave us control of a strip of land ten miles wide and extending from sea to sea—or about thirty miles. Through the middle of it lay the then partly dug canal. This piece of land is often spoken of as the "canal strip" or the "canal zone." Our government paid Panama \$10,000,000 for the strip and the rights that go with it. It will in most respects be just the same as a part of the United States. Our soldiers will police the canal zone, and any special rules and regulations needed will come from Washington. The cities of Colon and Panama did not come to us with the strip, although they lie within it. They remain a part of the Republic of Panama; but we shall have much to say about keeping those cities clean and healthful.

In paying, as it did, to the French shareholders

\$40,000,000, the American company acquired the right to all the machinery and plant equipments on the isthmus; but the engineers in calculating the cost took no note of this neglected property. Of the \$20,000,000 worth of machinery on the isthmus, including miles of steel rails, scores of steamers, dredges, scores of machine-shops, and

In the spring of 1904 there were some 2500 buildings on the isthmus belonging to the company, and accommodations for nearly 20,000 laborers. The hospitals were valued at \$1,000,000, and the machine-shops at half as much more. But everything was in a sad state of decay and neglect. On all sides stood monu-



MAP SHOWING THE PROPOSED ROUTES OF THE PANAMA AND THE NICARAGUA CANALS AND THE TEHUANTEPEC SHIP RAILWAY.

acres of dump-cars, only a small part has proved of actual value. So injurious to iron and steel is the effect of the tropical climate that much of the machinery had rusted beyond repair. Some of it, we are told, had become so rotten that one could push a hat-pin through it almost as easily as if it had been so much cheese.

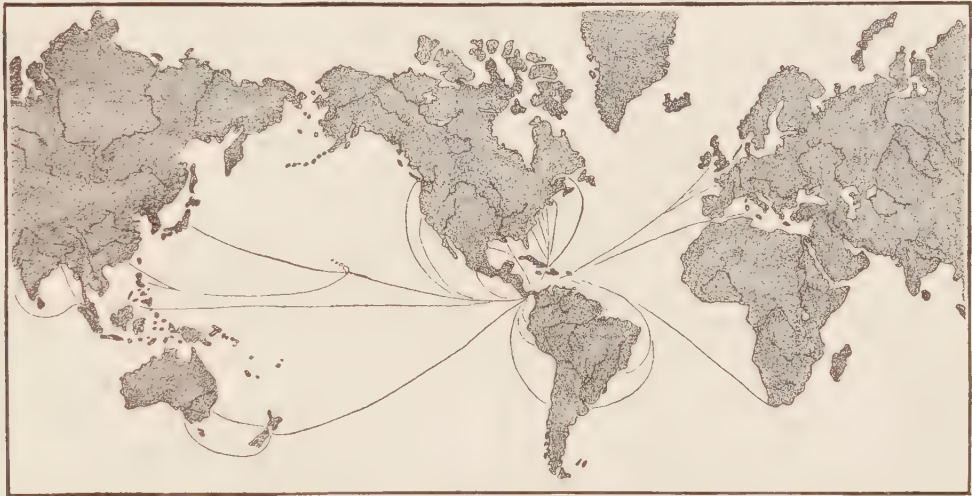
ments to the criminal folly and mismanagement of the early company. The canal route was then covered over with a luxuriant growth of plants, vines, and trees; but scratch the surface anywhere and there came to light the most unexpected signs of French workmanship. Every sort of article, from kitchen utensils to loco-

tives and dump-carts, appeared half embedded in the soil.

During the progress of the work all facilities have, of course, been greatly increased. Engineering science and sanitary science have both advanced with wondrous strides since those early days of activity on the isthmus, and it may be that the difficulty of digging the canal has proved less formidable than many imagined it would be. For one thing, engineers know how to fight fevers and disease in the tropics as never before, and the workmen have been safeguarded from the climate in every possible way. Numerous hospitals and sanitary camps were established among the first things, and those who came to dig the canal did not leave behind them all hope of surviving their work.

christened it the South Sea as he waded into its thundering surf four centuries ago.

The Panama Canal will fulfil the dream of Columbus, by opening a direct route from Europe and Africa to the Orient. Since the day of the great explorer many new lands have been populated. Besides the great ports of China and the Indies, there are all those of western America, from Chile to Alaska; and those of Australasia and the Pacific islands. Then, in addition to our own busy Atlantic seaboard and that of South America, there is the Mississippi Valley. Down through its center rolls the "Father of Waters"—a splendid river-course out of the greatest food country, the greatest iron country, the greatest cotton country, which the world has from which to draw its supplies.



MAP SHOWING HOW THE PANAMA CANAL WILL SHORTEN THE GREAT OCEAN ROUTES OF THE WORLD.

The government of the United States agreed to complete the canal and keep it open for the use and benefit of all countries forever. The canal is to be, in the truest sense of the word, a highway for all nations.

One would naturally expect, in traversing the canal from the Atlantic (or Caribbeian) side, to be journeying westward; but instead, he is traveling in a southeast direction, and when he arrives at Panama he is some miles *east* of Colon, his starting-point. This is perplexing until we glance at the map. The trend of the isthmus itself is not north and south, as many imagine, but east and west. And the northernmost part of the isthmus is not at the end but at the middle. To its people the great Pacific is a southern, not a western, ocean. And this is why Balboa

And one thing more: we are the busiest manufacturing country in the world. East and west, north and south, the nations of the earth are buying, not alone our grain, our cotton, and our beef, but also the things we *make*—the tools and machinery, the clothing, and the thousand and one articles to be found in every house. And by cutting the isthmus we make a gateway through which to carry this enormous mass of trade products to the peoples of the Pacific.

The canal will probably carry the lion's share of the traffic of all these vast populations. The Panama and the Suez canals will be rivals for the world's ocean commerce; the Strait of Magellan and Cape Horn will know the currents of trade no more. They may be forgotten, and the white sails of ships and the black smoke of steamers may almost disappear from those

stormy latitudes. The expression "rounding the Horn" may become a saying of other days. The wild Fuegians may scan their blank horizon and tell their children of the great fire-ships that used to pass, and wonder why they come no more.

The Panama passage will shorten the sea journey from New York to San Francisco by over eight thousand miles. A freight steamer on this route will save \$3000 in coal each trip; and she will be able to make five trips a year instead of two. Peru will be 4000 miles from New York instead of 10,000, and 6000 miles instead of 12,000 from Europe.

No story can better illustrate the great need of the Panama Canal than that of the splendid race against time made by our huge battleship

the "Oregon," during the Spanish-American War. She lay in far-away Puget Sound, and was wanted at once in Cuban waters. In the great need of the moment, how tantalizing became that narrow neck of land, the Isthmus of Panama! Only thirty miles across, yet that thirty miles compelled Captain Clark to take his battleship clear around the South American continent 14,000 miles instead of 4000! Fifty-nine days of furious steaming under forced draft instead of less than twenty-one days! That was a wonderful race, "around the Horn," and it was equally wonderful that the big fighting ship sighted the blue mountains of Cuba just in the nick of time to do her full share in the great sea-fight.



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VIEW OF THE EXCAVATION WORK ON THE PANAMA CANAL.

EVENTS OF OUR COUNTRY'S HISTORY

BY J. E. HOMANS

INTRODUCTION

THE history of a country, of a city, or of a man means only the story of that country, city, or man. Like any other story, it begins with the very earliest things we know, and goes on, day by day, or year by year, until there is nothing more to tell. Some histories, like some other stories, are very long, because they begin very far back, or because a great many things happened that must be told about.

Some histories begin many, many years ago, because we have known about the countries they tell about ever since people have known anything. Thus, when we tell the history of Greece or of Rome we have to begin at a time about 2500 years ago. The history of Egypt begins over twice as far back, or 7000 years ago; and the history of the Jews is nearly as long.

But the history of the United States, where we are living now, covers only a little more than 400 years, for until a little more than 400 years ago no one who knew how to tell histories had ever heard of America.

The history of our country begins with the year 1492, when America was discovered by a man named Christopher Columbus. Up to the time when he was born nearly every one thought that the world was flat, that it was somewhat like a tea-tray filled with water and with a saucer in the middle. The land, they thought, was like the saucer, and the ocean like the water all around it; so that, if any one should sail far enough on the ocean, he would come, sooner or later, to the end of the world, which would be like the sides of the tea-tray. Then, unless he took care, he would be likely to fall off and never stop falling.

But Columbus had known some men who were wiser than most people in their time, and these men had told him that the world could not be flat, but must be round, like a ball or an orange, with all the lands and oceans on its outer surface. Columbus felt so sure that they were right that he made up his mind that he would try to sail

round the world, and to find out what kind of people lived on lands in the ocean beyond Europe and Africa.

After he had asked many persons to buy a ship for him to make this voyage in, all of whom had laughed at him, Columbus went to see the King and Queen of Spain, whose names were Ferdinand and Isabella, and when they heard what he had to say they gave him money enough to buy three ships. These ships were nothing like the ships we have to-day. They were very short and very high out of the water. People would think them unsafe now for a long ocean voyage; but they were the best to be had in those days, and Columbus was glad enough to get them. When everything was ready he sailed away from Palos, which is a city in Spain, on the third day of August in the year 1492. Two months and nine days later, on the twelfth of October he landed at a little island, which he called San Salvador, a name meaning Holy Saviour in the Spanish language. We are not sure on exactly which of the many small islands in the West Indies Columbus landed, but most people agree that it must have been either the one now known as Cat Island or else that called Watling Island, both in the Bahama group, just north of Cuba.

Columbus and the 120 men who sailed with him in his three ships were not the first people in America. The Indians had been here for thousands of years before his time, and there were other great nations, who built wonderful cities in Mexico and in Central and South America. About five hundred years before Columbus, a man from Norway, named Leif Ericson, reached America, as some people think, and landed somewhere between Newfoundland and the coast of Rhode Island. Some of the people with him are said to have reached places far inland, and to have left buildings and carved rocks, which have been found in recent years. But none of these people or their descendants were here when Columbus came, so we know nothing for certain about them. This is the rea-

son that history begins for the New World in 1492.

When Columbus returned to Spain with the story of his voyage, taking with him some of the Indians of America to prove the truth of what he said, every one was much surprised, and people agreed that the discovery of America was the greatest event in all the world's history. Many other men, most of them Spanish or Italian, came to America in the next few years, each one discovering some new part of the New World, and making way for colonists from Europe who wished to come here to live.

About forty years after Columbus the first French explorers came to Canada, and within about fifty years more the first Englishmen arrived. The Spaniards settled mostly in South and Central America and in the West Indian islands, the French in Canada and in parts of North America along the Gulf of Mexico, and the English in the eastern part of what is now known as the United States.

Our early history is largely an account of the doings of the English explorers and settlers, and much of our later history has to do in great part with their descendants. But in some respects those things in our earlier and later history that deal with other settlers and their descendants are equally interesting and important.

When we learn history it is best to remember the years in which things happened. Thus, we will arrange the history of America here so that any one can see right away in which years all of the great events belong.

1492—Christopher Columbus, an Italian born in Genoa, sails from the city of Palos in Spain, August 3. On October 12 he lands on the Island of San Salvador in the Bahamas, thus discovering the first land in the western hemisphere known to people in Europe. Later he discovers other of the Bahama islands; reaches Cuba on October 27, and Haiti on December 4.

1493—Columbus arrives again in Palos on March 15. His discoveries create great interest in all Europe.—On May 4 Pope Alexander VI. issues a bull (a law or decree made by the Pope) giving all lands in the New World to Spain.—On September 25 Columbus sails from Cadiz on his second voyage with a fleet of 17 ships.

1494—Columbus revisits Cuba in April, and later discovers Jamaica, which he calls Santiago (Spanish for St. James). He also explores other islands.—Spain and Portugal make a treaty at Tordesillas to divide the lands in the New World between themselves.

1497—John Cabot, who is thought to have been a native of Venice, Italy, sails from Bristol,

England, in April. On June 24 he discovers Labrador to the north of Newfoundland, which is the first time, so far as known, that men from Europe touched the mainland of America.—Americus Vespucius, another Italian, sails from Cadiz on his first voyage, May 10, and during the next year explores the coast of Central and South America. He made maps of this voyage and set his name, Americus (or Amerigo), on them; from this the name America came to be given to the New World.

1498—Columbus sails on his third voyage, May 30. He is deprived of command at Santo Domingo (Haiti) by Francisco Bobadilla, who sends him back to Spain a prisoner in chains.—Sebastian Cabot, son of John Cabot, sails from Bristol early in May. He skirts the coast of Newfoundland and New England, sailing as far south as Cape Hatteras. He was in search of the "Northwest Passage," which people thought was a short cut to India and Eastern Asia. We know now that no such passage existed, and that a short cut to the Far East is made possible only by the great Panama Canal.

1499—Americus Vespucius sails on his second voyage, May 20, with Alonso de Ojeda. They discover the coast of Venezuela and northern South America.—Thereafter, for at least twelve years, Spanish navigators, without touching at any point in the present United States, contented themselves with going to South America, where they conquered the Indians and settled in the country. It was over twenty years before the French and English did much in North America.

1502—Columbus, now free, sails on his fourth and last voyage from Cadiz, May 9, with a fleet of four vessels. Lands on the coast of Honduras August 14, his first arrival on the mainland of America.

1506—Columbus dies at Valladolid, Spain, May 20.

1512—Juan Ponce de Leon, who had been Spanish governor of Porto Rico, hears of a wonderful fountain in some land to the northward, whose waters can restore youth to old men. Hoping to find this fountain, he sails from Porto Rico on March 3, and on April 2 lands on the coast of Florida. He gave it this name, as is thought, because of its discovery on Easter day, which in Spanish is called *Pasqua florida* ("flowery Easter").

1513—On September 25 Vasco Nuñez de Balboa discovers the Pacific Ocean from the summit of a mountain near Panama. He was the first modern European to view this great expanse of water, and he promptly proclaimed that



From photograph, copyright 1902 by Detroit Photo. Co.

THE OLD CHURCH AT JAMESTOWN.

the King of Castile was lord of every land or island touched by its waters.

1519—Francisco de Garay, governor of Jamaica, discovers the mouth of the Mississippi River.

1520—Lucas Vazquez de Ayllon explores the coast of South Carolina.

1524—Giovanni Verrazano, an Italian sea-captain, sent out by Francis I., King of France, sails along the coast of the United States, and anchors in what is now the harbor of New York city. Before returning to France, he sails as far north as Nova Scotia.

1525—Stefano Gomez, a Spaniard, explores the coast of North America as far as the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Not finding the gold for which he was searching, he turns back. According to the story told of him, he left with the exclamation, "Acá nada," meaning in Spanish, "Here is nothing," from which, it is said, comes the name Canada. It is more likely that the name came from a word in the language of the Iroquois Indians.

1535—Jacques Cartier, a French captain, explores the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and ascends the river as far as the site of the present city of Montreal. He also was in search of the fabled Northwest Passage.

1541—Hernando de Soto discovers the Mississippi River while making a journey through country now lying within some of the Southern States. He died a year later, and was buried in the river.

1565—St. Augustine, Florida, is founded by Spaniards led by Menendez de Avilés. It is the oldest city in the United States.

1579—Sir Francis Drake, the English naval hero, sails around Cape Horn, South America, and explores the entire Pacific coast as far north as Cape Blanco, Oregon. He calls the country here New Albion, meaning New England. He was the first European to enter the harbor of San Francisco.

1582—The city of Santa Fé, New Mexico, is founded by Spaniards, and is thus the second oldest city in the United States.

1584—Sir Walter Raleigh, a friend of Queen Elizabeth of England, sends Captain Arthur Barlow and Philip Amidas to America. They land at Wocoken Island, North Carolina, and name the country Virginia, in honor of the Queen.

1585—An English colony is founded at Roanoke Island, North Carolina, by Sir Richard Grenville, an agent of Raleigh. The colonists have troubles with the Indians and nearly starve. They are rescued by Sir Francis Drake in 1586,

and return to England, taking with them the first samples of tobacco ever known there.

1586—Grenville brings other colonists to Roanoke, but all of them are killed by the Indians within a year.

1587—Still other colonists come to Roanoke with John White, an agent of Raleigh. They found the city of Raleigh and here Virginia Dare, the first white native of the United States, is born soon after the landing. Two years later White returns to find his colonists gone. No one knows what ever became of them, and they figure in many stories as the "lost colony."

1602—The first English colony in New England is founded by Bartholomew Gosnold on the island of Cuttyhunk in Buzzards Bay, Massachusetts. The colonists are not satisfied and all return to England in the same year.

1605—Samuel de Champlain founds the first French colony at Port Royal, Nova Scotia, but it is quickly deserted.

1607—An English colony is planted by Raleigh, Gilbert, and Popham near the mouth of the Kennebec River, Maine, but all the colonists return to England in 1608.—On May 13 the colony at Jamestown, Virginia, is founded by people brought in three ships commanded by Christopher Newport, Bartholomew Gosnold, and the famous Captain John Smith. Jamestown is noted as the place where the "first representative council in America" met. It was known as the "House of Burgesses." The town was later deserted, and the only remains at present are the tower of the church built by the colonists, and a few tombs.

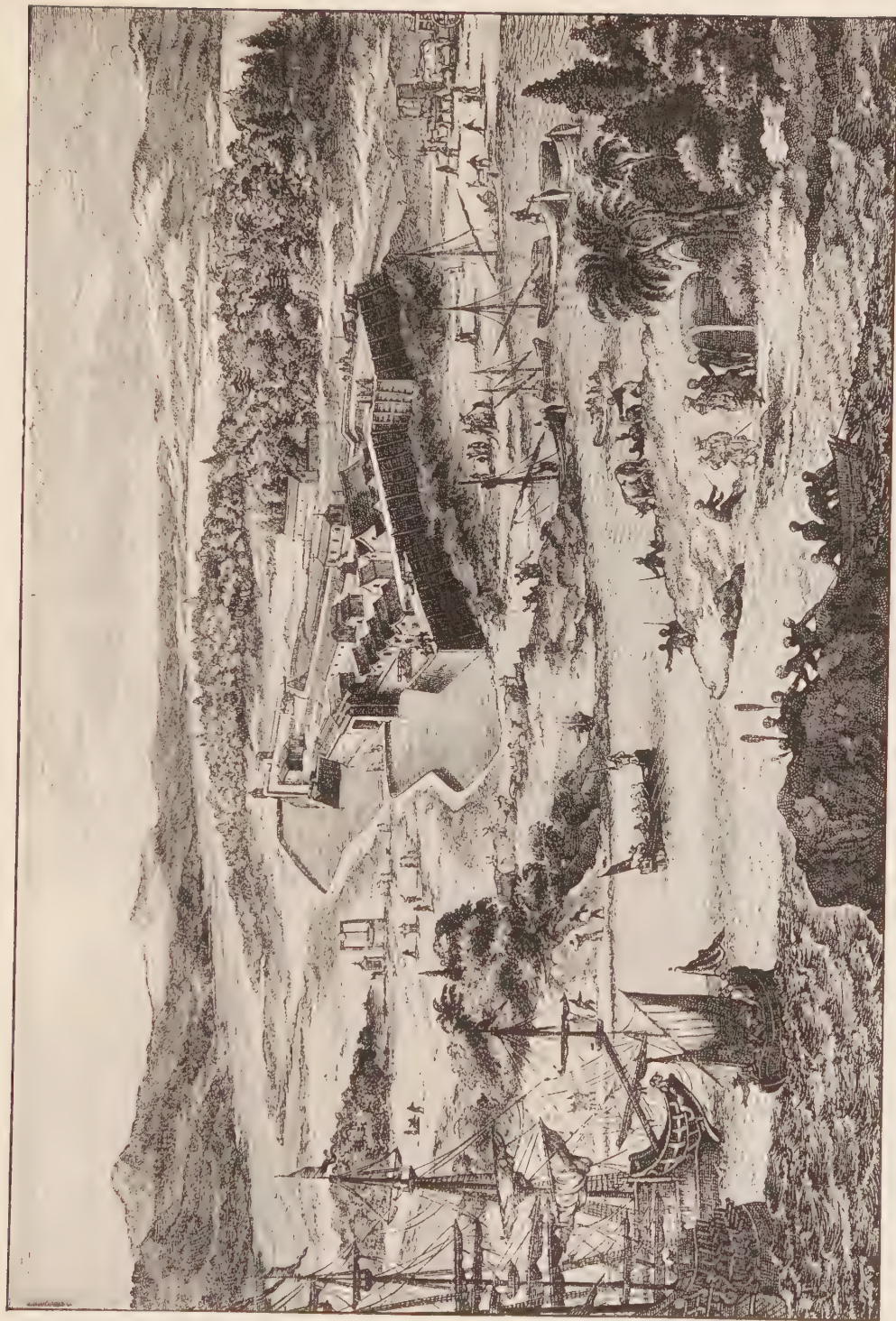
1608—The city of Quebec in Canada is founded by Champlain, who in the next year discovers the lake now known by his name.

1609—Henry Hudson, an Englishman sent out by a Dutch company, sails up the Hudson River, hoping to find it the long-sought Northwest Passage. He is usually thought to have been the first European to see this river.

1610—A rude establishment is made by the Dutch on Manhattan Island, mainly as shelter for sailors. This is the beginning of the city of New York, now the second largest city in the world.

1611—Sir Thomas Dale becomes governor of Virginia. He founds the city of Henrico, now known as Richmond. In this year the growing of tobacco is begun by the colonists.

1614—The first real settlement, a permanent trading-post, is made on Manhattan Island by the Dutch, who also take possession of all the part of New York called by them New Netherland.—Captain John Smith explores the coast



THE OLD FORTIFIED SETTLEMENT AT CHARLESTON.

FROM A PRINT PUBLISHED AT AMSTERDAM, 1673.

from Maine to Cape Cod and first calls the country New England.

1615—Albany, New York, is founded by the Dutch, and called Aurania (Fort Orange).—Champlain discovers Lake Huron.

1616—Pocahontas, the Indian princess, who as the story is, once saved the life of Captain John Smith, goes to England with her husband, John Rolfe. She dies there the next year, leaving a little son. She was only 22 years old when she died.

1617—First Dutch settlement in New Jersey made at Bergen opposite Manhattan Island.

1619—The first negro slaves are brought to Virginia by a Dutch trading vessel. Before this time white servants were purchased in England and sold, or bound out, in Virginia. Negro slaves had been imported to the Spanish colonies in South America and the West Indies for many years before this.

1620—The first English settlement in New England is made at Plymouth, Massachusetts, by the Pilgrim Fathers, who in 1608 had left England and gone to Leyden, Holland. They embark at Southampton, England, whither they had come from Leyden, in the famous "Mayflower" on July 22, and land at Plymouth December 21. Over half of the 100 souls die in the first hard winter, including their governor, John Carver. During the next ten years their numbers grew, until in 1631 there were over 2000 people in Plymouth.

1621—The first cotton is planted in Virginia, and silkworm culture is attempted.

1622—The Indians make war on the whites in Virginia, killing over 300 of them in the great "Virginia massacre" of March 22. This begins an Indian war which lasts until 1646.

1623—The Dutch colony on Manhattan Island is founded under the name New Amsterdam.

1624—Virginia is made a royal province by James I. of England.—Peter Minuit is made governor of the Dutch province of New Netherland, with the title of director-general.—Colony founded at Cape Ann, Massachusetts, by Roger Conant.

1626—Salem, Massachusetts (the Indian Naumkeag) is settled by Roger Conant and others.—Peter Minuit, director-general, arrives in New Netherland. He purchases Manhattan Island from the Indians for \$24, and builds Fort Amsterdam.

1628—John Endicott settles at Salem, Massachusetts, with a company of colonists. His grant for his colony, that of Massachusetts Bay, included all land between the Merrimac River and a point three miles south of the bay,

"from the Atlantic to the Pacific"—more land than he could ever have colonized.

1629—Rev. Francis Higginson and 200 colonists from England found Charlestown, now a part of Boston, Massachusetts. These people were Puritans who had separated from the Church of England.

1630—Boston, Massachusetts, is founded by John Winthrop and 800 Puritan colonists, and here on October 19 the first "General Court" of the colony convenes.

1632—Charles I. of England grants to Sir George Calvert, later made Lord Baltimore, all the country now known as Maryland, as a refuge for English Catholics, who were then persecuted in England. When, soon after, he died, the patent was issued to his son, Cecil Calvert, who prepared to send out colonists in the next year.

1633—Pilgrim traders from Plymouth found a colony at Windsor, Connecticut, then known as Dorchester. They were followed by other English from Massachusetts Bay Colony.—Leonard Calvert, brother of Cecil, sails from England on November 22 with 200 colonists bound for Maryland.

1634—The Catholic colonists under Leonard Calvert arrive in Maryland on March 22 and found the town of St. Mary's near the mouth of the Potomac River.—The General Court of Massachusetts passes a law forbidding the wearing of short sleeves, large wigs, and other fashionable styles of dress.—The Massachusetts Bay Colony resists the royal decree to compel conformity to the Church of England.

1635—Massachusetts Bay adopts a code of laws founded on the law of Moses, as understood by the Puritan ministers, who were the real rulers of the colony.—Roger Williams, one of the ministers, is expelled from Massachusetts because of his belief that the church should not govern in the colony. He thought that the vote of the people should make laws, as we believe to-day. He finds temporary refuge in Salem.—John Winthrop, Jr., son of the governor of Massachusetts Bay Colony, leaves Boston with many other colonists who do not believe in the kind of government they have there. He goes to Connecticut, where he founds the village of Saybrook, named after two English lords, Lord Say and Sele and Lord Brooke. This later became a famous place.—Rev. Thomas Hooker and sixty colonists from Boston found Hartford, Connecticut, then called Newtown.

1636—Roger Williams is forced to leave Salem in the midst of winter, but finds refuge with the Indian chiefs Massasoit and Canonicus. In June he settles on Narragansett Bay, where the city of



COLONIAL GOVERNORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Providence now stands. Many people driven out of Massachusetts Bay and Plymouth colonies join him there, and found a new colony in which religious toleration is enjoyed.—The first college in America is founded at Cambridge, Massachusetts. It is called Harvard College from Rev. John Harvard, who left money and books to help endow it.—The Pequots, a large tribe of Indians living mostly in Connecticut, begin a war on the colonists by murdering several white persons. Roger Williams persuades the other Indian tribes not to join them.

1637—The Pequot Indians are destroyed in war with the colonists, helped by the Mohegan and Narragansett Indian tribes.—A council of colonists from Connecticut and Massachusetts meet at Boston to form a union of all the New England colonies. They do not succeed.—Negro slaves are first imported into the New England colonies. Slavery was discontinued in New England largely because it "did not pay." Negroes recently from Africa died in the cold climate.—In Boston people known as "Antinomians," led by Mrs. Anne Hutchinson and Rev. John Wheelwright, object to the government of the colony. They are tried and driven from the colony. Many of them settle in Providence with Roger Williams.

1638—New Haven, Connecticut, is founded by Puritan colonists from London led by Rev. John Davenport and Theophilus Eaton. New Haven was long a colony separate from the rest of Connecticut.—Roger Williams grants to Anne Hutchinson and her friends the land on which the city of Newport, Rhode Island, now stands.—Swedes settle near Wilmington, Delaware, and call the place Fort Christiana, and the colony New Sweden. This was the first settlement in Delaware.

1639—The Connecticut colony (then separate from New Haven) adopts a code of laws, called "Fundamental Orders," which was the first written constitution in the world.—The first printing-press in America is used at Harvard College; the first book printed is the "Bay Psalm Book." Before this all books written in America were printed in England.—Sir Ferdinando Gorges is made lord proprietor of Maine.

1641—The Dutch in New Netherland begin a four-years war with the Algonquin Indians.—New Hampshire is annexed to Massachusetts Bay Colony.

1642—Algonquin Indians from Connecticut raid Dutch settlements in revenge for the unjust acts of Governor Kieft of New Netherland. Several villages are destroyed.—Indians attack English colonies in Maryland and Virginia.—Sir

William Berkeley becomes governor of Virginia. The English Church is established there, and Puritans are driven out.

1643—A confederation called "The United Colonies of New England," comprising Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay, Connecticut and New Haven colonies, is formed. This union lasted for 41 years, and was effective against Indian attacks.—The first settlement in Pennsylvania is made at Tinicum Island on the Delaware River by John Printz, governor of New Sweden in Delaware.—Roger Williams goes to England to obtain a charter for his colony in Rhode Island.

1644—In March Roger Williams receives a charter giving the people of Rhode Island full power to rule themselves. The laws made by the colonists give liberty of conscience.—Indians in Virginia massacre 300 colonists.

1645—A rebellion of Catholics and Puritans in Maryland drives Leonard Calvert, the governor, into Virginia. Order was restored next year, and the governor returned.

1646—The General Court of Massachusetts declares itself able to govern the colony without interference from the English Parliament.—Rev. John Eliot first preaches Christianity to the Indians at Nonantum, near Boston, Massachusetts. He is called the "Apostle to the Indians," and translated the Bible into their language.—Peter Stuyvesant appointed director-general of New Netherland. He arrived in New Amsterdam next year, and governed till 1664, when the English conquered the Dutch.

1649—The Maryland Assembly makes a law tolerating all forms of Christian belief.—In Massachusetts many people who do not accept the Puritan rule are severely punished.—All Puritans are banished from Virginia.—After Charles I., King of England, is beheaded, January 30, many of his soldiers, known as Cavaliers, take refuge in Virginia. Puritans from Virginia found what is now the city of Annapolis, Maryland, naming it Providence.

1652—Massachusetts Bay Colony annexes the Province of Maine as far as Casco Bay.—The Puritans gain control of Virginia by force.

1653—Colonists from Virginia settle at Albemarle, North Carolina.

1655—A Dutch force from New Amsterdam conquers the Swedish colony in Delaware. The Puritans gain control of Maryland. For several years there is disorder in the colony, and strong feeling between rival parties.

1658—Order is restored in Maryland, and Fendall, agent of Lord Baltimore, gains control of the government.—The General Court of Massachusetts makes a law fining any one 10 shillings



DRILLING RECRUITS FOR THE CONTINENTAL ARMY.

DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

for attending a Quaker meeting. All Quakers are banished from the colony, and it is made a capital offense for a Quaker to return.

1659—Two Quakers are hanged in Massachusetts for returning after being banished.

1660—Mary Dyer, a Quaker preacher, is hanged at Boston, June 1, for "sedition" and for returning after banishment.—The English Parliament passes the famous Navigation Act, which forbade any one but a British subject to trade with the American colonies, and allowing none but British ships to carry merchandise to or from their ports. This was one of the first of the acts that finally led to the American Revolution and the independence of the colonies as the United States of America.

1661—Massasoit, a chief of the Wampanoag or Pokanoket Indians, and a friend of the colonists, dies. (He is succeeded—**1662**—by his son Metacomet, known as King Philip, a foe of all whites.) Massachusetts issues a Declaration of Rights, claiming the power to govern itself and resisting the Navigation Act.—King Charles II. of England forbids persecution of Quakers and other religious sects in the colonies, saying that all persons have a right to "worship God as they think best."—John Eliot, "Apostle to the Indians," publishes his translation of the New Testament in the Indian language. No one can now read this book, all the Massachusetts Indians having died.

1662—Charles II. grants a charter to the Connecticut colony, and joins the colony of New Haven to it.—The first victims of the witchcraft craze are put to death in Hartford. The senseless killing of many aged and unfortunate people in the New England colonies, because they were thought to be witches, is a sad chapter in American history.

1663—The colonies of Rhode Island and Providence are united by a new charter granted by Charles II.—In March the King grants to eight lords-proprietary the whole territory of Carolina.—A rebellion of white bond-servants breaks out in Virginia. It is soon put down. These people were really slaves, being prisoners of war and other unfortunates.

1664—An English force under Sir Richard Nicolls take possession of the Dutch province of New Netherland, and rename it New York.—The Duke of York, brother of King Charles II., grants New Jersey to Lord Berkeley and Sir George Carteret.—Puritans from Long Island obtain a grant of land on Newark Bay, and found Elizabethtown, now the city of Elizabeth, New Jersey.—The boundaries of the colonies of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island

are fixed by a royal commission, but the Massachusetts colonists resist its decisions.

1666—In the war between France and England, the New England colonists attempt to raise an army to conquer Canada, a French province. A few privateers, or armed ships, are sent from Boston, but they do little fighting.—Virginia passes a law to allow the baptism of slaves.

1668—A French Jesuit mission is established at Sault Sainte Marie, Michigan, by Jacques Marquette (Père Marquette). This is the earliest settlement in Michigan.

1669—John Locke draws up a constitution for Carolina, known as the "Grand Model." It is rejected by the colonists and never goes into force.

1670—Colonists are sent to South Carolina in three ships and settle on the Ashley River, above the present site of Charleston. This was the most southerly of the English colonies.

1671—Dutch emigrants from New York join the new settlement in South Carolina.—George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, visits America, preaching on Long Island, in North Carolina, and elsewhere.—Massachusetts Colony still resists the laws of England on trade and commerce.

1672—Wisconsin and Illinois are first explored by the French Jesuit missionaries Allouez and Dablon.—James Carteret is chosen governor by the people of New Jersey, in place of the royal governor, Philip Carteret.

1673—Marquette, Joliet, and others explore the northern waters of the Mississippi River, sailing down nearly 1000 miles. They also explore the Des Moines River, and are the first white men to set foot in Iowa.—A Dutch fleet recaptures New York, during the two years' war between England and Holland (1672-74). The Dutch hold it for over a year, when it is again restored to the English.

1674—Sir Edmund Andros becomes governor of New York.—King Philip is accused of urging the Indians in New England to attack the colonists. A converted or "praying" Indian named Sausamon is murdered for informing the colonists of his plans.

1675—The New England colonists hang the murderers of Sausamon, the Indian informer, and this leads to the killing of colonists at Swansea, Massachusetts, by other Indians. This is the beginning of King Philip's War, in which Indians from Maine to Rhode Island fight against the colonists. It lasted for nearly two years. Several villages, such as Springfield, Deerfield, Hadley, and Brookfield, in Massachusetts, are burned by the Indians. The tribe of the Narra-



DRAFTING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY P. F. ROTHERMEL.

gansetts is nearly destroyed in a battle at South Kingston, Rhode Island, on December 19, by an army of colonists under Josiah Winslow, governor of Plymouth.

1676—King Philip's War is continued. Other towns are burned and many Indians are killed. In August King Philip himself is shot by another Indian, while trying to escape. Philip's death ends the war.—In Virginia the colonists led by Nathaniel Bacon resist Berkeley, the royal governor, who would not protect them from the Indians, and elect Sir Henry Chicheley in his place. Bacon burns the old city of Jamestown, but dies soon after—in October. His death ends Bacon's Rebellion, as it was called, and Governor Berkeley returns to his office.—Colonists in New York resist Governor Edmund Andros, and demand liberties, which the Duke of York, proprietor of New York, will not grant.

1677—Berkeley, governor of Virginia, returns to England in disgrace.—The right of self-government is granted to the New Jersey colonists.—Massachusetts purchases Maine from Gorges for £1250, when the King decides that its claim to the territory is invalid.

1678—The people of North Carolina imprison Miller, the royal governor, and make laws for themselves.

1679—A foreign Protestant colony is settled in South Carolina by Charles II., also an Irish colony.—New Hampshire becomes a royal province in July.—Massachusetts colonists again resist the Navigation Act.

1680—La Salle builds Fort Crèvecoeur on the Illinois River below the site of Peoria.—New Hampshire colonists claim the right of self-government, and resist the royal governor.—William Penn asks for a charter for Pennsylvania, as a refuge for Quakers.—Charleston, South Carolina, is founded by an English colony, being laid out by John Culpeper.

1681—Charles II. grants a charter to William Penn to found a colony in Pennsylvania.—Lord Baltimore interferes with the colonists' government formed while he was absent in Europe.—The English government orders him to place only Protestants in public offices.

1682—La Salle sails down the Mississippi River to the Gulf of Mexico. He claims all the country drained by the river for the King of France, and calls it Louisiana. This includes the vast territory which the United States bought from France in 1803, known as the Louisiana Purchase.—William Penn comes to Pennsylvania, and founds the city of Philadelphia. He makes wise laws for the colony, and a treaty of peace with the Indians.—Massachusetts Colony sends

agents to England.—New Hampshire resists the demands of Cranfield, the proprietary governor, and keeps its popular liberties.

1683—Thomas Dongan becomes governor of New York. The "Charter of Liberties" is passed, allowing all sects of Christians full liberty.—The charter of Massachusetts is demanded by royal writ, on account of the people's constant resistance of law.

1684—Penn and Lord Baltimore both claim Delaware. Penn goes to England to present his case to the King.—In New Hampshire the contest with the governor causes rioting.—The Massachusetts charter is declared forfeited.—Virginia again becomes a royal province, after having been governed by lords proprietors since 1675.—A colony of Scotchmen settle Beaufort, now Port Royal, South Carolina.—The English colonies make peace with the Indians, who are at war with the French in Canada.—The last council of the United Colonies of New England, formed in 1643, is held at Hartford, Connecticut, September 5.

1685—James II. becomes King of England and makes all the colonies dependent on the crown, taking away the rights of all proprietors.—The Navigation Acts are resisted in South Carolina.

1686—Joseph Dudley is made president of the English colonies from Nova Scotia to Rhode Island, and makes many oppressive laws. Sir Edmund Andros, as governor of New England, demands the charters of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. The charter of Connecticut (according to tradition) is preserved by being hidden by Captain Wadsworth in a hollow oak-tree, famous as the "Charter Oak." Rev. Increase Mather goes to England to complain of Andros's cruelty.—Spaniards destroy the Scotch colony of Beaufort, South Carolina.

1688—New York and New Jersey are made crown colonies with Andros as governor. He continues his unjust acts.—An old woman in Boston is hanged as a witch on the complaint of a girl of 13 years. This starts persecution for witchcraft, which is encouraged by the preaching of Rev. Cotton Mather.

1689—The people of South Carolina rebel against their governor, James Colleton, who, being without soldiers, is obliged to submit.—The colonies of New England and New York rebel against Governor Andros, who is first imprisoned, then driven away. Jacob Leisler, a German, makes himself lieutenant-governor in New York, having led a rebellion against the acting lieutenant-governor, Francis Nicholson.—In Maryland the Catholics and Protestants contend for the government, the Protestants being



AMERICAN OFFICERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

finally successful.—Cotton Mather publishes a book on witchcraft, which does great harm and leads to the death of many innocent persons.—The war between France and England, known as King William's War (from William III., King of England), leads to trouble between the American colonies and the French in Canada. The French stir up the Indians against the colonists in Maine and New Hampshire.

1690—French and Indians under Frontenac invade New York and massacre the people of Schenectady.—The New England colonies attempt an invasion of the French provinces, but do not succeed.

1691—Henry Sloughter becomes governor of New York, and hangs Governor Leisler. Sloughter dies soon after.—King William III. offers a new charter to Massachusetts, which is refused.

1692—The French and Indians massacre the people of York, Maine.—Sir Edmund Andros is made governor of Virginia, an office which he holds for six years.

1693—The people of Salem, Massachusetts, tire of the persecution of witches, and secure the release of all accused persons. Rev. Samuel Parris, a leader against witches, is expelled from the city.—The French and Indians kill many people in New Hampshire, but are beaten by an army from New York.

1695—The French make a settlement at Kaskaskia, the first in Illinois.—All the English colonies send troops to protect New York against the French invaders.

1697—Hannah Duston, of Haverhill, Massachusetts, with her infant son, is captured by Indians. She kills eight of them at night and escapes.

1698—The French, under Iberville, form a colony in the Louisiana territory, at the mouth of the Mississippi.

1699—French colonists found Biloxi, Mississippi.—Lord Bellamont, governor of New York, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire, arrests Captain William Kidd, the pirate, and sends him to England, where he is afterward hanged.

1700—Pennsylvania makes a new constitution for itself. William Penn receives Indians as citizens of the colony.

1701—Yale College is founded at Saybrook, Connecticut, by the gift of Elihu Yale.—A bill is introduced in the English Parliament to forfeit all colonial charters, because "the independence the colonies thirst after is now notorious."—French colonists under Cadillac found Detroit, Michigan, the "City of the Strait."—Negro slavery is made unlawful in Massachusetts,

1702—Iberville founds Mobile, the first settlement in Alabama.—Joseph Dudley becomes governor of Massachusetts.—Lord Cornbury becomes governor of New York and New Jersey.—French colonists from Canada found Vincennes, Iowa.—Queen Anne's War between France and England causes the colonies in America to fight again.—South Carolina troops attack St. Augustine, Florida.

1703—Lord Cornbury steals money raised to fortify New York harbor.—The first permanent clergyman is appointed in North Carolina.

1704—The first authorized newspaper in America, the "Boston News-Letter," begins its issue April 24.

1705—Governor Moore of South Carolina attacks the Spaniards in Florida, and claims Georgia for England.

1706—French and Spaniards attack Charleston, but are driven away.

1707—Ships from Boston try to capture the French city of Port Royal, Nova Scotia, but are driven off.—Lord Cornbury is accused of accepting bribes.

1708—Lord Cornbury is removed from the office of governor, and Lord Lovelace succeeds him.—The English Parliament declares that the "slave-trade is important and ought to be free."—Haverhill, Massachusetts, is attacked by French and Indians, buildings burned, 16 persons killed, and 20 or more captured.

1710—A fleet from Boston captures Port Royal, Nova Scotia, and names it Annapolis after Queen Anne of England.

1711—A fleet from New England sails to conquer Canada, but most of the ships are wrecked in the St. Lawrence River.—Indians in North Carolina kill many people who attempt to settle on their lands.—The English Parliament says that the slave-trade ought to be extended.

1712—The Quaker government of Pennsylvania states that it is not just to free the slaves.—Nineteen negroes are hanged in New York for supposed attempt to burn the city.

1715—Indians and Spaniards attack the South Carolina colonists, but are defeated by a force under Governor Charles Craven.—The Marquis de Aguayo is made governor of the Spanish colonies in Texas.

1716—The first bank is opened in Massachusetts.

1718—Bienville, governor of Louisiana, founds New Orleans.

1719—In the war between France and Spain (1718–21) the French capture Pensacola, Florida, and the Spaniards attack Mobile, Alabama.

1721—Virginia imposes a tax on the import



WASHINGTON AT YORKTOWN.
FROM THE PAINTING BY L. C. A. COUDERT.

of negro slaves, fearing that they would increase too rapidly.

1723—Benjamin Franklin leaves Boston and goes to Philadelphia.

1725—The first newspaper in New York is issued; it is called the "Gazette."

1728—Sir William Keith, governor of Pennsylvania, suggests a stamp act on trade in the colonies.—James Edward Oglethorpe plans a colony in America for debtors, who were then imprisoned.—Vitus Bering discovers Bering Strait between Alaska and Asia.

1729—Indians massacre French people at Natchez, killing several hundred. Only 26 escape. This was the greatest of all Indian massacres in this country.—The city of Baltimore is founded.

1731—The Natchez Indians who killed so many people are wiped out by the French at Natchitoches. Their chief and 400 of their people are sold as slaves to the Spaniards.

1732—George Washington is born, February 22.—Vincennes, the first settlement in Indiana, is founded by the French.—James Edward Oglethorpe receives a charter to found a colony for poor debtors in Georgia.

1733—Oglethorpe arrives with 120 colonists, and forms a settlement at Savannah, the first in Georgia. He makes many good laws, and forbids slavery in the colony.

1734—John Peter Zenger, an editor of New York, criticizes the royal government. He is tried and acquitted. Greater freedom of the press follows—a victory that has been described as "the morning star of that liberty which subsequently revolutionized America."

1736—Augusta, Georgia, is founded, under a charter by Oglethorpe.

1738—A negro rebellion arises in South Carolina, and is put down.

1741—The boundaries of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont are settled, and the three colonies are finally separated.—Bering discovers Alaska.

1745—During the war between France and England (1744-48) an expedition from Boston, organized by Governor Shirley and commanded by William Pepperell, captures Louisburg, Nova Scotia.

1747—French and Indians capture Fort Massachusetts on Lake Champlain and attack several villages in New England.—The colonies begin raising an army to conquer Canada, but peace is declared before it starts out.

1749—Slavery is allowed by law in Georgia, provided the slaves are taught religion. The Ohio company is formed in England to settle a tract of 500,000 acres on the Ohio River.

1754—The French in the Louisiana territory claim land in Virginia and Pennsylvania. They erect Fort Duquesne on the site of Pittsburg.—George Washington first serves as a soldier in this dispute, and has several fights with the French.

1755—General Braddock with two English regiments leaves Cumberland, Maryland, to attack Fort Duquesne. He is killed and Washington leads the soldiers back.—The entire French population of Acadia (or Nova Scotia) are transported in September to the British colonies.—All the colonies engage in war against the French and Indians.

1756—The English Parliament tries to tax the colonies to meet the expenses of war with France. The colonists object, and the taxes are not collected.—General Montcalm attacks forts at Oswego and other places in New York, doing much damage.

1758—A colonial and English army under General Abercrombie again captures Louisburg, July 27.—The French leave Fort Duquesne which is occupied by the English and renamed Fort Pitt, in honor of the elder Pitt, whence the name of Pittsburg.

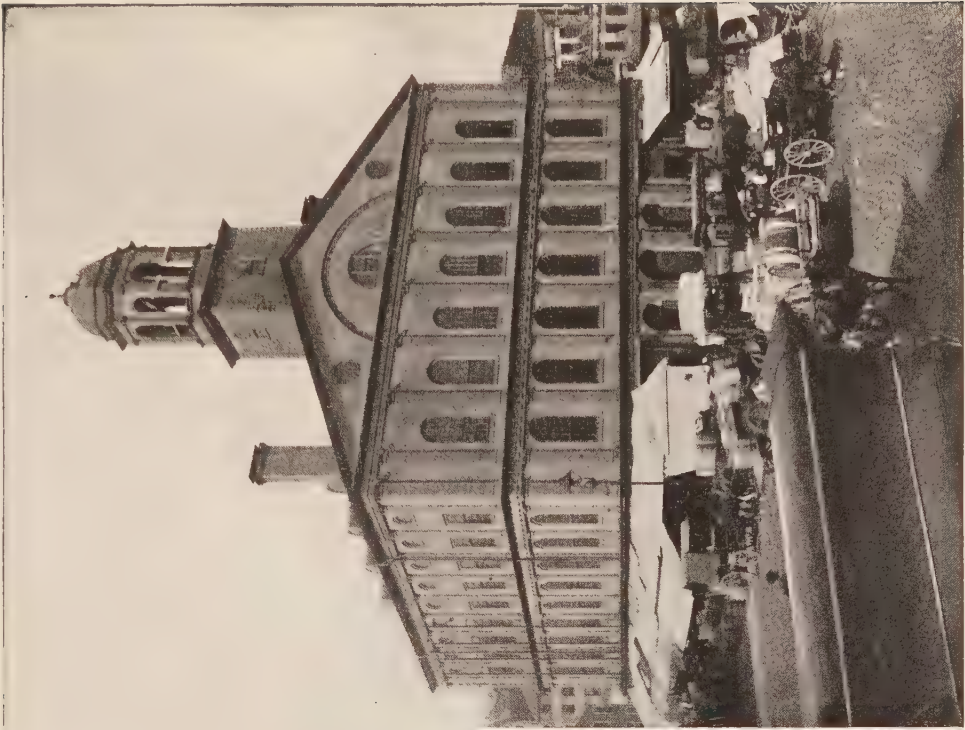
1759—The French give up Ticonderoga and Crown Point.—Quebec is captured by General Wolfe in the battle on the Plains of Abraham, where Wolfe and the French general, Montcalm, are killed.

1760—The French surrender Montreal and other cities to the English and Americans.—South Carolina attempts to limit the slave-trade, but is rebuked by the English government.

1763—The Treaty of Paris ends the war between France and England. France gives up Canada and all lands east of the Mississippi River.—Spain gives Florida to England in exchange for Havana province, in Cuba.—Indians under the chief Pontiac attack colonists in Pennsylvania and Virginia.

1764—The French found the city of St. Louis, Missouri.—England levies duties on imports of coffee, sugar, molasses, etc., into the colonies, in order to raise money for an army to defend her dominions. The colonies object, and then first assert that "taxation without representation is tyranny."—Thomas Pownall, governor of Massachusetts, and other Englishmen, propose admitting colonial agents to Parliament.

1765—Parliament passes the famous Stamp Act, taxing paper, books, etc. It also passes the Quartering Act requiring the colonies to provide houses, food, etc., for English soldiers sent among them.—The colonies, particularly Massachusetts, Virginia, and New York, object to the



FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON.



INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

Stamp Act, and many stamps are destroyed. Colonists agree to import no goods from England so long as this law is in force.

1766—The Stamp Act is repealed, but its effect is seen in the growth of revolutionary sentiment in the colonies.

1767—Massachusetts tries to restrict the slave-trade. Many negroes sue their masters for wages, and are allowed judgments by the courts.—The English Parliament passes a law to raise money in the colonies by customs duties on imports. The colonies object vigorously.

1768—John Hancock, in Massachusetts, is arrested and tried for smuggling wine. He is defended by John Adams, later President of the United States.—Great riot in Boston.—Several colonial assemblies are dissolved by the governors, and meetings sending petitions to the King are accused of treason.—Troops from Ireland and Halifax are sent to Boston, but the people refuse to give them quarters and food.

1769—The Massachusetts General Court asks that the soldiers be removed from Boston. Parties are first formed in the colonies, the English sympathizers being called Tories, the colonial sympathizers, Whigs.—The English Parliament removes all customs taxes except those on tea, but still claims its right to tax the colonies.—Daniel Boone and others explore parts of Kentucky.

1770—British soldiers fire on a disorderly crowd in Boston, killing several. This is called the "Boston Massacre."—Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson orders all soldiers to leave Boston. Others threaten to fight. The soldiers leave for a short time.

1771—In North Carolina militia defeat the "Regulators," who stand for the people's rights.—New York's claim to Vermont is allowed.

1772—The "Gaspee," a British revenue schooner, is destroyed in Narragansett Bay for attempts to enforce the unpopular Navigation Acts, and prevent smuggling.—By a court decision slavery is ended in England.

1773—A popular committee in Boston denies the authority of the English Parliament. Similar committees are formed in other colonies.—The General Court of Massachusetts asks the King to remove Governor Hutchinson.—In Boston a band of fifty men disguised as Indians board tea-vessels in the harbor and destroy their cargoes on December 16. This is called the "Boston Tea-party."

1774—On March 25 Parliament passes the "Boston Port Bill," closing Boston harbor. Edmund Burke tries to have the tea-tax repealed.—Tea-ships are turned back from the harbors of

various cities.—General Gage is made governor of Massachusetts and arrives in Boston on May 13. The several colonies begin working together to resist British tyranny.—The first Continental Congress meets at Philadelphia, September 5. All colonies except Georgia are represented.—A Provincial Congress is formed in Massachusetts which assumes the government of the colony and enrolls 12,000 minutemen.—Similar committees are formed in Connecticut, Rhode Island, Maryland, and other colonies.

1775—General Gage sends a force of 800 men to seize the arms and stores of the patriots at Concord. The advance, under Major Pitcairn (April 19), finds itself confronted by a small body of militiamen, drawn up on Lexington common, under command of Captain John Parker. The British fire, and nearly a score of Americans fall, killed or wounded. Then the British move on to Concord, destroy what stores they can, and after the famous "Concord Fight," in which several on both sides are killed, retreat through Lexington to Boston, losing many through the firing of the minutemen along the route.—The second Continental Congress meets at Philadelphia on May 10. It votes to raise an army of 20,000 men, and on June 15 chooses George Washington commander-in-chief of the Continental Army.—On June 17 the patriots try to resist the British advances, which they oppose mainly from a redoubt on Breed's Hill, connected with Bunker Hill, in Charlestown, Massachusetts. They withstand two charges, but retreat before the third. This is known as the Battle of Bunker Hill.

1776—General Howe evacuates Boston March 17. Colonel Moultrie repulses the British at Charleston, South Carolina, June 28.—The Declaration of Independence is passed by Congress on July 4.—Washington fights several battles with the British in and around New York.

1777—Washington wins the Battle of Princeton January 3. The Americans are defeated by Howe at the battles of Brandywine and Germantown.—The British general Burgoyne is defeated by General Gates, and surrenders October 17.—The French general Lafayette comes to the aid of the Americans, and is attached to the staff of Washington.

1778—The British evacuate Philadelphia, which they had taken the previous year.—Tories and Indians in Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania, massacre many patriots.—On June 28 the battle of Monmouth, New Jersey, is fought between Washington and Sir Henry Clinton.—The British capture Savannah, Georgia.

1779—General Anthony Wayne captures Stony



From the Painting by T. H. Matteson.

WASHINGTON DELIVERING HIS FIRST INAUGURAL.

- | | | | | | |
|-------------------|-----------------------|----------------------|-----------------------|-------------------------|---------------------|
| 1 John Rutledge. | 7 John Adams. | 12 John Jay. | 17 Fisher Ames. | 22 Page. | 27 Francis Lewis. |
| 2 George Clinton. | 8 Charles Thomson. | 13 Elbridge Gerry. | 18 Elias Boudinot. | 23 Rev. Samuel Provost. | 28 Oliver Wolcott. |
| 3 Thos. McKean. | 9 Alexander Hamilton. | 14 Rev. Benj. Moore. | 19 Robert Livingston. | 24 William Paca. | 29 Dr. Witherspoon. |
| 4 William Hooper. | 10 Oliver Ellsworth. | 15 Madison. | 20 Colonel Humphreys. | 25 Anthony Wayne. | 30 Samuel Chase. |
| 5 General Knox. | 11 Roger Sherman. | 16 Washington. | 21 Sergeant-at-Arms. | 26 Thomas Nelson, Jr. | 31 Colonel Simcoe. |
| 6 George Clinton. | | | | | British Army. |

Point on the Hudson, on July 6.—Paul Jones captures the British ship "Serapis" near the coast of England.

1780—General Clinton captures Charleston May 12.—General Sumter defeats the British at Hanging Rock, South Carolina, August 6.—General Benedict Arnold agrees to surrender West Point to General Clinton. This is discovered by the arrest of Major André, who is hanged October 2. Arnold escapes.—The British are defeated at King's Mountain, South Carolina, October 7.

1781—Lee and Pickens recapture Augusta, Georgia, June 5.—General Arnold, with a British force, burns Richmond, January 5. Cornwallis, after several battles in South Carolina and Virginia, comes to Yorktown, where he is besieged by Washington, and surrenders his whole army October 19.

1782—Holland recognizes American independence April 19.—The British withdraw from all cities occupied in the South.—Preliminary articles of peace are signed November 30.

1783—American soldiers threaten insurrection because Congress has no money to pay them.—Congress declares the war at an end April 11.—The Treaty of Paris, definitely ending the war, is signed September 3.—The British army leaves New York city November 25. Washington resigns his commission as commander-in-chief and retires to private life December 23.

1784—Connecticut passes a law forbidding slavery.—The first daily newspaper in the United States, the "Pennsylvania Packet," is issued in Philadelphia.

1785—Philadelphia issues the first city directory in the United States.—Cotton is first exported from Charleston, Philadelphia, and New York.

1786—In Massachusetts Daniel Shays heads an insurrection known as Shays's Rebellion, which is suppressed by the militia.—People from North Carolina and Tennessee try to form a new State which they call Franklin.—All the States except Rhode Island appoint delegates to meet at Annapolis and discuss a constitution for the United States.

1787—Congress passes an ordinance forming the great Northwest Territory, including the present States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and part of Minnesota.—The convention meets in Philadelphia May 25 to frame a constitution. Washington is its president. The Constitution is completed and signed on September 17.—The Constitution is ratified by Delaware, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey.

1788—The Constitution is ratified by all re-

maining States except North Carolina and Rhode Island.—The first settlement in Ohio is made at Marietta.

1789—George Washington is elected President. He is inaugurated at New York April 30.—The first Congress of the United States assembles in New York April 6.

1790—The first census of the United States is taken. This shows a population of nearly 4,000,000.—The Territory of Tennessee is formed.—The District of Columbia is formed of land given by Maryland and Virginia.—John Fitch builds a steamboat which makes several trips between Philadelphia and Trenton.—The Constitution is ratified by Rhode Island, last of the original thirteen States to take this action.

1791—Vermont is admitted to the Union.—The first national bank is established.—Coal-mining begins in Pennsylvania.—The new federal capital is laid out and called Washington.

1792—Kentucky is admitted to the Union.—Washington is reelected President.—The first mint is established in Philadelphia.—Eli Whitney invents the cotton-gin, which saves labor by separating cotton-seeds from the fiber.

1793—The first fugitive-slave law, requiring the return of all slaves fleeing from their masters, is passed by Congress.

1794—A treaty is made with England settling many matters in dispute.—General Wayne defeats the Indians in Ohio, forcing them to cease molesting settlers.—The Whisky Insurrection in Pennsylvania protests against taxes on distilled liquors.

1796—John Adams is elected President and Thomas Jefferson Vice-President.—Tennessee is admitted to the Union.

1797—John Adams is inaugurated President.—Envoys are sent to France to protest against the seizure of American ships during her war with England. They are asked for tribute, but refuse indignantly.

1798—French and American ships fight in the West Indies.—French troubles lead to the passing of Alien and Sedition Laws, allowing Congress to expel undesirable foreigners and to suppress newspapers, etc., speaking against the government. These laws are very unpopular, and give rise to the "Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions," containing the earliest suggestions of the State-rights doctrine.

1799—Naval battles with French ships continue. Peace is made when Napoleon comes into power.—General Washington dies at Mount Vernon, Virginia, December 14.

1800—The Presidential election of 1800 resulting in no choice, it becomes necessary for the



GEN. WM. T. SHERMAN



ADM. GEORGE DEWEY



GEN. GEO. B. CLELLAN



GEN. WM. R. SHAFTER



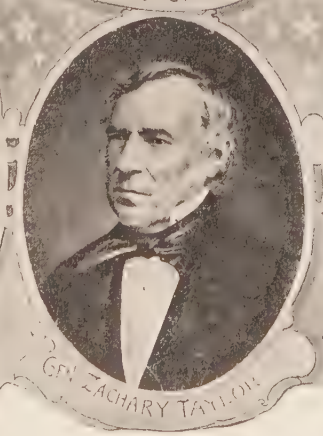
GEN. U. S. GRANT



GEN. GEO. HENRY THOMAS



ADM. DAVID D. PORTER



GEN. ZACHARY TAYLOR



GEN. PHILIP H. SHERIDAN

AMERICAN MILITARY AND NAVAL OFFICERS.

House of Representatives to choose the President and Vice-President.—The seat of government is removed from Philadelphia to Washington.—The Territory of Indiana is formed.—The second census shows a population of 5,308,483.—Spain returns the Louisiana territory to France.

1801—In February the House of Representatives elects Jefferson President, and Aaron Burr becomes Vice-President.—War with Tripoli is declared on account of attacks on American ships by pirates. The United States navy captures Tripolitan war-ships.

1803—Ohio is admitted to the Union as a State.—The United States purchases the Louisiana territory from France for \$15,000,000. It contained at least 1,000,000 square miles, and now includes in whole or in part—mainly in whole—thirteen States.—The war with Tripoli continues.

1804—The Missouri River and Oregon regions are explored by Captains Lewis and Clark.—The United States frigate "Constitution" bombards Tripoli.—Aaron Burr kills Alexander Hamilton in a duel.—Thomas Jefferson is reelected President and George Clinton is chosen Vice-President.

1805—The Bey of Tripoli makes a treaty agreeing to respect American ships.—England issues decrees forbidding American ships to bear cargoes to French ports during the war then going on against Napoleon.—The Territory of Michigan is formed.

1806—American commerce is seriously affected by British and French decrees blockading the ports of Europe.—England begins searching American vessels to find and arrest English seamen.

1807—The American frigate "Chesapeake" is fired on by the British frigate "Leopard," and is searched for British seamen. This act angers the Americans.—Aaron Burr is tried for treason for attempting to found an empire in the Mississippi Valley. He is acquitted because he has not fought against the United States.—France and England issue decrees against American ships entering European ports.—The United States Congress passes the Embargo Act forbidding American ships to leave American for foreign ports.—Robert Fulton's steamboat, the "Clermont," makes its first trip between New York and Albany in August. This is the successful beginning of steam-navigation.

1808—The first settlement in Oregon is made.—The Embargo Act is resisted and appeals are made against it.—James Madison is elected

President and George Clinton is reelected Vice-President.

1809—The Territory of Illinois is formed in February.—The Embargo Act is first enforced and finally repealed. American ships are allowed to sail anywhere but to England and France.—Public schools for poor children are established in Pennsylvania.

1810—France seizes many American ships on the ground that they had been trading with British ports.—The impressment of American sailors continues.—The third census shows a population of 7,239,881.

1811—The British frigate "Little Belt" and the United States frigate "The President" fight a serious battle off Cape Charles.—General William Henry Harrison defeats the Indians, under the "Prophet," brother of Tecumseh, on the Tippecanoe River in the Territory of Indiana.

1812—Louisiana is admitted to the Union as a State. War is declared against Great Britain on June 18.—Governor Hull of Michigan plans an invasion of Canada from Detroit. He is attacked by British and Indians and surrenders without a fight.—General Van Rensselaer invades Canada at Niagara. In the attack on Queenstown Heights, October 13, the British general Brock is killed.—Several famous naval battles take place, particularly between the "Essex" (U. S.) and the "Frolic" (Brit.); between the "Constitution" (U. S.) and the "Guerrière" and the "Java"; the "Wasp" (U. S.) and the "Frolic."—James Madison is reelected President, with Elbridge Gerry as Vice-President.

1813—Three American armies start to invade Canada.—General Dearborn (U. S.) captures York, and advances on Fort George.—The British attack Sackett's Harbor, New York, but are repulsed.—An expedition to take Montreal is unsuccessful.—The British are defeated by General Harrison at Fort Meigs.—The naval battle of Lake Erie is won by Americans under Commodore Perry.—General Harrison defeats the British under General Proctor, who surrenders.—The British ship "Peacock" is captured by the "Hornet" (U. S.); but the "Shannon" (Brit.) captures the "Chesapeake" (U. S.).

1814—Generals Scott and Ripley capture Fort Erie; Americans defeat the British at Chippewa, July 5, and at Lundy's Lane, July 25.—The British are defeated in the land and naval battles of Lake Champlain.—The British capture Washington and burn the government buildings. They are repelled from Baltimore.—General Jackson defeats the Creek Indians at Tallapoosa, March 27.—Jackson drives the British from Pensacola,



CONFEDERATE COMMANDERS.

Florida, and fortifies New Orleans.—The Treaty of Ghent, December 24, concludes peace.

1815—The British are defeated, with great loss, by General Jackson at New Orleans, January 8, news of peace not having arrived.—Commodore Decatur is sent against the Barbary States, and ends all trouble from pirates by capturing and destroying many of their ships.

1816—A protective tariff bill is passed.—Indiana is admitted to the Union as a State.—A national bank is established on a new basis.—James Monroe is elected President, with Daniel D. Tompkins as Vice-President.

1817—The Creek and Seminole Indians cause trouble, and General Jackson makes an expedition against them into Florida.—The Erie Canal is begun, between the Hudson River and the Great Lakes.—Mississippi is admitted to the Union as a State.

1818—Congress pensions officers and soldiers of the Revolution, \$20 monthly to officers, \$8 to privates.—General Jackson subdues the Indians in Florida and seizes Pensacola, which is later returned to Spain.—Oregon is occupied jointly by the United States and Great Britain.—Illinois is admitted to the Union as a State.

1819—Florida is ceded to the United States by Spain. Congress takes measures to suppress the slave-trade.—The "Savannah," the first steam-vessel to cross the Atlantic, sails from Savannah to Liverpool.—Maine and Missouri petition for statehood.—Alabama is admitted to the Union as a State.

1820—The feeling against slavery is already strong, and an increase of slave States is objected to.—The admission of Missouri as a slave State March 2, is provided for by a bill called the "Missouri Compromise," forbidding slavery in all future States north of latitude $36^{\circ} 30'$.—Maine is admitted to the Union as a State.—James Monroe is reelected President.

1821—General Stephen F. Austin founds the first American colony in Texas.

1822—Florida is made a Territory, March 30.—Many pirate ships are destroyed in Cuban waters.—The American Colonization Society colonizes free negroes in Liberia, Africa.—The United States recognizes the independence of Mexico and the republics of South America.

1823—England and the United States make a treaty to suppress the slave-trade.—Commodore Porter virtually destroys the West-Indian pirates.—President Monroe states the "Monroe Doctrine," that the attempt of European powers to extend their influence in this hemisphere is dangerous to the peace and safety of the United States.

1824—Congress passes a protective tariff bill, to protect the cotton manufacturers of New England.—General Lafayette revisits America.—The national election fails to choose a President, and the choice goes to the House of Representatives, as provided by law.

1825—John Quincy Adams is elected President, and John C. Calhoun, Vice-President.—The Erie Canal is completed and formally opened.

1826—A new treaty is made with the Indians in Georgia by which they give up nearly all their lands.—William Morgan writes a book exposing freemasonry. He is arrested and forcibly taken to the Niagara frontier where he is last seen.—The Anti-Masonic party is formed.—The first railroad constructed in the United States with metal tracks is opened.—An attempt is made in Texas to renounce Mexican authority. Both Jefferson and John Adams die July 4.

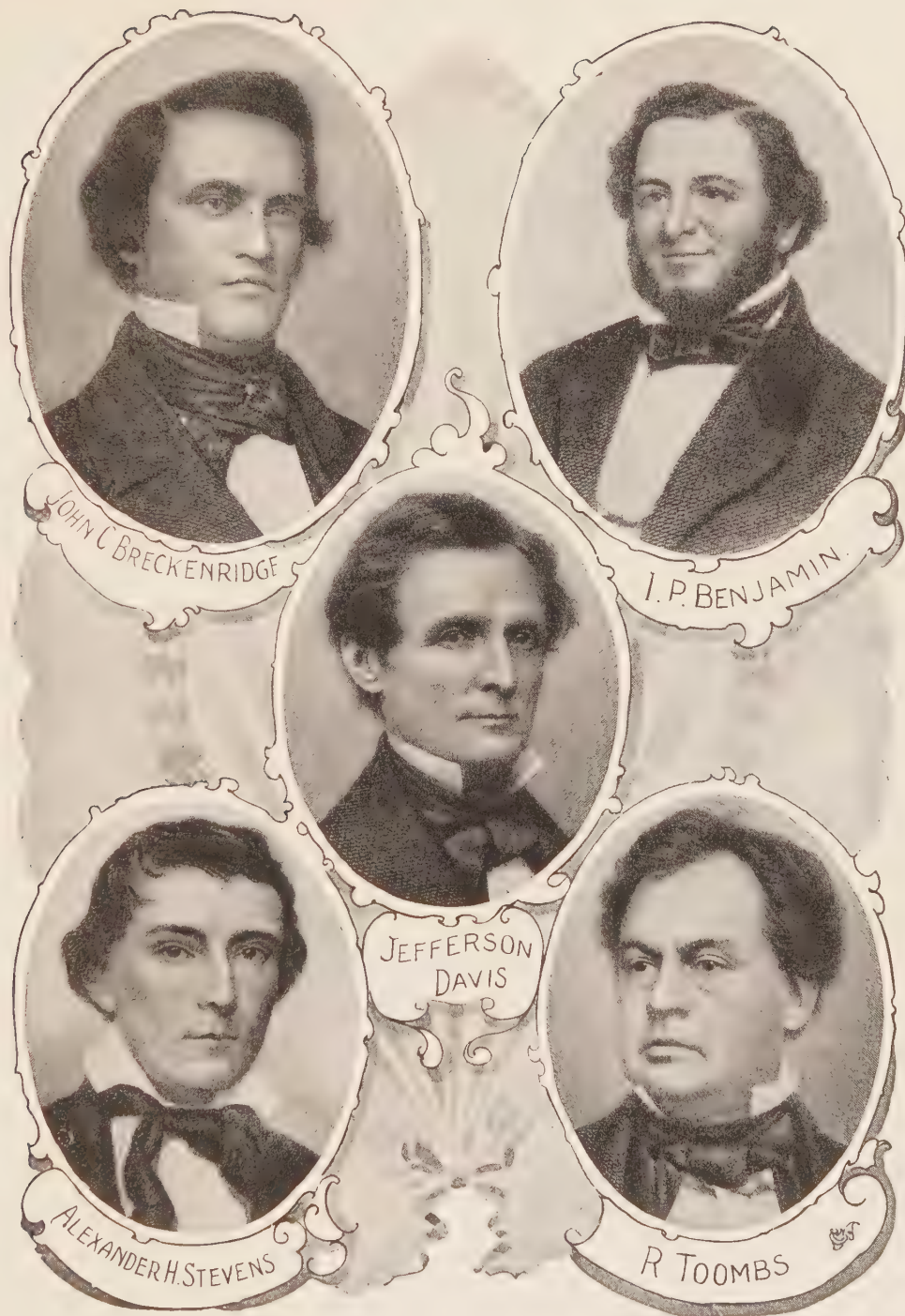
1827—A body of Texans have a skirmish with Mexican soldiers and rout them.—Mexicans form an alliance with the Indians.—Albert Gallatin sent as minister to Great Britain to make an agreement on trade with the West Indies. He concludes a treaty.—A bill for a general revision of the tariff is brought before Congress.

1828—The committee on revision of the tariff submits a report imposing heavy import duties on woolen and cotton fabrics, which in May becomes a law.—The Anti-Masonic party in New York nominates Francis Granger for governor; the Jackson party nominates Martin Van Buren for governor, and he is elected.—The Adams party renominates President John Quincy Adams with Richard Rush for Vice-President; the Democrats name Andrew Jackson for President and John C. Calhoun for Vice-President; Jackson and Calhoun are elected.

1829—The legislatures of Georgia and South Carolina protest against the Tariff Act on woolen and cotton goods.—General Jackson is inaugurated President.—The first session of the 21st Congress opens December 7, both houses having a Democratic majority.

1830—A treaty is signed between the United States and Turkey.—Louis McLane, minister to England, reopens the discussion with Great Britain regarding colonial trade.—The Anti-Masonic party holds, in Philadelphia, the first national convention of a political party.—The city of Chicago is founded.

1831—The President's cabinet is dissolved by resignations and successors appointed.—Ex-President James Monroe dies July 4.—The Anti-Masonic convention in Baltimore, nominates William Wirt for President and Amos Ellmaker for Vice-President—the first nomination ever



CONFEDERATE STATESMEN AND LEADERS.

made by a national convention.—The convention of National Republicans nominated Henry Clay, of Kentucky, for President.—The first session of the 22d Congress opens December 5.

1832—The first Democratic national convention meets in Baltimore, in May, and renominates General Jackson for President, and Martin Van Buren, of New York, for Vice-President.—Black Hawk, the Indian chief, repudiates the treaty made with Chief Keokuk, and after a series of battles he is captured by General Atkinson.—The State Rights Party in South Carolina holds a convention, passes the Ordinance of Nullification, and declares the acts of Congress regarding protection to be henceforth "null and void."—The President issues a proclamation asserting that the laws of the United States must be executed, and the government takes steps to maintain them. A treaty is made with the Seminole Indians, and they agree to remove from their lands.—Congress passes a new tariff act, favoring a general system of ad valorem duties, and proposing a reduction of duties.—General Jackson is reelected President, and Martin Van Buren Vice-President.

1833—Henry Clay introduces a bill to prevent the destruction of the tariff policy and to avert civil war. It passes both houses, and the South Carolina ordinance is repealed. General Stephen F. Austin is arrested in Mexico, when on an embassy from the people of Texas, and is thrown into a dungeon. Two parties arise among the Americans in Texas, one opposing Mexican government and the other upholding Santa Anna, president of Mexico.—General Jackson begins his second administration March 4.

1834—The Seminole Indians cause trouble. The Indian Territory is organized.—Lafayette dies in France, May 20.—Santa Anna deserts the republican party in Mexico, dissolves the national congress, and summons a new and unconstitutional one.

1835—Chief Justice John Marshall dies at Philadelphia, July 6.—General Santa Anna equips a large army to conquer the Texans.—After several skirmishes the Texan colonists adopt a declaration of rights and independence. Henry Smith is elected governor and Sam Houston commander-in-chief of the army.—Osceola, the Seminole chief, takes the warpath.—General Clinch and his troops fight a battle with the Seminoles.—A Democratic national convention in Baltimore unanimously nominates Van Buren for President. The Whigs nominate William Henry Harrison.

1836—Santa Anna storms the Alamo, an old mission building, at San Antonio, Texas. After

a terrible siege it is taken by assault, and the garrison of Texans and Americans are nearly all killed.—A convention of colonists decides upon a constitution for the Republic of Texas.—The Seminole and Creek Indians kill many people in Georgia and Alabama.—The Treasury Department issues the Specie Circular, requiring collectors of public revenue to receive nothing but gold and silver in payments.—General Sam Houston is elected the first president of the Republic of Texas.—Vice-President Martin Van Buren is elected President of the United States by the Democratic party.—Congress is daily asked to abolish slavery in the United States.

1837—The independence of the Republic of Texas is recognized by the United States government.—Martin Van Buren is inaugurated March 4.—General Jessup, angered by Chief Osceola's treachery, arrests and imprisons him and all the Indians with him.—Nine thousand soldiers carry on the war with the Seminoles until Colonel Zachary Taylor defeats them in December.—Samuel F. B. Morse successfully operates an electric telegraph.

1838—General Scott is ordered to the Canadian border, because of a revolution in Canada. The Canadian forces are disbanded.—Many Americans are tried and convicted under British laws for making trouble in Canada.—A treaty is signed between the United States and Mexico.

1839—Mexico fails to perform its obligations to the United States.—General Macomb, commander-in-chief of the United States army, makes a treaty with the Seminoles, which they break.—The Republic of Texas endeavors to establish friendly relations with Mexico, but fails.—France recognizes the independence of Texas.—The United States bank is forced to suspend, the government losing \$2,000,000.—The Whig national convention at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, nominates William Henry Harrison for President, and John Tyler for Vice-President.

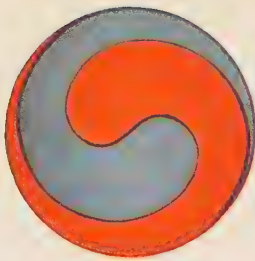
1840—The Democratic national convention unanimously nominates Martin Van Buren for a second term as President.—Harrison is elected.—Great Britain recognizes the independence of the Republic of Mexico.

1841—General Harrison is inaugurated March 4. He dies April 4, and Vice-President Tyler succeeds him.—A riot occurs in Cincinnati because some people advocate freeing all the slaves.

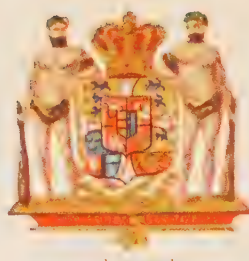
1842—The Ashburton Treaty with Great Britain is made, fixing the boundary between Maine and Canada.—The President brings the Seminole War to an end by settling land on the Indians who are able to bear arms.—Professor Samuel F. B. Morse lays the first submarine telegraph



WILLIAM H. TAFT



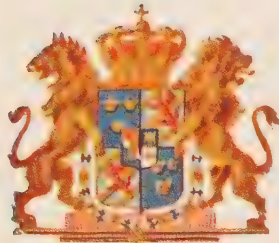
Korea



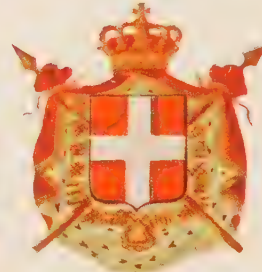
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Neth. land



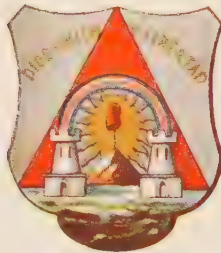
Sweden



Italy



Russia



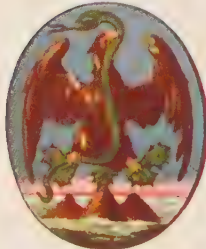
Honduras



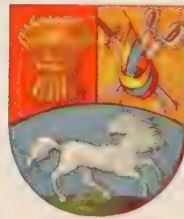
Argentine Republic



Belgium



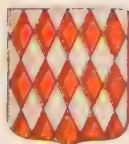
Mexico



Veracruz



France



Monaco



Tunis



Liberia



Bolivia

National Coats of Arms.—Coats of arms are worthy of very careful study. They are all symbolic—that certain ideas are expressed as well as they can be, in picture form. For example, if you will look at the coat of arms of the United States, you will see the bald eagle, which was selected as the national bird; shield bearing the blue field and the red and white stripes that we see on Old Glory; 18 stars for the



Russian Empire



United States



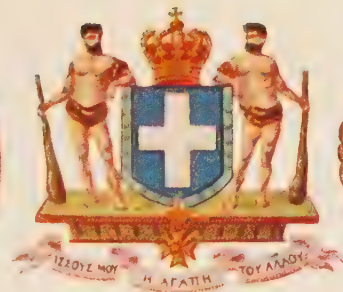
United Kingdom



France



Chile



Greece



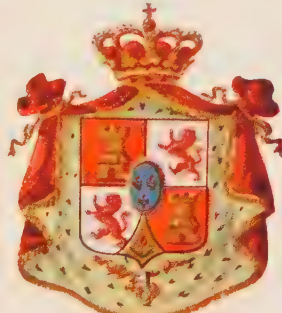
Japan



Austria-Hungary



Portugal



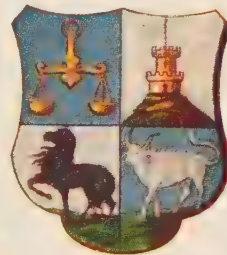
Spain



Norway



Brazil



Uruguay



Nicaragua



Peru



Guatemala



Ecuador



Congo Free State



Morocco



Switzerland

original States, surrounded by a wreath of clouds; and the motto: E Pluribus Unum, which means "one out of many"—that is, the United States is one nation made up of many different States. The eagle bears an olive branch in one claw for peace and in the other a bunch of arrows for war. Refer to the histories of other lands and learn for yourself what their coats of arms signify.



GEORGE V.

King of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas.
Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India



LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET.
FROM THE PAINTING BY F. B. CARPENTER

line (in New York harbor).—The followers of Thomas W. Dorr, in Rhode Island, attempt to seize the State arsenal at Providence. (Dorr fled, but returned, was convicted of high treason, and—in 1844—sentenced to imprisonment for life. In 1847 he was released.)—Petitions are sent to Congress favoring the annexation of Texas.

1844—The new Mexican Congress votes \$4,000,000 for the prosecution of the war against Texas.—Santa Anna's government is overthrown.—John C. Calhoun, Secretary of State, makes a treaty for annexing the Republic of Texas to the United States. This treaty is rejected by the Senate.—The Whig party nominates Henry Clay for President.—The Democratic national convention nominates James K. Polk for President and George M. Dallas for Vice-President. Polk and Dallas are elected.

1845—A joint resolution for the annexation of Texas is passed by Congress and signed by the President, and Texas becomes a State of the Union.—An act of Congress establishes a uniform time for choosing Presidential electors.—James K. Polk is inaugurated March 4.—Ex-President Jackson dies at the Hermitage, near Nashville, Tennessee, June 8.—President Herrera of Mexico issues a proclamation asserting the rights of Mexico in Texas.—President Polk orders General Zachary Taylor to Texas with an army.—Lieutenant John C. Frémont starts on his survey of Oregon and California.

1846—General Taylor encounters a Mexican army at Palo Alto, May 8, and defeats it. He defeats the Mexicans again May 9 at Resaca de la Palma, and takes possession of Matamoras, May 18.—Congress authorizes the appropriation of \$10,000,000 to carry on the war with Mexico.—The Wilmot proviso is introduced in Congress.—September 24 the city of Monterey, Mexico, surrenders to General Taylor.—A new treaty is made with Great Britain on the rights of England and America in the Oregon country.

1847—General Taylor defeats Santa Anna at Buena Vista, February 23. General Scott is made commander-in-chief of the forces in Mexico. He captures Vera Cruz March 29.—He defeats Santa Anna at Cerro Gordo, April 18, and enters Puebla, May 15.—The Americans are victorious at Contreras and Churubusco, August 20.—General Worth storms Molino del Rey, September 8.—Chapultepec is stormed by General Pillow, September 13.—September 14 General Scott enters the City of Mexico.—Peace negotiations begin.

1848—Mexico concludes a treaty of peace with the United States February 2, at Guadalupe-Hi-

dalgo.—Gold is discovered at Sutter's Mill, in the Sacramento Valley, California.—Ex-President John Quincy Adams dies February 23.—The Democratic national convention nominates General Lewis Cass for the Presidency. The Whig convention nominates General Taylor for President, with Millard Fillmore for Vice-President.—Taylor and Fillmore are elected.

1849—General Zachary Taylor is inaugurated March 5.—Gold-seekers start for California.—Congress assembles December 3.

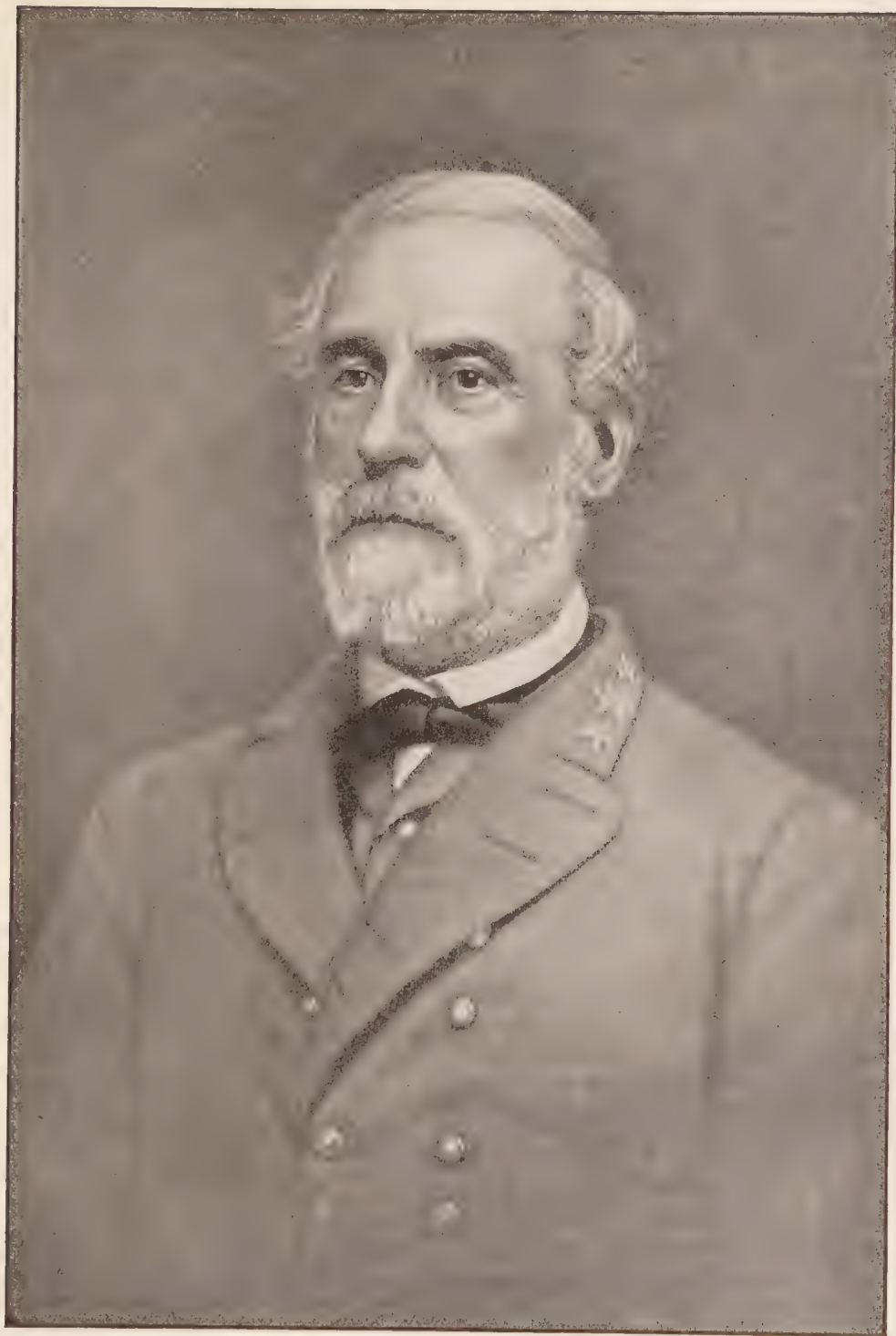
1850—Henry Clay submits to Congress bills for settling the disputes on slavery.—The Fugitive-Slave Law passes both houses of Congress.—A bill for prohibiting slavery in the District of Columbia passes the Senate and the House.—General Lopez invades Cuba.—The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty with Great Britain is concluded.—President Taylor dies July 9, and Vice-President Fillmore succeeds him.

1851—General Lopez makes an unsuccessful attempt again to invade Cuba.—The Mormons defy the Federal government in Utah.

1852—Congress makes an appropriation for the survey of three routes to the Pacific Ocean.—The Democratic national convention at Baltimore nominates Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire for the Presidency.—The Whig convention nominates General Scott.—Henry Clay dies June 29.—The United States sends the "Princeton" and the "Fulton," steam-vessels of war, to protect American fishermen at Nova Scotia.—Daniel Webster dies October 24.

1853—Franklin Pierce is inaugurated March 4.—An act of Congress authorizes surveys for the construction of a railroad across the continent.—A world's fair is opened by the President in New York, July 14. The Territory of Washington is organized.

1854—Senator Stephen A. Douglas introduces in the Senate a bill providing for the formation of the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska (Kansas-Nebraska Bill), and allowing the inhabitants to decide the slavery question, thus repealing the Missouri Compromise of 1820.—The bill passes both houses of Congress and is approved by the President May 30.—A homestead bill, providing that any free white citizen may make a homestead on a quarter-section of land, is passed by Congress.—Commodore Matthew C. Perry negotiates a treaty between the United States and Japan, opening Japan to American trade.—A fugitive slave named Anthony Burns is arrested in Boston; this causes great excitement, and an unsuccessful attempt to rescue him is made.—A treaty is signed between the United States and Mexico fixing the boundary-line.



LIEUT.-GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE, C. S. A.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

1855—William Walker and Colonel H. L. Kinney, known as "filibusters," organize a civil government in Nicaragua.—The Free-State settlers of Kansas apply for admission into the Union.

1856—A special House committee is appointed by Congress to investigate troubles that have arisen in Kansas between those believing in slavery and those opposing it.—The national convention of the American or "Know-Nothing" party nominates ex-President Millard Fillmore for President. The anti-Nebraska men, at their first convention, nominate Colonel John C. Frémont, of California, for President.—The President recognizes Walker's government in Nicaragua.—The village of Osawatimie, Kansas, is sacked and burned by a proslavery mob.—Leavenworth, Kansas, is seized by a large force from Missouri.—Cyrus W. Field organizes the Atlantic Telegraph Company.—The Democratic national convention nominates James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, for President, and he is elected.

1857—The Free-State legislature of Kansas meets.—James Buchanan is inaugurated March 4.—Dred Scott, a negro slave, is taken from Minnesota to Missouri and sold as a slave. He sues for freedom and obtains judgment in Missouri Circuit Court. The Supreme courts of the State and of the United States reverse the decision.—Walker is compelled by the opposition of citizens of Nicaragua and the influence of other Central American states to surrender his Nicaraguan government.—A National Emancipation Society is formed at Cleveland, Ohio.

1858—The legislatures of New York, Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Michigan, and Wisconsin pass "personal liberty laws" opposing slavery.—Great political debates are held between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas.—The first public message by the Atlantic cable is sent by Queen Victoria to President Buchanan.

1859—The Kansas legislature passes an amnesty act.—John Brown leads a party of slaves from Missouri to freedom in Canada.—Brown attempts to cause an uprising of slaves at Harper's Ferry, Virginia. He is captured and tried, and is hanged December 2.

1860—Congress is much stirred up by the slavery discussion.—The Democratic national convention at Charleston nominates Stephen A. Douglas for the Presidency.—Other Democrats who object to Douglas hold a convention at Richmond and nominate John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, for President. The Republican national convention meets in Chicago and nominates Abraham Lincoln for President, with

Hannibal Hamlin for Vice-President.—The United States vessel "Mohican" captures a slave-ship off the coast of Africa.—Abraham Lincoln is elected President in November.—The South Carolina convention resolves to secede from the Union.

1861—Mississippi, Florida, Georgia, and Texas secede.—Delegates of the seceded States meet at Montgomery, Alabama, and organize the Confederate government. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, is elected President and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, Vice-President of the "Confederate States of America."—Abraham Lincoln is inaugurated March 4.—Fort Sumter evacuated by Major Anderson April 14.—President Lincoln calls for 75,000 volunteers to defend the Union.—Tennessee and North Carolina secede.—A Federal army of 13,000 men crosses the Potomac into Virginia.—The Federal army is defeated at the Battle of Bull Run, July 21. General McClellan is appointed commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States.—Captain Wilkes of the United States Navy takes Mason and Slidell, Confederate commissioners, from the British mail-steamer "Trent," November 8. By this act the United States narrowly escapes war with England.

1862—General Grant captures Fort Donelson, and takes 15,000 prisoners, February 16.—He captures Nashville, Tennessee, February 23.—The Confederate steamer "Merrimac" is defeated by the Federal ironclad "Monitor," March 9.—Grant fights the battle of Shiloh, April 6-7.—The forts on the Mississippi, below New Orleans, are passed on April 24 by a naval force under Captain Farragut.—General Butler takes possession of New Orleans, May 1.—President Lincoln calls for 300,000 volunteers.—The Federals are defeated at the second battle of Bull Run, August 29-30. The battles of Antietam (September 16-17) and Fredericksburg (December 13) are fought.—General Bragg enters Kentucky.—The Sioux Indians go on the war-path.

1863—President Lincoln issues his Emancipation Proclamation, freeing more than 3,000,000 slaves.—General Hooker is defeated by General Lee at the battle of Chancellorsville, May 2-4.—Lee marches into Pennsylvania, and is defeated at Gettysburg, July 1-3.—Vicksburg, Mississippi, surrenders July 4.—Draft riots (riots caused by "drafting," or compelling men to serve in the army) break out in New York in July.

1864—President Lincoln orders a draft of 500,000 men.—General Grant is appointed commander of all the armies of the United States.—Grant and Lee fight battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, and Cold Harbor.—



AMERICAN STATESMEN.

Lincoln is renominated for President, and Andrew Johnson for Vice-President. The United States ship "Kearsage" sinks the Confederate ship "Alabama" near Cherbourg, France.—General Hood is besieged at Atlanta, Georgia.—Atlanta is evacuated by Hood and occupied by General Sherman.—Abraham Lincoln is reëlected President.—General Sherman begins his march from Atlanta to the sea November 16.—The Confederates are defeated in the Battle of Nashville, December 14–16.—Sherman occupies Savannah December 21.

1865—General Sherman captures Columbia, South Carolina, February 17, and occupies Charleston, February 18.—President Lincoln is inaugurated March 4.—Richmond is taken April 3.—General Lee and his army surrender to General Grant at Appomattox Court House, Virginia, April 9.—President Lincoln is assassinated April 14 by John Wilkes Booth. The President dies April 15. Vice-President Johnson succeeds him.—Jefferson Davis is captured May 10, and is imprisoned.—President Johnson issues a proclamation of amnesty to those who have fought against the United States, May 29.—The Thirteenth Amendment, abolishing slavery, becomes a part of the Constitution December 18.

1866—Congress passes the Freedmen's Bureau Bill and the Civil Rights Bill.—The Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution is adopted in Congress.—A new Atlantic cable is successfully laid.

1867—Alaska is purchased from Russia for \$7,200,000.—Congress passes the Reconstruction Acts to restore the seceded States to the Union.—Congress passes the Tenure of Office Act, requiring the consent of the Senate to removals from office.—President Johnson removes Secretary of War Stanton, who had served under Lincoln throughout the Civil War.

1868—President Johnson is impeached. He is tried by the Senate, and acquitted.—All of the Southern States except Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas are readmitted to Congress.—The Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution is officially adopted July 20.—General Grant is elected President and Schuyler Colfax Vice-President.—A final amnesty, pardoning all concerned in the war against the Federal government, proclaimed December 25.

1869—President Grant is inaugurated March 4.—The gold-panic of "Black Friday," when hundreds of people lost their entire fortunes, occurs in New York, September 24.

1870—The Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution, giving the right to vote to former slaves, is adopted March 30.

1871—The first Civil Service Reform measure passes Congress.—The exposure and downfall of the "Tweed Ring" of corrupt politicians occurs in New York city.—The great Chicago fire destroys 200 lives and nearly \$200,000,000 in property, October 8–10.

1872—A Labor Reform convention, held in Columbus, Ohio, nominates Judge David Davis for President and Judge Joel Parker for Vice-President.—Congress passes a bill creating Yellowstone National Park. The Liberal Republican national convention assembles in Cincinnati, and nominates Horace Greeley, editor of the "New York Tribune," for President.—The regular Republican national convention meets at Philadelphia, and renominates General Grant for President.—The Geneva Tribunal awards the United States \$15,000,000 in settlement of the Alabama claims, September 14.—The Democratic national convention is held at Baltimore, and indorses the candidacy of Horace Greeley for President.—General Grant is reëlected.

1873—General Grant is inaugurated March 4.—The "Crédit Mobilier," a money-making scheme in which several congressmen are interested, is exposed and many men are disgraced.

1874—The Senate committee on finance report a bill to provide for the issue and redemption of United States notes.—Southern States attempt to overthrow negro domination; many State governments being run entirely by former slaves.

1875—Samuel J. Tilden is inaugurated governor of New York.—Congress passes an act providing for the resumption of specie payment in 1879, paying all debts in coin, instead of paper money.—Congress passes a second Civil Rights Bill.—The "Whisky Ring" is exposed.

1876—The Centennial Exhibition is opened in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, May 10.—The Prohibition party nominates General Green Clay Smith, of Kentucky, for President.—The Greenback party nominates Peter Cooper, of New York, for President.—The Republican national convention nominates Rutherford B. Hayes, of Ohio, for President.—General George A. Custer and his command are killed in battle with the Sioux Indians June 25. The Democratic national convention nominates Samuel J. Tilden, of New York, for President.—Tilden receives a majority of the popular vote, but, as determined by the Electoral Commission, lacks one vote of a majority in the electoral college.

1877—Rutherford B. Hayes is inaugurated March 4.—Alexander Graham Bell, of Boston, perfects the telephone. Extensive railroad strikes spread over the country.

1878—The United States Senate passes the



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BEFORE A NATIVE STORE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Bland-Allison Act fixing a common ratio for gold and silver.

1879—The United States government resumes specie payment January 1.—Congress passes the first Arrears of Pensions Bill, resulting in the payment by the government of millions of dollars.—An Indian outbreak occurs at the White River Agency, Colorado, September 29.

1880—The Republican national convention, at Chicago, nominates General James A. Garfield for the Presidency, and Chester A. Arthur for the Vice-Presidency.—The Democratic national convention, at Cincinnati, nominates General Winfield Scott Hancock for the Presidency, and William H. English for the Vice-Presidency.—Garfield and Arthur are elected.—The tenth census shows the population of the United States as 50,155,783.

1881—James A. Garfield is inaugurated March 4.—President Garfield is shot by an insane man, in the railroad station at Washington, July 2. He dies at Elberon, New Jersey, September 19.—Vice-President Chester A. Arthur succeeds to the Presidency.—The centennial of the Battle of Yorktown is celebrated, October 19.—The Atlanta (Georgia) Exposition is held this year.

1882—A great flood of the Mississippi River makes 100,000 people homeless. Congress sends them assistance.—A law forbidding Chinese laborers to come to America for ten years is passed.—The Edmunds Act against Mormons who have more than one wife is passed.

1883—The Brooklyn Bridge across the East River at New York city is opened.—Congress makes the Civil Service Law requiring people in government offices to pass examinations for appointments.—Letter-postage is reduced from three cents per half-ounce to two cents.

1884—President Arthur opens the International Cotton Exposition, at New Orleans, by telegraph from Washington.—Grover Cleveland, of New York, is elected President, after a hard campaign. Thomas A. Hendricks is elected Vice-President.

1885—Grover Cleveland is inaugurated March 4.—The President recommends a reduction of tariff duties on imports.—The Mills Bill, reducing the tariff, is introduced in Congress by Roger Q. Mills, of Texas. It fails to pass.—General Grant dies at Mount McGregor, New York, July 23. Vice-President Hendricks dies November 25.

1886—The great Bartholdi statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World" is erected in New York harbor.—The Apache chief Geronimo is captured after doing much harm in the far West.—Charleston, South Carolina, is partially destroyed by an earthquake.

1887—The Supreme Court of the United States decrees that all the property of the Mormon Church, except \$50,000, is forfeited. (This decision was set aside in 1890, when Mormons gave up polygamy.)—Congress passes the Interstate Commerce Act for regulating commerce between the States.

1888—The Chinese Exclusion Law, to keep Chinese laborers out of the country, is enacted by Congress.—The first practical electric trolley-line is built at Richmond, Virginia.—Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana, is elected President, and Levi P. Morton, of New York, Vice-President.

1889—Benjamin Harrison is inaugurated March 4.—Oklahoma Territory is opened for white settlers April 22. Over 50,000 people rush across the border and take claims.

1890—The Sherman Silver Law is passed by Congress. It forbids the coining of silver except as needed.—The McKinley Tariff Bill is passed, raising duties on nearly all articles imported into the United States.

1891—Several Italians are killed in a riot at New Orleans. Italy demands reparation, and is paid a generous sum by the United States government.—Two sailors of a United States battleship are killed at Valparaiso, Chile. The government exacts \$75,000 for this outrage.

1892—Serious strikes occur at Homestead, Pennsylvania, among the steel workers, and at Buffalo, New York, among the railroad switchmen. Militia regiments are called out in both cases and much trouble follows.—Several ships carrying cholera sufferers enter American ports, but the spread of the plague is prevented.—Grover Cleveland is again elected President, and Adlai E. Stevenson is elected Vice-President.

1893—President Cleveland is inaugurated March 4.—The World's Columbian Exposition, in commemoration of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America, is held at Chicago.—The Hawaiian Islands depose Queen Liliuokalani, and form a republic. President Cleveland tries to restore the Queen.—The ballot is given to women in Colorado.

1894—The Wilson Tariff Law, reducing duties on most imports, is passed by Congress.—A strike of railroad employees begins at Chicago. President Cleveland sends troops to stop rioting.

1895—President Cleveland interferes in a dispute between England and Venezuela regarding the boundary-line separating British Guiana from Venezuela. He insists that the Monroe Doctrine be observed and the matter arbitrated. (It was arbitrated, mainly in favor of Great Britain, in 1899.)

1896—The Presidential campaign of this year



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SAN FRANCISCO.

(UPPER) ON APRIL 25, 1906, AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE (APRIL 18) AND FIRE (APRIL 18-22).

(LOWER) THE NEW CITY.

Courtesy Leslie's Weekly.

is exciting. The Democrats nominate William J. Bryan, of Nebraska, who stands for the "free and unlimited coinage of silver." The Republican candidate, William McKinley, of Ohio, is elected.

1897—President McKinley is inaugurated March 4.—The Dingley Tariff Law, raising the import duties on nearly all items, is enacted by Congress.—Congress votes \$50,000 to relieve the starving Cubans who had been cruelly treated by Spain.

1898—The United States battleship "Maine" is destroyed by an explosion in Havana harbor, February 15. Of her crew 266 men are killed.—The United States declares war against Spain, and prepares for the invasion of Cuba.—Commodore Dewey captures Manila, in the Philippine Islands, and destroys the Spanish fleet in the bay, May 1.—Dewey is made Admiral of the Navy.—On June 22 an army of 16,000 men lands at Daiquiri, Cuba, and marches on Santiago.—The Spanish fleet, "bottled up" in the harbor of Santiago for nearly two months, tries to escape July 3; the American fleet, under Sampson, and now led by Schley, destroys it, and makes prisoners of all its crews.—Santiago, Cuba, is taken by the army under General Shafter, July 14.—Manila surrenders to Dewey and General Merritt, August 13.—The Americans, under General Miles, take formal possession of Porto Rico October 18.—The war is officially ended by the Treaty of Paris, December 10, by which Spain relinquishes sovereignty in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands.—The Hawaiian Islands are annexed to the United States August 12.

1899—The American army occupies Cuba, and establishes a government for the island.—A territorial form of government is established in Porto Rico.—A Filipino named Emilio Aguinaldo begins an insurrection at Manila. (After much fighting, in 1901 Aguinaldo was captured and took the oath of allegiance to the United States.)

1900—The United States acquires the Island of Tutuila in the Samoan group.—American troops in the Philippines and marines on the United States ships near China join with other foreign forces to suppress the Boxer uprising in China.—During September and October there is a great strike in the coal regions of Pennsylvania.

1901—The Pan-American Exposition is opened at Buffalo, May 1.—The Boxer troubles in China end in May.—President McKinley is shot at Buffalo, September 6, by an insane anarchist. The President dies on September 14.—The Vice-

President, Theodore Roosevelt, succeeds him.—The Hay-Pauncefote Treaty on the proposed Panama Canal is ratified December 16.

1902—A great coal strike begins in Pennsylvania in May. It lasts over five months, and causes great suffering throughout the country. President Roosevelt succeeds in having it settled by arbitration.—The United States troops withdraw from Cuba, and leave it to its own government.—The President tries to make a treaty with Colombia permitting work on the Panama Canal to begin. He is unsuccessful.—Civil government is established in the Philippines.

1903—A joint commission meets January 24 to settle the dispute on the boundary of Alaska. The matter is made subject of treaty on February 11.—The Department of Commerce and Labor is created.—On January 18 the first wireless messages are sent across the Atlantic Ocean.—A treaty of reciprocity is made with Cuba.—The Pacific cable is opened July 4.—Decision on the Alaska boundary is rendered October 17.—The new Republic of Panama is recognized by the United States, and a treaty is made for building the Panama Canal.

1904—A great fire in Baltimore destroys property valued at \$70,000,000.—The Panama Canal Zone is transferred to the United States April 22.—The Louisiana Purchase Exposition is opened at St. Louis, April 30.—By the burning of the excursion steamer "General Slocum," in the East River, New York, June 15, over 1000 persons, mainly women and children, lose their lives.—Great strike in the meat-packing works at Chicago.—The first subway in New York is opened, October 27.—Theodore Roosevelt is elected President, and Charles W. Fairbanks, of Indiana, Vice-President.

1905—President Roosevelt is inaugurated March 4.—The Lewis and Clark Exposition, celebrating the centennial of Lewis and Clark's exploring expedition, is opened at Portland, Oregon, May 28.—On June 9 President Roosevelt asks Japan and Russia to consider terms of peace.—The Chinese declare a boycott on American goods, July 19.—The Russian and Japanese peace envoys, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, reach an agreement on a treaty of peace, August 29.—The envoys sign the treaty of peace, September 5.

1906—An earthquake and fire at San Francisco, California, April 18–20, destroys over \$500,000,000 of property.—The Senate concludes to construct a lock canal at Panama.—President Palma appeals to the United States, September 8, to intervene in Cuba and end a rebellion.—The United States intervenes in Cuba, September



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JUSTICE.

(From the mural decoration by Edward Simmons in the Criminal Courts Building, New York.)

29, W. H. Taft being made provisional governor.

1907—The Pure Food Law goes into effect January 1.—John D. Rockefeller donates \$32,000,000 to the General Education Board.—Oklahoma is admitted to the Union as a State November 16.—Secretary Taft opens the first Philippine Assembly, October 16.—United States fleet starts around the world December 16.

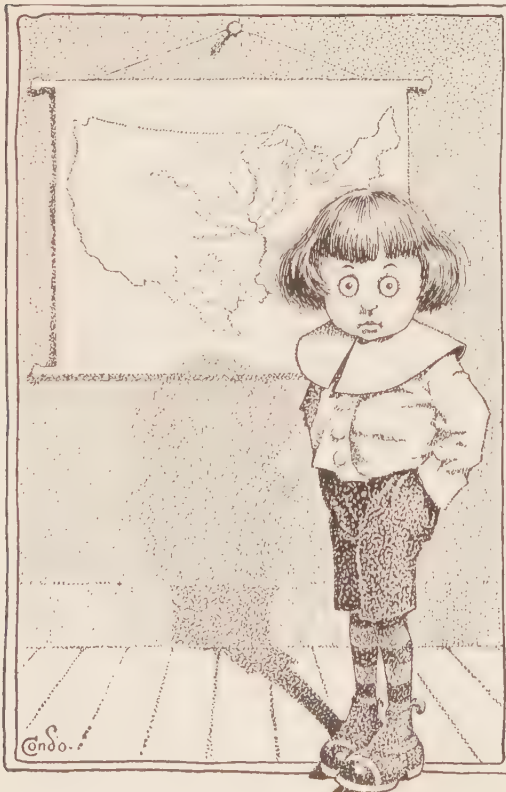
1908—First conference of State governors, at the White House, May 13–15.—Commander R. E. Peary sails on his final voyage to the arctic regions July 6.—Two-cent letter-postage to England and Germany is established.—William H. Taft is elected President, and James S. Sherman Vice-President.

1909—The Newfoundland Fisheries Treaty is signed January 27.—The battleship fleet anchors in Hampton Roads after its world-voyage, February 21.—President Taft is inaugurated March 4.—Peary reaches the north pole, April 6.—The Payne Tariff Bill is introduced in Congress March 17.—American troops leave Cuba March 31.—Payne Tariff Bill passed the House of Representatives April 9.—The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition is opened at Seattle, Washington, June 1.—The National Conservation Congress meets at Seattle August 27, with 37 States represented.—The Hudson-Fulton Celebration opens in New York September 25.

1910—Bill providing for separate statehood for Arizona and New Mexico is passed by the House of Representatives, January 17.—In June ex-President Roosevelt returns from a long hunting-expedition in Africa.—Socialists elect all city officers in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.—Glenn H. Curtiss flies from Albany to New York in an aeroplane, May 29.—Ex-President Roosevelt is publicly welcomed in New York, June 18.—A serious insurrection breaks out in Mexico soon after the national elections in December.

1911—A treaty with Japan removing certain restrictions on Japanese coming to the United States is ratified February 24.—The great Roosevelt dam for irrigation, in Arizona, second largest in the world, is opened by ex-President Roosevelt, March 18.—The work of raising the battleship "Maine," sunk in Havana harbor in 1898, is begun in June.—Postal savings banks are opened in many cities.—A bill permitting trade reciprocity with Canada is passed by Congress, but Canada refuses to agree.—President Diaz of Mexico resigns in May, and in October Francisco Madero, Jr., is elected to the presidency.

1912—New Mexico is admitted to the Union as a State, January 6.—Raising of the "Maine" successfully accomplished.



A PUZZLED GEOGRAPHER

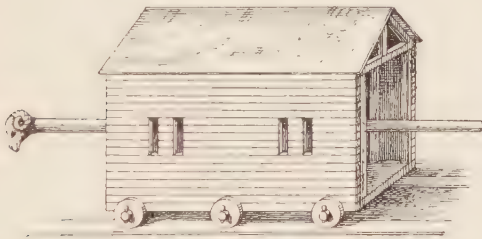
BY A. D. CONDO.

Teacher says that Mississippi
Is the Indian name for
"Father of Waters."
Why don't they call it
Mistersippi?
And is Missouri one of his
daughters?

STORIES FROM ANCIENT DAYS

ANCIENT ARTILLERY

IN these days of wonderful cannon,—dynamite, Gatling and machine guns,—we are likely to forget the contrivances used by the soldiers of ancient times for throwing projectiles great distances, or for battering down walls;—or if we think of the matter at all, it is with considerable

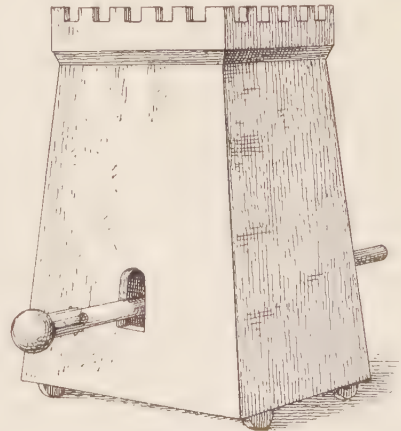


A BATTERING-RAM.

scorn when we compare them, as we must, with the great and powerful guns of modern times. Nevertheless, the machines used by the ancients for warlike purposes were very powerful, quite ingenious, and to some extent even wonderful.

In its widest and truest sense, the word artillery is used to designate every engine of war for use on the field of battle in throwing projectiles or battering down walls. The first and earliest mention of them in history is found in the Bible, where, in II. Chronicles, chapter xxvi., verse 15, it is recorded that Uzziah, King of Judah, made engines to be put on towers and to discharge stones. The simplest engines used were battering-rams, for destroying the walls of towns and cities. These battering-rams were so called from the habit of the ram to butt with its head, which mode of attack was imitated by the engine of war. The technical name for a battering-ram was *Belier*, and the rams were of three general classes. The first were quite rude, and consisted only of a large strong beam with its front end, or head, covered with iron. A number of soldiers carried

this beam on their shoulders toward a wall, and when they rushed forward, the iron head of the beam would strike with great force against the masonry. But of course the beam could not be very large, or it would be too heavy to carry; so the second class came into use. A long beam was fixed securely several feet from the ground on two or more supports, and from this beam was loosely suspended a much larger and heavier one with an iron head. This machine was placed close against the wall, and the suspended beam, being drawn back and then released, would swing forward with great force. The third class cost the most, and was, of course, more powerful than the others. In this, the beam was mounted on a number of little wheels, which traveled in grooved tracks laid for them, leading up to the wall. It can readily be seen that in this class the beam could be made of any size or weight, and that when pushed by a large number of strong soldiers, the enormous machine would travel with great velocity and strike the wall with terrible force. But the defenders on the top of the wall



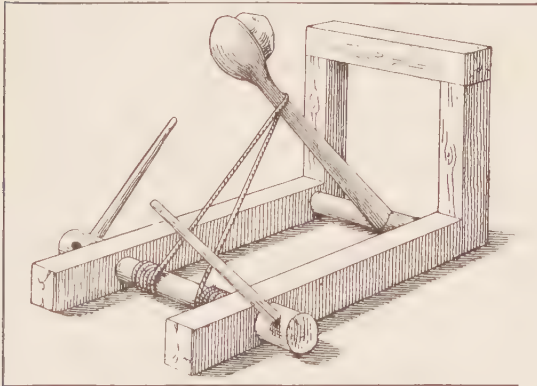
A BATTERING-RAM AND TOWER.

could easily throw down darts and arrows to kill the soldiers, and great rocks or boulders to crush the rams. So the besiegers and the ram were protected by a strong roof and walls which were fastened to the axles of the little wheels and thus always covered the ram and the soldiers, since the cover traveled with the machine, and indeed was part of it.

As to the power of these engines of war, history has preserved for us several very interesting examples. The Emperor Vespasian, during the siege of Jerusalem, built a ram having a brass head as large as ten men. It was armed with twenty-five horns, each the size of a man's body, while the weight of the beam was 150,000 pounds, that is, seventy-five tons, or about three times the height of an ordinary locomotive. It took three hundred pairs of mules to draw it, and fifteen hundred men to operate it. Now, the momentum or moving power of a body is measured by the product of its weight and its velocity. Therefore if this ram, when worked against a wall of stone, was moved at the rate of two feet a second (a moderate estimate), its force on striking the wall would be 300,000 pounds, which would be exactly the same as the force exerted by a weight of 300,000 pounds in falling from a height of one foot. That is, it would exert greater power than any gun or cannon invented up to the year 1860. These battering-rams were probably as effective in knocking down a wall or staving in the side of a ship as the best modern cannon, but for making a breach, the guns are far superior. Such was

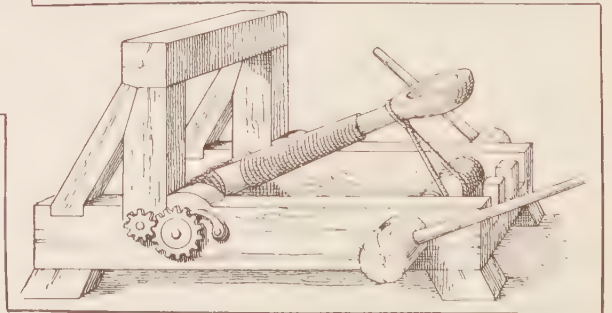
moving-tower rams was that constructed by Demetrius Poliorcetes at the siege of Rhodes. The base of the tower was seventy-five feet square. The ram itself was an assembly of large square beams resting on wheels in size proportioned to the weight of the structure, and all riveted together with iron. The felloes of the wheels were three feet thick and strengthened with iron plates. From each of the four angles of the tower a large pillar of wood was carried up to a height of 150 feet, and these pillars were inclined toward one another. The tower had three stories, communicating by two staircases each. Three sides of the machine were plated with iron to protect them against fire. In front of each story there were loop-holes, screened by leather curtains, to keep out darts, arrows, etc. Each story was provided with machines for throwing large stones and darts; and in the lower story was the ram itself, thirty fathoms long, and fashioned at the end into an iron beak, or prow. The entire machine was moved forward by 3500 soldiers.

But it can easily be understood that among so many men some must be more or less exposed to the enemy's darts and arrows; and so, to drive the enemy from the walls and open places, to break the roofs of his houses, and otherwise annoy him, machines were necessary for throwing missiles, from small darts up to huge boulders. All these were included under the general name, *Tormenta*; and the catapult may be said to have been the *Gatling gun*, and the *Ballista*, the siege cannon, of the ancients; while the *Onager*, the *Scorpion*, the *Trebuchet*, the *Mangonel*, and others variously named, all were varieties of one or another of these classes. They received special names because it was fancied they possessed some characteristic of the animal after which they were named. Thus, the *Onager* is the wild ass of the desert, which kicks up showers of small stones with its hind feet when pursued; and the machine called the *Onager* flung showers of small stones by a sort of kicking action. The *Scorpion* flung



the solidity and thickness of the walls of Jerusalem that, Josephus tells us, it took all of one night for this battering-ram to dislodge four stones!

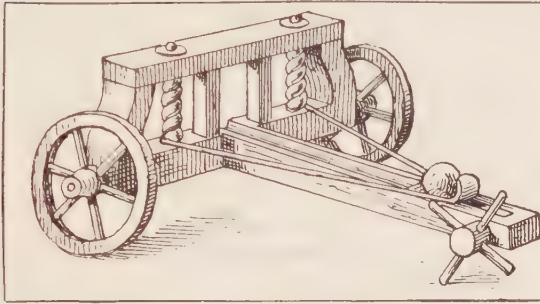
Vitruvius has left us the description of a ram weighing 480,000 pounds; but probably the most celebrated of all the ancient



BALLISTAE.

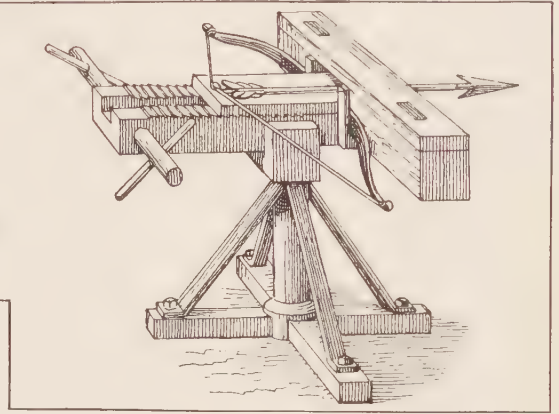
showers of poisoned darts. All varieties of the Catapult flung showers of small stones, darts, arrows, javelins, etc., while all varieties of the Ballista flung but one large stone, or large dart, at a time or single discharge. But the motive power

Notwithstanding the great force with which the ballista and catapult threw projectiles, there was wonderful accuracy in their aim. Josephus tells us that he himself saw the head of a man taken off and carried more than six hundred yards by a



was the same in all, and was obtained either from weights or from springs, made of cords of hide or sinews, stretched or drawn back by levers. The power thus produced was sometimes very great. Weights as great as 1200 pounds could be thrown a distance of 800 yards. Think of that,—a power great enough to throw a big horse a distance of over half a mile! It is surprising, is it not?

These machines were carried about with the armies; but often the largest were built before the besieged walls; and when the army moved away these were taken apart and transported in pieces. Besides throwing great stones, the ballista was often used to hurl fire-pots and red-hot iron balls over the walls into the city, to set fire to it. The fire-pots were filled with resin and the wonderful composition known as Greek fire. This latter was made of naphtha, pitch, and sulphur; and, once lighted, it could not be put out, even by water. It was used against fleets; and the whole surface of a harbor was sometimes covered with the blazing mixture, so that vessels could escape it only by sailing away.



CATAPULTS.

large stone thrown from a ballista. Again, it is told that during the siege of Palmyra, the Emperor Aurelian, on visiting the outer trenches of his army, was exposed to a storm of fierce invective and bitter sarcasm from the garrison assembled on the walls. One of the enemy was particularly exasperating. A soldier in charge of a catapult offered to rid the emperor of the foul-mouthed fellow. The emperor consented, the catapult was discharged, and a huge arrow, going swift and straight to the mark, hit the man in the breast and passed through his body, killing him instantly.

So much for the ingenious and ponderous artillery of olden times. When it comes to modern engines of war, so great a subject is opened up—mammoth guns, smokeless powder, war balloons, and the enormous fighting-machines we call war-ships—that it must be described in other pages.

BATTLE-SHIPS AND SEA-FIGHTS OF THE ANCIENTS

BY J. O. DAVIDSON

To the marine architect or artist there is no more interesting study than that of the growth of the modern ship from its earliest forms. Ancient ships of war and of commerce equally interest him; but as he studies the sculptures, the coins, and the writings of the ancients, he finds that

records of war-ships far outnumber those of the ships of commerce.

Among the ancient nations, the Greeks, the Romans, and Carthaginians were by far the best ship-builders, and, judging from the description of their works, as well as from the images upon



COMBAT OF GALLEYS.

coins, their craft must have been elegant, swift, and seaworthy—more than can be said for many of the more showy productions of the ship-yards of Britain, France, and Spain even so late as the middle ages.

To the uninformed the statement that some of the ancient war-craft were over three hundred feet in length seems incredible; for a comparison immediately made between them and modern "ocean greyhounds" would seem to discredit the statement. Facts are facts, however, and there is no doubt that ancient vessels were nearly as large as those of to-day.

There is no question now that the ships of the ancients made extended voyages urged by oars alone, or occasionally, when the wind was fair, by sails. A thousand oarsmen (in relays) were sometimes required to man the sweeps, besides a crew of five hundred sailors and soldiers; and the splendid vision comes before the mind's eye of a fleet of these ancient war-ships moving swiftly along the white villa dotted shores of Greece or Italy, or majestically sweeping into some mirror-like harbor, and with flashing oars, waving banners, and trumpets saluting the setting of the sun.

The three ancient nations I have named were foremost in maritime enterprise, and the great kingdom of Egypt across the Mediterranean was far behind; not that the people of that country lacked bravery or the spirit of commerce, but

their religious beliefs stood in the way. Their priests taught them that the sea was a "swallower of rivers." The Nile, that great "mother of the land," the giver of all blessings, always generous, flowed continually into the great "swallower," which took all that was offered but returned nothing save monsters and wrecks. To so great a degree was this silly notion spread among the people, that almost all foreign intercourse by way of the sea was discouraged. Mariners, whether coming to anchor peaceably at their doors, or thrown in shipwreck on their coasts, were alike treated with suspicion and avoidance, or even cruelty.



PYRRHUS'S GALLEY.

Certainly it is not strange that to Tyre and Sidon, their near neighbors, was left the leadership in commerce and ship-building which has made those two cities famous in history.

We are able to make from old records very fair models of the war-ships of the ancients. One writer describes the heptareme used by Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, and also the great galley of Ptolemy Philopator, propelled by forty banks of oars. This statement, however, is questioned, for, however plain the descriptions of these old war-ships may be, no one has yet shown the precise manner in which *forty* banks of oars were worked. A bank of oars, according to our modern ideas, means a row or line of oars on one deck; and while there are many pictures and sculptures of galleys, they show nothing more than a trireme, that is, a ship of three tiers or banks, an arrangement which, however uncomfortable for the men whose duty or fate it was to handle the top bank of oars, is readily recognized as a possibility. But how a ship of forty banks of oars, or even of ten, was arranged, puzzles our imagination.

John Charnock, a very able writer upon marine architecture, in the year 1800 submitted a theory which ingeniously supposes the word "bank" to have meant a group of oars, or the men who worked them; and he gives the restoration of a war-ship of the first class, constructed in a manner plainly showing how there could be room for three tiers of oars on each side, in groups of five, on a ship the size of Ptolemy's, which was four hundred and eighty feet long, fifty-seven feet wide, eighty feet high at the stern, was steered by four oars each forty-five feet in length, and carried a crew of "4000 rowers, and 400 other persons necessary to navigate the ship." However marvelous the statement regarding such a craft managed by oars under the forty-bank arrangement, it is reduced, under Mr. Charnock's theory, to a possibility, and so far as the size of the ship is concerned, to a question merely of the desires and means of the builders. Mr. Cartault, the author of an interesting work on the subject, writing of the arrangement of oars on these great vessels, declares that no theories can quite agree with the positive statements of ancient writers;

H.T.&G.D. II. 18.

so that at the present day we are still as much in the dark concerning this very interesting problem as we are concerning the manner in which the pyramids of Egypt were built. Discoveries are being constantly made, however, that clear up quite as obscure points in history, and we have therefore good reason to hope that at some future time new (or rather, old) light upon this subject may in like manner disclose the arrange-

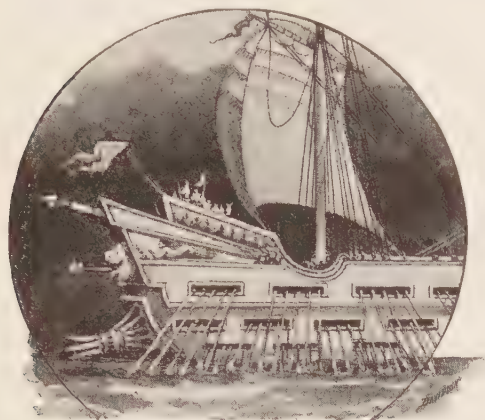


GALLEYS IN ACTION.

ment of the forty banks. The finding of the mummy of Pharaoh Rameses II. in its desert tomb explains, by its inscriptions, several historical mysteries; and the discovery of the almost entire hull of one of the Viking ships of the Norsemen, in a burial mound near Christiania, encourages us still further in our hope.

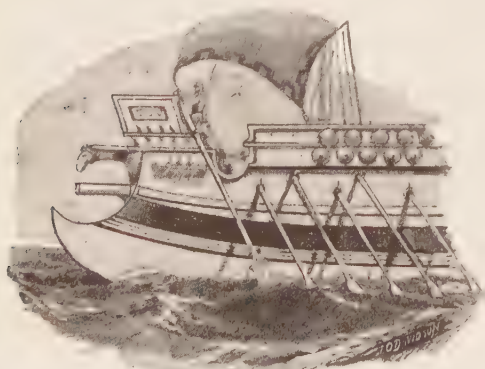
The voyages of the ancient ships were often long,—for example, that of the Goths from Sicily in the Mediterranean around to the coast of Hol-

land; and, if the writers of the middle ages considered the statements of such deeds to be fabulous, they must have formed their judgment more



PTOLEMY'S SHIP.

from lack of similar ability in their own vessels than anything else. Compare the length and speedy lines of one of the old galleys, and their beautiful proportions, with the tower-like, Chinese-pagoda style of naval architecture of the middle ages. A mere glance at the picture of the "Great Harry," or of some of the famous ships of the Spanish Armada, will show the difference; but when a comparison is made of the seas for which the two styles of ships were constructed, we may not smile at the builders of those towering, melon-sided old warriors any more than at the seemingly improbable voyages of the ancients. The blue Mediterranean was not the rough Bay of Biscay, or the turbulent North



A BIREME.

Sea, or the Channel at Dover; and while the Great Harry or "Santissima Trinidad," built for the high choppy seas of the North, might easily

have been outstripped in a voyage on the inland sea by Ptolemy's ship with its thousand oarsmen, yet we can hardly doubt that the galley, with its great length and small width, would soon have been racked or twisted to pieces in the rougher Northern waters. Both styles of craft were designed for the waters they were to know, and the ancients, with their many seaports, where they could shelter at night or in stormy weather, might work their way along coasts and amid shoals and currents where even a modern steam-frigate would be at a disadvantage. The Duke of Northumberland made a voyage to India by way of the Cape of Good Hope, in 1594, in a "galuzabra," which was but a modernized form of galley.

And those old-time shipwrights, in spite of the generally accepted belief that sheathing was an invention of the middle ages, were well acquainted with various methods of sheathing the bottom of a ship, not alone for preservation, but for freer progress through the water. It is recorded that hardened hides were firmly nailed to ships' bot-



TYPE OF VENETIAN GALLEY.

toms, and we are also told that "when the remains of Trajan's galley were raised from Lake Riccio, where it had lain for over thirteen hundred years, the pine and cypress of which it was built had endured, and were then in so sound a state as to be nearly incredible." "The bottom was, according to the modern and easily comprehended scientific term, 'doubled,' the seams had evidently been calked with linen, and the whole exterior part was carefully smeared or paid with a coat of Greek pitch, over which was brought an exterior coating, or what now is called a 'sheathing,' formed of lead rolled or beaten to a proper thinness and closely attached to the bottom by a sufficient number of small copper nails."

The modern constructor must remember that the early ships were likewise good carriers; else how could the obelisk now at Rome, which once

stood before the temple of the sun at Heliopolis, have been removed from the Nile to the Tiber?



"GREAT HARRY."

It is 115 feet in length, and weighs not less than 1500 tons.

How the great English war-ship "Harry Grace à Dieu" could ever have stood upright under such a mass of lofty cabins and top-hamper as she is pictured with is a marvel; the drawing* of her bow alone, shown upon this page, indicates but little stability. Nor do the bows of several more



"HARRY GRACE À DIEU."

of the large ships of that age show any more seaworthiness.

The Greek and the Roman galleys when compared with the ships of the middle ages show not only greater stability but fitness for many uses besides that of merely cutting the water. In one we find at the water's edge a sheaf of twelve huge swords or prongs for tearing an enemy at the water-line, while above are two iron spear-headed rams to be run out violently by a con-

cealed crew, and shaped either to smash in bulwarks, or to hook on to or cut the enemy's rigging. From the platform above archers could discharge their arrows, or repel boarders.

Other war-galleys were provided with catapults, from which great masses of stone or marble shot were hurled upon the enemy's ship or amid his rowers. Some of the larger ships carried great cranes, which, being lowered to an opposing ship, lifted with great grappling-irons her bow or stern high enough in air to render her helpless for attack or defense. These machines, called "corvi," were invented by the famous engineer Archimedes, and were used by him with terrible effect at the siege of Syracuse, where the attacking galleys, according to Plutarch, advancing too close to the walls, were speared or grappled with great iron prongs, and after being lifted from the water by the ends were swayed to and fro, whirled in mid-air, and dashed to fragments against the rocks.

Though we may doubt the saying that "there is nothing new under the sun," we certainly find naval architecture repeating itself, for our modern men-of-war are abandoning the open fighting-tops at their mastheads, and using the round basket-shaped fighting-towers which appear so often in old designs of Roman ships, especially of the time of Julius Cæsar—in which we also discover a prow, ram, or beak so closely resembling those of the ships of to-day, that we might accuse the later designers of plagiarism. One has a bow the exact counterpart of the British ironclads "Lord Warden" and "Royal Oak," now in the Royal Navy.

What a grand sight it must have been when two great fleets of old war-ships bore down upon each other for battle—their bulging sails dyed in blue, red, or purple, or embroidered in gold and silver stripes and emblems; some divided in squares of colors like a checker-board, or strewn with stars, suns, or gigantic figures of gods or beasts or eagles. How the thousands of oars, painted in all colors of the rainbow, must have dazzled the eye as they flashed in the sunlight!

As the lines of battle draw together, and the lighter galleys, acting as skirmishers, come within striking distance of the wings, they dash forward at racing stroke, and after discharging flights of arrows, which fly across the heavens like streams of locusts, retreat again. The larger ones now come on, and, as the hail of arrows increases, the creak and groan of the great catapults are heard as they are wound up and drawn back to fire; and above the jar of their discharge are now and then heard the rush and the crash of the rocks and

* Taken from a print engraved during the existence of the vessel.

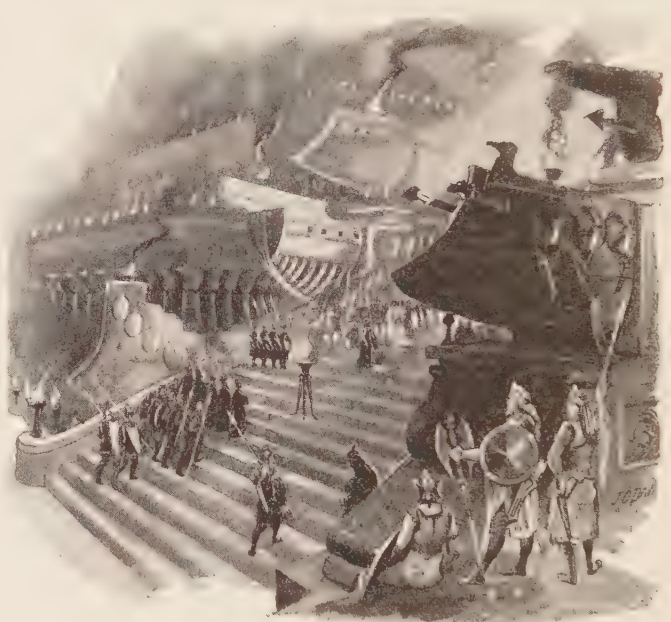
stone shot they let drive. Some are throwing masses of red-hot iron, which burst through opposing decks and set them on fire. Huge hulks now single out and grapple with one another, and lie side by side for the boarders to work. Cranes swing over the enemy's decks, and great caldrons suspended at their ends are upset, and pour cascades of living fire upon the decks and amid the frantic oarsmen, for a large proportion of the rowers were slaves chained to the seats. What a picture! And as the smoke lowers over the scene, the smaller galleys take advantage of its obscurity, and dash against their larger opponents, sweeping off whole rows of oars, biting and rending with their grappling-hooks, tearing down whole sections of bulwarks, and cutting away supporting rigging until the swaying masts come hurtling down with their yards, sails, and burning caldrons in a cascade of ruin and fire. A ship thus partly disabled is ready for boarding, and the second stage of the battle is begun. Platforms are lowered to her decks, and the soldiers cross in a charge, while large baskets filled with armed sailors are run to the ends of the cranes in place of the caldrons and lowered swiftly to assist the charging soldiers. It rains men in place of fire, and surrender or ruin ensues.

And now the unconquered ships, like great wounded centipeds, with countless oars waving and straining, slowly back from out the press to refit or retreat, while packs of smaller ones follow, like bandogs after a wounded bull, to worry and annoy.

The smoke slowly drifts away, disclosing a scene of ruin and triumph. The defeated ones are fleeing in all directions. Trumpets blare forth the news of victory, and triumphant shouts arise. The least-injured and swiftest skirmishers dash off in pursuit of the flying, while others gather beside some foundering vessel mortally rammed in the fight. In the distance one of the largest

galleys is a roaring mass of flames, her oar-ports spouting hundreds of jets of flame, her black smoke a column against the setting of the sun.

As night falls over the scene, and the stars come out, the victors draw together and sail for home, where their captives, if rich, are ransomed, if poor, are sold as slaves or chained as rowers to their galley-benches, and the captured craft, if too damaged for use, are deprived of their bows to grace a triumphal march, or to adorn some temple of war or public building, as we may see in the Stairway of the Galleys which was

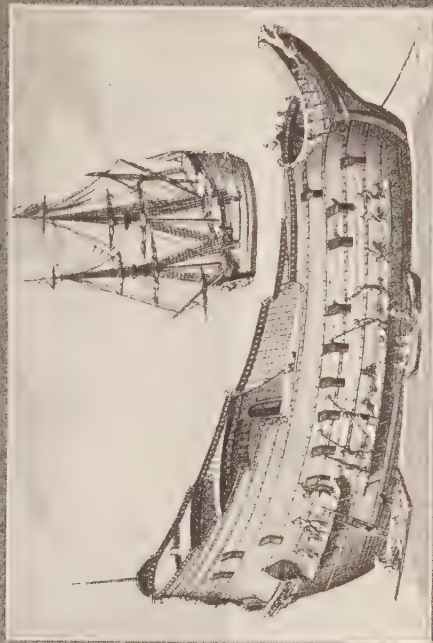
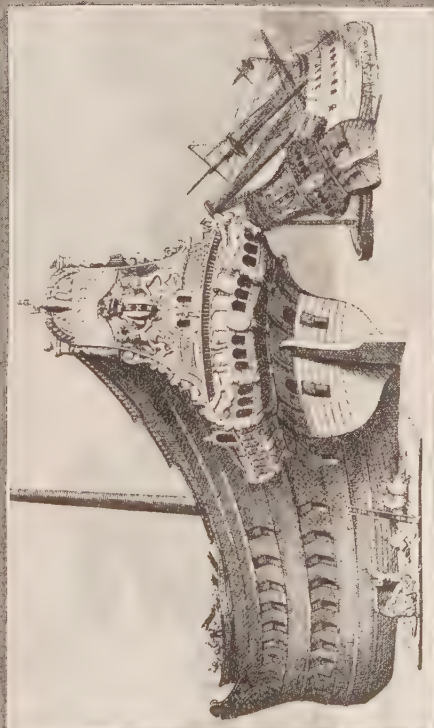


HAMILCAR'S "STAIRWAY OF THE GALLEYS."

constructed before Hamilcar's palace at Carthage.

The naval battles of those days were battles of Titans afloat. The struggles were of necessity hand to hand, in comparison with which modern naval engagements, where a few shots from long-range guns decide the issue in as many minutes, sink into insignificance.





MERCHANTMEN AND WAR VESSELS OF THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES.



WHEN we crane our necks trying to look to the top of the "sky-scraper" twenty-story office building that disfigures our modern cities, we fancy we know something about big buildings. If, however, we compare our greatest structures with some of those built in the Orient four thousand years ago, they will cease to appear so imposing.

Imagine a stone about three times the size of a railroad freight-car—a stone from which three or four obelisks like that in Central Park, New York, could be made. Imagine it to be carried two miles from the quarries, and hoisted many feet from the ground in the position in the ancient wall in which you see it in the illustration. Surely we must conclude that "there were giants in those days," or that some superhuman means was used in the construction of this gigantic foundation. If you ask any of the Arabs dwelling for miles around Baalbec as to how the walls were built, and by whom they were built, all will tell the same story: "T is the work of Solomon, assisted by the genii." These he must have kept

bottled up, to help him in the great enterprises that are attributed to him! Such is the convenient "Arabian Nights" way of explaining the gigantic work. Whether there is any connection between the Arabian legend and the old Bible story describing "the tower of Lebanon looking toward Damascus," supposed to have been built by Solomon for the Queen of Sheba, I cannot say. It is, however, a curious fact that from one end of Syria to the other, whenever you meet with a great piece of engineering or architectural work seeming too difficult for the modern man, the native always tells you it was the work of Solomon and his genii.

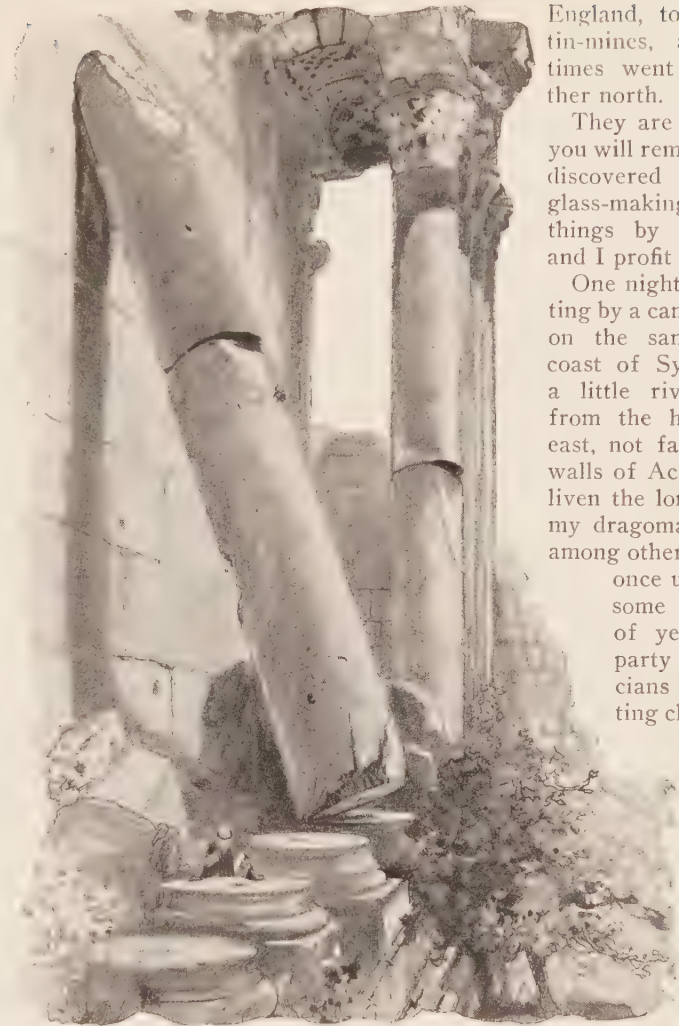
Our obelisk in the Central Park (one of a group of monoliths—"Cleopatra's Needles," as they are called in Europe) has a close connection with this subject. It is a complete mistake to connect them in any way with the Egyptian queen, for they belong to a period many hundreds of years before her reign. They were ancient religious symbols connected with the sun (Baal) as an object of worship. The Egyptian priests called these monoliths "fingers of the sun."

They originally stood in front of the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis; but they were carried away by Pontius, the engineer of Augustus Caesar, A.D. 21, to adorn his palace at Alexandria. This last piece of information was engraved in

Latin and Greek on the claw of one of the four bronze crabs at the base of the obelisk.

Try to realize the dimensions of the "big stone" that still rests in the quarry, attached to the living rock, as you see it in the heading illustration, and note, packed on the camel's back, the size of the stones that are quarried to-day. There are three other huge blocks in the foundation of the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec, but the great corner-stone far exceeds them all. It is sixty-seven feet long, eighteen feet wide, and thirteen feet high. Its weight is estimated at eleven hundred and thirty tons. These stones at Baalbec are, indeed, the largest that have ever been moved by human power.

There have been many theories as to how such huge masses were carried from the distant quarry to their resting-place in the wall. The most likely one suggests that a slightly inclined plane was built from the great stone; thousands of men, probably prisoners of war, were harnessed like beasts of burden, and, under the lashes of their taskmasters, were made to drag this immense mass slowly up the incline to its place in the wall. As time, life, and labor were considered as nothing in those days, it is quite likely this was the way it was accomplished. But certainly our old friend King Solomon had nothing whatever to do with it. The Romans have been credited with the work, but long before Rome was in existence the mighty stones were in place. The praise is without doubt due to those wonderful old people, the Phenicians—the enterprising race that lived here during the palmy days of Syria; the brave people who, without chart or mariners' compass, ventured in their funny little ships out into the open and stormy northern sea as far as the coast of Cornwall, in



PART OF THE RUINS OF THE GREAT TEMPLE OF THE SUN AT BAALBEC.

England, to work the tin-mines, and sometimes went even farther north.

They are the people, you will remember, who discovered the art of glass-making, and other things by which you and I profit to-day.

One night, I was sitting by a camp-fire built on the sands of the coast of Syria, where a little river ran in from the hills to the east, not far from the walls of Acre. To enliven the long evening, my dragoman told me, among other tales, how, once upon a time, some thousands of years ago, a party of Phenicians were sitting chatting over

their camp-fire, near this very spot, when they noticed some queer, greenish, transparent, worm-like things creeping slowly out of the fire over the sand. When cool enough, they held them up to the declining sun, and they sparkled like gems—and glass was discovered! A fusion of the sand and seaweed silica, and lime, and other things necessary to the construction of glass, had by accident been melted in the fire, and for this accident we are still debtors.

This story has long been believed; but students of the long ago tell us that glass was known to the Egyptians before the Phenicians sailed the seas.

I wish I might give you some idea of the majesty of those grand old masses of stone of Baalbec!

We arrived in the dusk of the evening, and found our camp pitched in the courtyard of the inner temple; but we were too tired, after ten hours in the saddle, to admire much as we stumbled over the broken ruins in the thickening darkness. Rest and dinner, I am afraid, seemed then far more important than all the temples in the world. But later in the evening, on lifting up the tent-flap to see what were the prospects of weather for the morrow, I was almost overcome by the transformation that had taken place in two hours. The darkness had fled, and the full moon was flooding the snowy peaks of Lebanon, and still against the mountains of whiteness stood the six huge columns, their glorious capitals just coming into the mysterious light. It seemed as if they reached up to the very stars. The people who built them disappeared thousands of years ago, and their history has been forgotten; but the grandeur of their idea remains, and men of to-day travel weary miles, as we did, to come in touch with the handiwork of men who never dreamed that America existed.

The name Heliopolis ("City of the Sun") is a little confusing when used in connection with the Baalbec of which we are talking, because the former, you will remember, is the name of the old, old city in the north of Egypt where Joseph and Mary took the child Jesus for safety at the time of the persecution by Herod. The story goes that the Romans, who worshiped, among other deities, the lord of the sun, Baal, stole the

golden god from the defeated Egyptians, and carried it far up north into the mountains of Anti-Lebanon, in Syria. There they built a great acropolis on the foundations of much older structures of the Phenicians, with temples, courts, and columns by the thousand, and called it Heliopolis, the City of the Sun. The tenacious natives continued, nevertheless, to use their own name for the place, Baalbec. Baal was a sort of double divinity, both Jupiter and the sun—a beardless, life-sized figure of solid gold, holding in his right hand a whip (to symbolize his driving the horses of the chariot of the sun), in his left hand a thunderbolt and ears of wheat.

He was consulted by all sorts and conditions of people who were about to engage in doubtful enterprises. We read of Trajan, the Roman emperor, coming to consult the oracle of Baalbec upon the success of his intended Parthian expedition.

Now, the Phenician Baal was Melkart, whom the Greeks, according to their usual custom of identifying the gods of other nations with their own, confounded with Hercules, and designated "Hercules of Tyre." In reality he was a very different idol from their own deified hero, and would appear to have been an incarnation of the sun. It was allowed, even by the Greeks, that of all the gods and demigods who bore this name, he of the Phenicians was the most ancient of all. In the initial letter of this article you will see pictures of two coins, both in the British Museum—



The great corner stone,
67 feet long; 18 feet wide,
13 feet high.

the first, Melkart, a copper coin of Cossyra, showing the Phenician Baal, and the second, a much later silver coin of Tyre, showing the Tyrian Hercules.

Syria, as well as northern Egypt, was given up at one time to the worship of Baal, and Baalbec was the center of that worship. I could not but sympathize, in part, with the symbol of their worship. Our camp was pitched in the courtyard of one of the great temples. For two weeks, without a cloud, each morning at sunrise the snow-peaks of the Lebanon glowed like molten metal against the green-blue sky, the first herald of the god of day.

The worship must have been an imposing one. The rising sun was waited for by the priests of Baal, who watched the summit of Dhahr el Khodib, upon whose western slope are situated the cedars of Lebanon. The moment the first rose-colored rays struck the snow-peaks, the great daily ceremony of the grandest temple of ancient or modern times began.

Imagine the long line of priests, trumpeters, and choristers waiting and watching, their faces turned to catch the first flush upon the snow-peaks, which was announced by a mighty blast upon a hundred trumpets.

The moment the glowing edge appeared above the eastern hills, five hundred voices of the choristers broke into a grand hymn to the sun—the god of day, the lord of life.

Speaking of the structures, an eminent writer upon such matters calls them the “boldest plan ever attempted in architecture.” Nothing that I can say or draw—alas!—will give you an idea of the overpowering immensity of the buildings, particularly the great Temple of the Sun, with its enormous fluted golden columns, that helped to reflect the glory of the coming day. Many people describe Baalbec as being built of white marble, but it is really indurated (hardened) limestone, that has retained the wonderfully delicate detail of column and peristyle as sharply as though it had been finished yesterday. And it is a thrilling thought that our obelisk in Central Park may have looked—nay, *did*, in its far-off Egyptian infancy, look into the very Temple of the Sun, and saw our golden god at Heliopolis thousands of years ago.



THE OBELISK IN CENTRAL PARK.



GENERAL VIEW OF HADRIAN'S WALL, AT CUDDY'S CRAG.

A DAY WITH HADRIAN

BY EDWIN L. ARNOLD

HISTORY would be the pleasantest sort of learning in existence if all the nations of the past had left memorials such as the Romans have, and if we could take our class-books afield and read of events there where they actually happened. This thought occurred to me last summer when I was bicycling alone in the wild, unpeopled fell country which still separates England from Scotland, and came almost by chance upon the remains of the great wall which the Emperor Hadrian built to keep those lively gentlemen, the Picts and Scots, out of the Roman province of Britain.

I had read of it before, as every boy has, and traced the long seventy-mile line of that wonderful fortification on my map right across Northumberland from the Atlantic to the German Ocean; but it was just a line to me, as it probably is to you. And then all of a sudden that day, miles from even a shepherd's hut, I came upon the splendid ruin zigzagging across hill and vale as

far as one could see on either hand, solitary and forgotten, yet impressive even in its decay. It was just as if I had tumbled right out of this humdrum, latter-day world right into the old one of emperors, prefects, centurions, and all the gold and glitter, the splendor and wrong-doing of that great empire which once embraced all the known world.

I forgot the busy life behind me as I jumped from my bicycle and threw myself down, surprised and delighted, in the heather, in the very midst of one of the best-preserved bits of the wall, and let my fancy call into being again all the incidents of the place. I remembered how the Romans had landed in Britain, and then in long years of endless conflict, while emperors came and went in the far-away city on the Tiber, had pushed their way ever northward with that steady purpose which was their chief characteristic, seizing tract after tract, until at last they arrived



"A RUNNING WALL OF LINKED SHIELDS, WITH THE LIGHTNING OF SWORDS
PLAYING ABOVE."

here on what was to them the very edge of the world. Beyond lay all modern Scotland, a region then from which even *their* stubborn valor recoiled. Unfortunately for the invaders, the extensive Scotian forests were full of a people who would not surrender and who could not be caught; and after they had grown weary of chasing these naked savages over hills covered in blue mist, the General Agricola recalled all his legionaries within the Northumberland border, and dug the first great ditch to mark the edge of the imperial empire.

There it was just as his men had left it when history was only beginning, overgrown with grass and with coarse white-flowered brambles in which the linnets build—a great cleft in the moorside, and a notch against the blue sky where it climbed over the hill-tops to east and west. But little those ramping Picts cared for the sacredness of boundaries; they poured through

Agricola's great ditch whenever they got a chance, and killed and burned right down to Eboracum in middle England. So presently Hadrian came over in turn, and northward by horse and chariot till he was here in the fell-country—a man not to be trifled with, quick, dark,

and keen, with fierce bright eyes shining out under those penthouse eyebrows you may note in the portraits which his coins bear in your museum cases. By his orders, it is supposed, they built, eighteen hundred years ago, that wall from Tyne to Solway, over hill and dale, which shines to-day in the summer sun al-

most as perfect in places as it was when the last stone was set and fixed, and the hard Roman mortar settled down to withstand all that the Picts and the blows and buffets of eighteen hundred northern



"THEY SWARM UP THE STEEP APPROACH, AND SURGE AGAINST HADRIAN'S BULWARK."

winters could do. Eight feet wide at the base, sixteen feet high when it was perfect, the great wall turned an adamant face to the northward. Not a stoat or a weasel could pass through between the two seas save at some half dozen gates placed at intervals of several miles along its course, and each

of these portals led directly into military camps, whereof the walls and buildings are still traced by ruins even to-day. Between Hadrian's wall and Agricola's foss to the south of it is a strip of country about a quarter of a mile wide, and it was this the Romans garrisoned with necessary soldiers—tall Belgians, fair-haired Goths, dusky Spaniards, even Africans and Arabs from the outlying provinces of their realm. How the hill sheep must have stared, and the ancestors of

Gaul or Belgium, and if you try hard enough, how easy it is to imagine, there where the military road between ditch and wall comes out of the shadow of oak and hawthorn, the high-sided cattle-wagons with a new season's supplies toiling in from the east. A great event for all those hungry exiles, thirsting for the pleasant things of the south, and, above all, for news of home! The sentinel pacing along the wall in that never-ending tramp of theirs spreads the news, and all the



SITE OF AN OLD ROMAN CAMP UPON A HILL, WITH THE RAMPART LEADING UP TO IT.

those very plovers piping in the solitudes over my head have screamed and wheeled, to see that garrison settle down for its four hundred years of watch and ward, a glittering band of steel and gold across the immensity of the lifeless bogs before and behind it! And when the last mile was finished and Hadrian had gone south again, the life there must have been an almost unendurable monotony, broken by intervals of the wildest excitement.

A few hundred yards away from where I sit is the famous camp of Borocovis, under shelter of the gray rampart which runs up to it on either side, and the nodding fir-trees. You can still see the pretorian's house and the ruined gateway, while the slope below is all in terraces, where the soldiers tried to grow their southern vegetables on the cold northern bogs; and in the dip is a carefully leveled place where they had gladiatorial shows or chariot races. Like all the other troops in the long line of neighboring camps, they got the main part of their supplies overseas from

garrison turns out to see them. They wind along the main road, then turn off to the camp itself across the amphitheater and up the hillside until they are at the gate itself and speedily enveloped in a crowd of eager welcomers. Among all the motley stuff they bring, there is something for everybody. There are letters for the pretorian from Rome itself—always a matter of interest when you never know for certain whether the next communication will announce your election as emperor or order you to get your head cut off! There is a pay-chest for the soldiers—not so heavy as it ought to be; a hundred rolls of crimson cloth from Tyre for buying the good-will of a Pictish chieftain; a few great earthen jars of Cyprus wine, the last survivors of many broken on the journey; two tubs of cockles and limpets from Tynemouth, delicacies which always brought great joy to the Roman officers, who loved shell-fish above all things; new armor for the mercenaries; more bales of cloth from Arles, and stacks of weapons from Iberian forges; oil for the lamps

in the long winter nights; corn and honey, nails, tools, horse-harness, plows, seeds for sowing—everything, in fact, that these military Robinson Crusoes could desire: but no letters for the common soldiers, no newspapers! Those few travel-stained warriors who tramped in behind the convoy are the garrison's postmen and newspapers in one; they are fresh from the Imperial City, and, in an age when gossip was a virtue, it is to them that all go for news; it is they who for the next fortnight will have to sit by twenty camp-fires and pour out for straining ears all the facts and fancies of the great world of Rome.

There is high fun that night by the red blazes when all the stores have been replenished, and all the troopers paid, and the next day, perhaps,—if that letter did indeed bring the pretorian good news,—there are games in honor of the event: chariot races, mimic combats, and wrestling, with games for "the common people." And the next day after that the officers get up a wild-boar hunt down by where Carlisle now stands, and have good sport, as the altars they erected to fallen monarchs of the forest tell us they often had.

What fun they had to make up for all those dull days gone before! How they sampled the

good things just come from Tiber, and ate the roasted boar and venison their spears had brought down that day in the forests! As I sit on the hillside opposite, though it all happened nearly two thousand years ago, I can imagine the shine of the lights at dusk in the little casements all along the walls of the old camp; and the strange shadowy groups about the camp-fires of the soldiers, and the darker outline of the sentinel, whose golden armor catches a twinkle now and then from the flames below as he walks solemnly to and fro against the black northern sky beyond. It is all so real that I fancy I can almost hear their laughter and shouting and the yapping of the dogs quarreling over fragments of the feast—and then! The sentinel halts suddenly in his pacing!

Little do the revelers know what is coming: but the man on the wall stares hard out into the barbarian forest for a minute or two, and then, snatching down a bugle from where it hangs on its nail by his watch-towers, blows a long wailing blast; and at that sound all the merriment dies suddenly out of the Roman camp till not a chirrup is heard where all was noise before. Again the soldier stares hard into the night to make sure,



RUINS OF A ROMAN STREET OF BARRACKS.



RUINS OF A ROMAN VILLA AT CILURNUM (NOW CHESTERS), A STATION OF THE OLD ROMAN WALL.

and then sounds the alarm again with redoubled energy; and as the blast dies away a wild roar of excitement rises from the imperial troopers.

The barbarians are coming!

While two or three horsemen throw themselves upon their ready chargers and go thundering away east and west to warn other garrisons or ask for help, the camp-followers fly to hiding; the fortress gates ring down their stony grooves; doors and windows are hastily barricaded; the centurions swarm out to the walls, buckling swords and armor as they run; and when the cressets flare upon the battlements, a mile up and down each way, they shine on a living line of glittering brass and steel.

Rome is ready!

And none too soon. The Pictish spies have told their countrymen that the strangers feast to-night, and, hoping to catch them unawares, they have come down at dusk, ten or twelve thousand of them, and creeping forward in the darkness where a tongue of shadowy forest comes within a quarter of a mile of the wall, were just about to make their rush when the sentinel saw them. His warning note started the fierce tribesmen, and here they come across the intervening bog and heather. There is no artillery to check their

progress, nothing to do but wait that moment when the short Roman sword can get to work; and it is not long in coming.

The Picts sweep forward like ten thousand wolves; yelling hoarse cries as they run, they swarm up the steep approach, and surge against Hadrian's bulwark as though they would bear it down by their sheer weight. The foremost men carry short lengths of pine-tree, with a foot of each branch still left upon them, and these they slope against the stonework by way of ladders; ten, twenty, thirty are planted, the stormers scrambling up, stabbing and thrusting as they come. Others, with long poles with hooks at the ends, try to crook these over the necks of the Romans and drag them down, and all the while the slings and bowmen pour in a withering storm of missiles on the defenders. Wilder and wilder becomes the uproar—with thousands of men at arm's length fighting for life. The mere rattle of the swords makes a noise like thunder; the cressets flare and splutter; the great black barbarian flood rises and rises, till at last even the gallant defending legion—"the valorous and ever victorious"—cannot stand that enormous pressure, the golden Roman line parts and reels back, and through the gap the barbarians pour over the wall.



OVER "HILL AND DALE." ANOTHER PART OF THE ROMAN WALL.

But it is a short-lived triumph. As they come shouting, overbearing along with them in the impetus of their rush scores of Romans, whose armor flashes now and then in the confused mid-stream of bear- and wolf-skins, the reserves that have been mustering in the shadow of the wall swing round and charge,—that straight, deadly charge, a running wall of linked shields, with the lightning of swords playing above, that settled a thousand disputed questions of ancient history. And it settles the Picts. They halt, and hesitate, and fly; they die under the wall like wolves at bay; they scramble back on to the ramparts, where a wild chaos of struggling forms heaves in the uncertain light; they tumble headlong back among their kindred—those of them who ever get so far. The wall is won again, and as the exulting shout of the Romans echoes into the hills and startles the red deer in far-away glens and the sleepy kites upon the crags, the Northmen slowly

fall back, dragging their wounded with them, and disappear into the forest shadows whence they came.

That is the sort of episode which varied the monotonous lives of those old fighters. But the famous landmark they left behind them is quiet enough now as it shines in the pleasant English sun. I stroll over to it, and there in the crevices of the mortar the little Italian flowers, which have outlived a great empire and grow nowhere else in the neighborhood, are making the old masonry pleasant with their buds; the larks are building under the forum steps in the camp, the mountain hares playing about the pretorian's ruined doorway; and as I climb into the very gap that was defended so desperately some two thousand years ago, and sit down to eat a sandwich from my shoulder-bag, it is difficult to imagine a lovelier or more stately peace than hangs over that ruined memorial of a great episode in history.



SOUTH AMERICA OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

THE HISTORY OF SOUTH AMERICA

THE continent of South America stretches its great length from the warm shores of the Caribbean Sea to the cluster of cold and desolate islands ending at Cape Horn. Its outline is as bold and simple as that of the other two southern continents, and in size it is very nearly twice as large as Europe.

Look at a map of South America, and you will see that its shape, like that of Africa and Australia, is a very easy one to model in sand. Rounded at the north, broadest a few degrees below the equator, it tapers to its extreme point much nearer the south pole than does the most southerly point of Africa.

The mountains on the face of this vast peninsula—joined to the rest of the New World by the narrow Isthmus of Panama—are equally easy to show on a sand model, for its great backbone of the Andes forms one mighty unbroken rampart close to the Pacific shores, from Panama to Cape Horn, for 4500 miles.

The Andes, those western heights of the southern continent, are the continuation of the Rockies in the north, through Mexico and the central bridge of isthmuses. It needs some thinking to take in the immense length of the Andes chain. A comparison or two will help us. The Pyrenees, so important in French and Spanish history, are about 300 miles long. The noble arch of the snowy Himalayas is generally reckoned 1500 miles in length.

The height of the Andes chain is very grand, second only to those of the Himalayas and the mountains of Tibet. From end to end, the peaks are always covered with snow, even where the sun beats down fiercely in the region of the equator. There are more than twenty peaks considerably higher than Mont Blanc, loftiest of the Alps, one of them being the highest volcano in the world. The highest point in the chain of snow giants is Aconcagua, nearly 23,000 feet above sea-level.

Then, again, the Andes are very wide in parts, especially toward the middle, where the coast makes a bend inward, something like the Gulf of Guinea, on the western coast of Africa. Several chains run side by side, forming a triple wall, with high plateaus between them, as high as the tops of the Pyrenees, and on these plateaus, so hot at midday, so frosty at night, are lakes and the beginnings of mighty rivers.

In a sand map you can show Lake Titicaca with a piece of looking-glass laid on the sand, near the central bend of the coast, just about where the Andes are broadest. And those rivers! The position of the Andes on the extreme west of the continent gives plenty of room for great rivers to form and flow eastward and southward to the Atlantic Ocean.

RIVERS THAT RUSH DOWN BOTH SIDES OF THE ANDES

NONE of the rivers that run westward are long, though at the melting of the snows the vast number of streams dash as torrents down the steep slopes and over the dry and narrow coast plain to join the mighty Pacific. But, looking eastward, there is a vast difference. The streams gather, as they do in the high Alps, and come tumbling and foaming down from the plateaus and upper valleys, till they reach the bottom of the mountain slope. They then roll steadily on, getting ever larger and larger, across the boundless plains to the far distant Atlantic.

"Across a continent in a boat" sounds almost as impossible as "across the sea in a motor-car," when we think of every other continent; but such a voyage is almost possible in South America, where the sources of the mighty Amazon rise less than 200 miles from the Pacific coast, and soon after the stream has settled down to a steady flow at the foot of the mountains it is navigable.



MOUNT CHIMBORAZO IN THE ANDES.
21,060 FEET HIGH.



A SOUTH AMERICAN INN.
NATIVE HOTEL IN THE CORDILLERAS.

Large steamers can sail it from its immense mouth, about 2200 miles across the plains.

Many of its great tributaries are navigable, too, for hundreds of miles. Its width is most imposing. When it enters the great plain it is half a mile broad, increasing in different parts of its long course to a mile, two miles, four miles, and to fifty miles at its mouth. The water of the Amazon is fresh enough to drink 180 miles from the coast, and is distinguishable from the ocean by its color. The Father of Waters, the Mississippi-Missouri, is reckoned to be nearly 1000 miles longer than the Amazon or the Nile, but the Amazon drains twice as much country as either river.

The Amazon's course is just south of the equator, and most of the country is taken up with vast tropical forests, where wonderful trees, palms, tree-ferns, rubber, mahogany, and many others, all grow in the greatest luxuriance and profusion, thickly bound together with creepers whose beauty would make our finest clematis and honeysuckles look like weeds.

And these thick, dark, damp, hot forests are the natural home of many of the animals we shut up in cages in our zoos. The terrible boa-constrictor and many other snakes wind their horrid scaly bodies round the tree-trunks, waiting for their prey to come within reach; the chattering monkeys swing freely from branch to branch, as if engaged in an endless gymnastic display.

MONKEYS THAT BATHE IN THE MIGHTY AMAZON

It is a very pretty sight to see the mother monkeys bring their babies down from the tree-top to have a morning toilet and bath by the river. The toucan, with its great bill, outcries even the monkeys, and the gorgeous parrots of nearly every color—plaid parrots, a little girl called them—make their share of noise as they fly hither and thither. The only quiet folk seem the dainty, tiny humming-birds, that dart swiftly about in the flickering shade and sunlight, some as small as bees, others the size of a little canary.

There is also rich vegetation, in summer, in the basin of the Orinoco, a great river about as long as the Zambesi, in Africa. The Orinoco drains eastward some fifteen hundred miles across the north of South America. Here can be seen miles of the great water-lily called the *Victoria Regia*, which also grows on the Amazon. It has wonderful round leaves, five or six feet across, turned up at the edge, and beautiful pink-and-white flowers. Picture to yourselves what it must be to see the great expanses of water covered with it!

HOW THE FRUITFUL PLAINS BECOME DESERTS WAITING FOR THE RAIN

THE plains of the Orinoco River are called the llanos. Very heavy rains visit them at times, and the rivers swell and flood the country far and near—even making it possible to pass in a canoe to the Amazon River—causing rich food to grow for vast herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. In the dry season there is a great change; hot winds scorch up the grass, the animals move away, and the land, once so moist and full of life, becomes a desert till the rain comes again. Like the Amazon, the stream of the Orinoco carries fresh water far out to sea.

The river Plate, or Silver River—Rio de la Plata—is an immense estuary, far south of that of the Amazon. Into it pour the waters of several rivers, running chiefly south and east from the Andes over bare uplands and vast and low valleys of fertile soil, and some come from the eastern heights which separate the north and south drainage. The length of this great system is reckoned to be over 2000 miles.

North and south of the river Plate are the pampas, wide tracts of land where animals feed and thrive in great numbers. Trees grow here chiefly by the banks of rivers, and as far as the eye can see is tall, waving, feathery grass that we call pampas-grass.

THE VAST PLAINS OF TALL GRASS IN WHICH RIDERS ARE OUT OF SIGHT

WHEN we look, as some of us may do, at clumps of pampas-grass, in a park or garden, we must think of this district in South America, where it grows so thickly that a horseman can scarcely be seen above the sea of fleecy white plumes, rising and falling with the breeze almost like real waves. To the south of the pampas, the continent, ever narrowing, becomes bare and desert for the most part, though there is fertile land at the base of the Andes. The islands at the extreme south are called *Tierra del Fuego*, the Land of Fire, so named, it is said, from the red color of the soil. Here the chief height is named Mount Darwin, after the famous naturalist who visited and described this bare and rocky part of the world. The Strait of Magellan, the winding rocky channel that separates the Land of Fire from the mainland, is a terrible place in which to be shipwrecked, for there is nothing to eat besides shell-fish and a few birds, and the natives are practically uncivilized.

This brings us to the question of the people who now live on this vast continent, and those

who have lived on it in the past. We think again of the great size—nearly twice as large as Europe—and find it very difficult to realize that there are not many more people now living in South America than there are in a single country of Europe, like France.

A CONTINENT OF MANY COUNTRIES WITHOUT A KING OR QUEEN

WE shall visit these people in their homes, and enter into the wonderful progress and interests of to-day, after we have glanced at the past. But first we must study the map of to-day, showing the various countries or divisions of the continent.

The three foreign settlements of Guiana—British, Dutch, and French—lie between the mouths of the Orinoco and the Amazon. All the rest of South America is divided up among ten independent republics. It is quite different in this respect from all the other continents. We shall study these divisions more closely later; now we just want to know their names and where they are.

The great Andes run through Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Chile on the west. The mighty Amazon takes its majestic way from Peru across Brazil, which touches the borders of all the countries except Chile and covers nearly half the continent. The Orinoco drains Venezuela; the Plate streams bring health and wealth to Argentina, and to the smaller states of Uruguay and Paraguay. We notice at once how many Spanish names are on the map; with good reason, for Spain owned nearly all South America, except Brazil, during nearly three hundred years. So once more we willingly join Columbus, who discovered the West India Islands, and coasted the Gulf of Honduras and the Gulf of Darien, where the Isthmus of Panama joins the great southern continent.

THE MIRACLE COLUMBUS DISCOVERED AT THE GATES OF PARADISE

It was here that Columbus first heard rumors of another ocean, which he never saw. On his way round the southern shores of the Caribbean Sea he came to the mouth of the Orinoco, and great was his wonder at its stream of pure, drinkable water which he found so far out at sea. It was a miracle, he thought; he had, indeed, arrived at the very gates of paradise.

Before his death in 1506, explorers had sailed round this north coast and discovered the delta of the Amazon. Portugal, in 1500, had discovered Brazil by accident, when the strong winds blew

Cabral and his little fleet of ships, that were trying to sail round the Cape of Good Hope, so far westward that they reached the other side of the Atlantic. Fourteen years later La Plata was reached, and soon Balboa caught the first sight of the Pacific from Panama, and Cortés began his wonderful career in Mexico and Central America.

And so, bit by bit, the New World in its beauty loomed into the sight of the Old World, and the wonderful voyage begun by Magellan—who was the first European to push through the strait that is now called after him, into the Pacific—not only found a westward way to the Spice Islands, but a way right round the round world, hitherto believed by most people to be flat.

THE QUEST FOR GOLD IN THE NEWLY FOUND CONTINENT

THE natives whom the first explorers found in South America were called Indians by them, just as happened in other parts of the New World, and a certain amount of organizing that took place in the new lands led to difficulties with the dispossessed "Indian" natives. The colonists brought over horses and cattle and poultry, hitherto unknown in the Western lands, as well as shrubs and trees and seeds for crops, which all flourished exceedingly in their new home.

Unfortunately, rumors of vast treasures of gold and silver to be found in distant spots turned men's attention away from quietly settling down to peaceful employments and improving the country, and for long years the vain hunt for gold drew men from Europe and led them round the coast, and up the rivers, in all directions, ever exploring and opening up new ground, but seldom settling down in content.

Missionaries came out from Europe to teach the Indians the Christian faith from the first; but settling down and working hard, whether in the fields or in the mines, as they were discovered, did not suit the races who had ever been free to wander over the wide plains and gain their food without effort, and the Indians became fewer and fewer in numbers as time went on.

THE MAN WHO WON A GREAT EMPIRE WITH A LITTLE ARMY

It was in 1526 that Pizarro, a bold adventurer, with great experience of the country, determined to prove for himself whether the rumors of gold, and of the existence of civilized people in the high valleys of the Andes, were true or not. The deeds of Cortés in Mexico were breathlessly ex-



INCA CIVILIZATION.
LAKE TITICACA AND INCA RUINS, IN BOLIVIA.

citing and daring, but those of Pizarro matched them.

It is a deeply graphic story—how he planned his expedition and equipped his little band of followers; how he dealt treacherously with the natives and with their ruler, the Inca; and how, after many difficulties and much endurance, he climbed up the mountains from the Pacific side. Like those of Cortés, his horses and little cannons brought amazement to those who had never seen them before. One hundred and sixty-eight Spaniards pushing into an unknown, difficult, mountainous country, of rumored riches, civilization, and great resources, seems a foolhardy feat indeed, but it succeeded.

All round about Lake Titicaca and Cuzco, and the valleys and plateaus of the Central Andes, are found the remains of irrigation works, temples, palaces, and burial-places that belonged to the highly civilized people the Spaniards found when they reached Peru. These people understood well how to fertilize the soil by carrying water to it. The legends relate that the Incas, or "Rulers of the Wide-spreading Kingdom," were descended from the Sun-god. On the strength of this distinction they claimed and obtained absolute power over their subjects. The stories of their bloodless victories over their enemies, of their state and family government, of the dazzling ceremonial of their worship, of their schools, and the work of the sun-maidens, all read like wild romance.

The sun-maidens worked up the fleece of the llama, the only domestic animal in the New World before the coming of the Spaniards. It, too, was supposed to be the special property of the Incas. Like the yak of the Tibetans, it carried the burdens over the difficult hill-country, its hair was made up into fine clothing, and its flesh served for food.

HOW THE INCAS DESTROYED THE WORK OF EARLIER MEN

THE Incas destroyed most of the sculpture and work of the tribes that went before them, but wonderful pottery of various kinds, some dating back to very ancient times, has been found, as well as many traces of various tribes of different degrees of civilization. We can find interesting specimens of this pottery in museums. Some of the tribes were conquered by the Incas, others lived in the far past in the north of the continent. The most interesting of these were the Chibchas.

It is difficult to get at the truth of Pizarro's conquest of the Inca kingdom. Some say the

Spaniards treated these unoffending peoples with great cruelty; others that their methods were no worse than those of other conquerors. Arrived at Cuzco, the capital of the Incas, Pizarro's first anxiety was to get hold of the person of the ruling Inca, as Cortés did with Montezuma, and influence the country through him, rather than to attempt force with his few followers.

Imagine the scene in the high country, among the inaccessible snowy peaks. Pizarro boldly sends an invitation by his horsemen to the Inca, to request the honor of a visit, in the name of his master, Charles V., ruler of a great part of Europe. The Spaniards have an anxious day, watching and waiting to see if the invitation will be accepted. Great is Pizarro's relief when he sees the Inca's train setting out in his direction. The great ruler, on a litter, has to listen to a long speech, through interpreters, beginning with the creation of the world, and setting forth, with various references to the Bible, how the Pope has given the kingdom of the Incas to the Spaniards.

THE CAPTURE OF THE INCA AND THE TREACHERY OF THE SPANIARDS

It must have been sufficiently bewildering to the Inca, and he asks to see the Bible, the wonderful book that ordered so much. When he impatiently throws it down, it is as a signal for the uprising of the waiting Spaniards.

The daring scheme succeeded. It is said that two thousand Peruvians were killed that day; the Inca was made prisoner, and the country was left open to the Spaniards at one blow.

There were many things that helped on their complete victory in the state of the Inca kingdom itself, especially the quarrel between the brothers as to who was the rightful Inca.

For a time the subjection of provinces went on successfully, and we hear of a roomful of silver and gold, as high as a man could reach, being handed over to the Spaniards.

But in the end both the brothers were put to death, and before long civil war broke out among the conquerors. Pizarro himself was assassinated in 1541, in Lima, the new capital he had founded by the seacoast. On the ruins of the Inca kingdom rose the huge viceroyalty of Peru, which included the present republics of Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Argentina.

THE MEN WHO SOUGHT IN VAIN FOR A CITY PAVED WITH GOLD

THOUGH much treasure had been sent home to Spain from the Inca's palaces, the hunting for

the sources of these spoils continued to be the great object all through the sixteenth century. The first explorers had passed all unknowingly the great mines of Potosi. By degrees many mines came to their knowledge, which needed much hard labor to work. Search as they would, they could never find the city paved with gold, nor the Golden Man who washed off his coat of gold-dust in a sacred lake into which were cast priceless treasures.

Many were the gold-hunting expeditions, which served, as the earlier ones had done, to open up more and more of the country. There was Mendoza, who, in 1535, sailed down the Atlantic coast and founded the first colony of Buenos Aires, which means "Good Air." Great were the discouragements, and his followers went farther inland, led by great rivers, to found Santa Cruz, a station for trade midway between the Atlantic and Peru.

HOW FIFTY SICK MEN CROSSED A CONTINENT ON RAFTS

IN Paraguay the two thousand men in Mendoza's expedition were specially friendly with the natives, and intermarried with them.

More interesting still is the account of fifty sick and weak men floating across the continent on rafts—led by Orellana. They failed to keep in touch with the stronger members of the party, who were marching on the banks on the way from Quito to Rio Napo, which leads to the Amazon. So Orellana and his men could do nothing but let the rafts drift on, day after day, through the forest and its enchanting wonders, getting what food they could, till, in seven months' time, they reached the ocean, and a little farther north, to their joy, was a European settlement.

The Amazon has been described as having become a permanent public road in the century after this raft-journey; it was chiefly used by the missionaries, who thought no dangers too hard when seeking for the Indians.

THE QUEST FOR GOLD IN THE LITTLE VENICE BEYOND THE SEAS

MUCH searching for gold continued in the north, in Venezuela—the name, Little Venice, being suggested by the native lake-dwellings—as well as in Brazil and along the Andes range. Rich as are the stores of gold, silver, and precious stones, such as diamonds and emeralds, in various parts of South America, they are not even yet fully worked and made the most of.

One of the most tragic expeditions was that of

the gallant Raleigh, searching for a gold-mine on the Orinoco.

As the feverish quest for gold died down, the organization and settlement of the colonies proceeded more rapidly. Governors were sent out from Spain for the various provinces, and also many clergy, and matters went on much the same as in Mexico and Central America. Almost from the beginning the difficulty of obtaining laborers led to the wretched practice of making the Indians slaves on one pretext or another, and when the supply of the natives failed, negroes from Africa were taken across the Atlantic to fill their places, especially in the sugar-plantations round the Caribbean shores.

Through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the trade of Spain and her colonies grew steadily, and Buenos Aires, on the Plate, and Para, the port of the Amazon, Cartagena, on the Caribbean Sea, and other towns grew to be very important. Spain also encouraged scientific men, such as Humboldt, to make surveys of the coast and the surface of the country, and to examine the minerals, flowers, trees, and animals. If ever we visit Madrid we can see the result of these studies in the fine collections exhibited in the museums and in the beautiful botanical gardens.

THE REVOLUTION THAT FREED SOUTH AMERICA FROM THE YOKE OF SPAIN

THE provinces of Spanish South America took part in the general uprising against the control of the distant motherland when new notions of freedom were making themselves felt all over Europe and America. The rule of the Spaniards was thrown off early last century, after a war of independence which lasted several years. Both the royalist Spaniards and the liberating patriots were terribly in earnest.

The battle of Trafalgar and the schemes of Napoleon in Spain and Portugal all influenced the uneasy state of public feeling. There were many causes for discontent. The creoles, or colonists born in America, felt it keenly that all the most important posts were given to men born in Spain; and owing to one reason and another, the flames of revolution broke out in province after province, with varying success. The English took a part whenever the chances of war allowed. It was by no means a straightforward struggle, for civil wars began between the patriots just when a united front was most urgently needed. Differences of opinion as to what form of government should replace that of Spain also occurred. It was a terrible hindrance to the Liberators that some of the leaders, enthusiastic as they might be for

freedom, thought most of their own personal rewards and success. This was particularly the case with the great Bolivar, who led as eventful a life in South America as Santa Anna in Mexico.

THE GREAT BOLIVAR, WHO FOUNDED A REPUBLIC

THERE is a grand statue of Bolivar on a prancing horse in the city of Lima, to keep in remembrance his great share in liberating his country. He chiefly turned his efforts to the freeing of the north, and secured that Venezuela, New Granada, and Quito should be formed into one republic called Colombia, of which he became first president.

San Martin was a great and noble general, and a true patriot. He had fought bravely in the Peninsular War, when England helped the Spaniards against the French, and he brought much experience to bear when he was needed to take command in the struggle to free his country. He knew when it was right to advance rapidly, or when he must, like Wellington, play a waiting game. He won many great victories, and set free Chile and Peru.

At last all the sieges, and marches, and terrible loss of life in the years of war, came to an end after some decisive victories of the ambitious Bolivar over the Spaniards. Their last possession on the mainland, the seaport town of Callao, near Lima, was lost in 1826.

HOW PORTUGAL LOST BRAZIL AFTER RETAKING IT FROM SPAIN

BRAZIL had been seized from the Portuguese about 1580 by Philip of Spain, and his enemies, the Dutch, attacked his power and held their own in the distant province till the Portuguese were able to claim their own again in the seventeenth century. The royal family and court fled from Lisbon to Brazil when Napoleon threatened Portugal. From this event is dated the rise of the beautiful capital of Rio de Janeiro. A Brazilian empire was formed when the government returned to Europe fourteen years later. A republic followed in Brazil in 1889. There were many disputes, chiefly about boundaries, in the years that followed the departure of the Spanish governors, and there were many changes in the new republics. But these are now settling down and awaking in a wonderful way.

As we look in imagination over the long past of South America, we see it first in possession of the old tribes, some of whom, thousands of years ago, used the utensils we can handle to-day. For long centuries their descendants wandered over the wide country, living their primitive lives.

Then, out of the mists of time, we distinguish the dazzling Incas with their high civilization, living in the mountain districts and on the Pacific coast, and leaving many traces by which later generations could study their work and their ways. And we see this civilization all brought to a sudden and tragic end as the white men from an unknown eastern world swarmed over the sea which had hidden them so long, to seize the lands and treasures of the unfortunate Incas.

YEARS OF TRAGEDY BEFORE SOUTH AMERICA HAD FREEDOM

WE see Spain and Portugal in possession of the continent for nearly three hundred years; explorers seeking gold up the wide rivers, through the great forests, over the dangerous passes of the Andes; and the black-frocked priests in their wake, many of whom were ready to lay down their lives in their efforts to teach the Indians, whom their countrymen were ever ready to enslave. What a passing, too, of ships in those years over the Atlantic after Columbus showed the way! Among them were the treasure-ships from Cartageña, so often waylaid by English pirates; the colonists from Europe going, and sometimes returning; the poor negro slaves, torn from their homes, for whom there was no return, no release but death.

The next vision is that of the fiery times of revolution and suffering, for the royalist Spaniards, for the creoles of the colonies, for the people of mixed Spanish and Indian blood, for the Indians themselves, descendants of the old owners of the soil.

But the strenuous struggle, the smoke of battle, and pitiful horrors of war in all its aspects, have led to freedom.

SOUTH AMERICA OF TO-DAY

THE great door into North America is the St. Lawrence River. An even greater river invites us to enter South America through the vast country of Brazil.

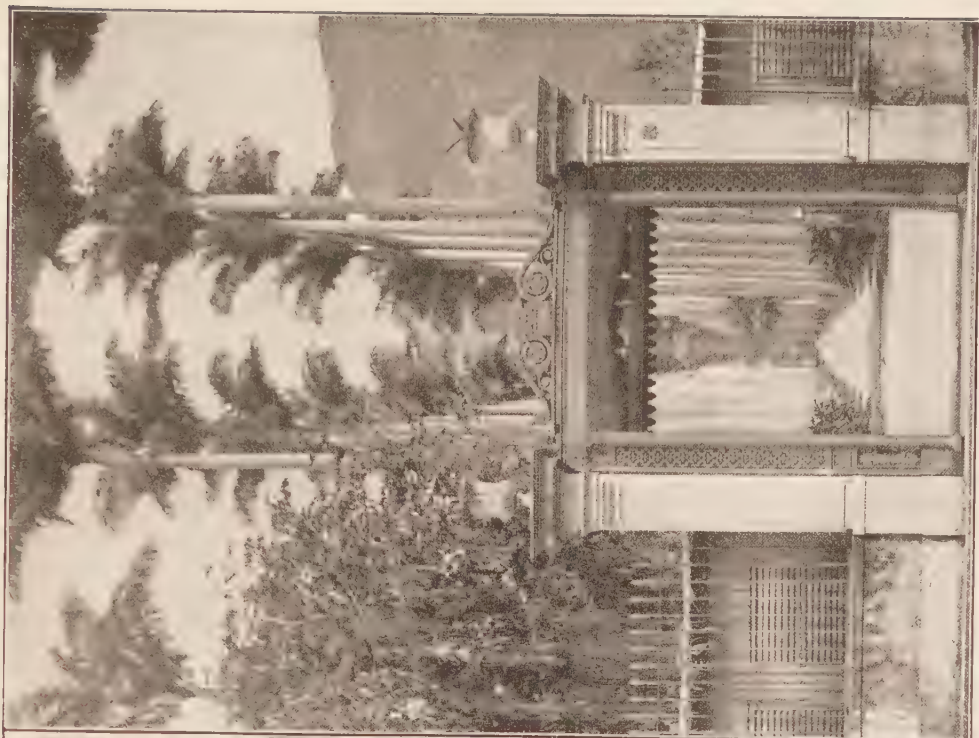
There are regular steamship sailings from New York not only to Para, near the mouth of the mighty Amazon, but to Manaos, a city in a clearing of the forest, where the Negro River joins it, 1000 miles from the sea, and beyond to Iquitos, in Peru, at the base of the Andes, more than 1000 miles farther still.

It takes about thirty-five days from New York to Iquitos, and the wonderful journey can be done all in one steamer. At Para we get our first sight of the beautiful palm-trees, tree-ferns, and rich growths of flowering shrubs and creepers that



PANORAMA OF THE CITY AND HARBOR.

RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL.



ENTRANCE TO THE BOTANICAL GARDEN.

form such a beautiful setting to the white houses and fine churches and public buildings.

Beyond Para, the largest and most unbroken tropical forest in the world stretches to the Andes. From this forest Brazil sends away much valuable rubber, as well as all sorts of valuable wood. The forest produce is collected at the various ports, such as Para, Manaos, and Iquitos, and thence distributed all over the world. In the clearings of the dense forests, alive with wonderful animal life, live the wandering tribes of Indians in a savage state, feeding on fish and turtles, bananas, and other wild fruit.

We must expect to have plenty of rain on our journey through the forest, for it is the wettest region of the world; and the heavy, steamy air reminds us of tropical hot-houses. It is difficult to realize that the dense forest of palms, figs, mimosa, bamboo, and hundreds of other kinds of trees, bound together with thick tangles of creepers and orchids, stretches over an area nearly as large as Europe.

Little is known of these impassable selvas, as the hot, wet forests are called by the Spaniards, except beside the river highways. The feeders of the Amazon are great rivers themselves; and the main stream, which often breaks up into several branches flowing side by side, is, in many parts, like an inland sea. Travelers often visit the eastern highlands of central and southern Brazil, for the most part consisting of table-lands a few thousand feet high, and with a much drier, cooler, and healthier climate than that of the Amazon valley. Coffee is one of the chief things grown; and railways are carried to Santos, the chief coffee port, from the center of this district, where industries of all kinds are growing in every direction.

THE LAND OF GOLD AND DIAMONDS, AND OF MANY RACES

ANIMALS are raised on the wide grassy uplands, and many mines of gold and iron are worked, as well as the diamond and emerald mines for which Brazil has long been famous. The mountain state of Minas Geraes, where there are large forests, and where many of the mines are situated, is the most densely peopled state in Brazil. Besides Indians and native Portuguese, there are many people of mixed descent; also negroes, descendants of the former slaves. Brazil was the last South American state to give up slavery.

There are also flourishing settlements of Germans, Italians, and other Europeans, as well as a colony of Japanese to grow the rice and other crops that they understand so well. It is esti-

mated that there are about 20,000,000 people altogether in the republic of Brazil, and nearly a quarter of them live in these busy parts, where so much progress in industries of every kind is going on. In Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, about 1,000,000 people live. The city is built round a splendid natural harbor, always full of shipping. The workers live in narrow, crowded streets, near the quays and docks; the rich merchants dwell in the suburbs.

AN AMERICAN REPUBLIC MANY TIMES GREATER THAN ITS MOTHERLAND

PEOPLE of all nations gather in Rio, as it is often called for short; the United States are the best buyers of Brazilian produce, and Great Britain sends most of the goods the Brazilians want to buy. Portuguese is the language of the country, and the Brazilians are very proud of their language and customs, and they are very much annoyed when foreign business houses send them letters and catalogues in Spanish. The long connection with Portugal was loosened when the court returned to Europe in 1821, after a residence of fourteen years in Rio de Janeiro; and the deposition of the second Emperor of Brazil brought it to an end in 1889, when the republic was peaceably proclaimed under a president. But the vast country, more than ninety times larger than its little old mother country—which adopted it as a gift from the Pope in the sixteenth century—still keeps in its original eastern provinces its Portuguese stamp. Nearly all the rest of South America speaks Spanish. Indeed, the largest Spanish-speaking city in the world is Buenos Aires, the capital of Argentina, the great country that stretches right down to the tip of the continent. Between it and Brazil are the two smaller adjoining states of Paraguay and Uruguay.

THE LITTLE COUNTRY BETWEEN TWO MIGHTY RIVERS

PARAGUAY is called the Mesopotamia of South America, because it lies chiefly between two great rivers, the Parana and the Paraguay, both over 2000 miles long, which, with the Uruguay, flow into the river Plate. There is a railway, but the chief traffic is on the rivers, which pass through the most important cattle-raising regions in the world. The country is famous for "maté," or Paraguayan tea, used all over South America, as China and Indian tea is used in Europe. There are valuable forests, and the soil is good for growing all sorts of useful crops, such as corn, rice, coffee, indigo, and cotton.

The rearing of sheep and cattle is the chief in-

dustry in Uruguay, and it has, from its position, a great deal of sea trade. Uruguay reaches down to the Rio de la Plata, on which stands Buenos Aires, the busiest and most important city in South America. There are ships of every description and nationality, and for every sort of trade, on the wide river Plate, which here meets the railways that are made so easily and cheaply on the broad, flat plains of Argentina.

Much of the soil round the Plate and Parana rivers is very fertile, and a great deal of wheat is grown, also Indian corn, tobacco, and coffee. But the chief industry of the country on the boundless plains is sheep and cattle raising, so that in the mass of shipping on the Plate we distinguish not only the coal-ships and the wheat-ships, but also the refrigerator-ships loaded with tons of beef and mutton, besides extract of meat in tins, and other kinds of food for the millions of people in other countries.

There are only about 7,000,000 people in the huge republic of Argentina, but they have lately carried on a foreign trade almost as large as that of Japan, which possesses nearly eight times the population. There are over 1,500,000 people now in Buenos Aires, including many Italians.

Great improvements have been made in this "City of Good Air," the largest south of the equator; many acres have been reclaimed on the muddy river-banks, and trees have been planted in avenues down which pass the large electric cars; scores of newspapers and magazines are published; and fashionable crowds are seen moving in the fine picture-galleries, theaters, open-air cafés, clubs, and hotels, as in the great cities of the United States and Europe. Great pains are taken to plan out wide streets when new building is undertaken, and there are seventy-two parks and gardens. The southern part of Argentina is taken up with the wild and desert plateau of Patagonia, of whose steppe-lands little is known. There are fertile districts along the base of the Andes. In the heart of these mountains stands a great statue in memory of the peace made between Argentina and Chile. A good deal of trade is carried on over the passes between the two republics; and a railway across the continent is being made to connect Buenos Aires with Santiago, the capital of Chile, and its chief port, Valparaiso. Santiago is a fine city, at a high level, with handsome churches and wide streets. It has a university. The houses are built low, because of the terrible earthquakes which from time to time visit places along the Andes.

Valparaiso, with its large harbor, has a great trade, both across the Pacific, and with Europe by way of the Strait of Magellan or by the rail-

way across Panama. The giant of the Andes, Aconcagua, rises in its solemn majesty not far from Valparaiso. South of Aconcagua is the Usallata Pass, under which a tunnel over two miles long has been made, two miles above sea-level. This tunnel connects the railway across the continent from the river Plate with Chile.

There is a long, fertile valley, with its railway, between the range near the coast and that of the main chain of the Andes. This central valley has a good climate; and now that more care is taken to improve the farming, good crops are raised of wheat and fruits. The sugar-cane also flourishes.

The south point of the country is in the desolate Land of Fire, and the famous and stormy Strait of Magellan flows through Chilean lands. Coal is worked in this region; and Chile has many other valuable minerals, including copper, silver, and gold. Punta Arenas, the most southerly town in the world, is a coaling station.

In this southern part of Chile there is some grand, rugged coast scenery, consisting of fiords and many islands and forested mountains, crowned by glaciers, which remind us of Norway. The strip of desert coast to the north of this furnishes one of the best fertilizers in the world, nitrate of soda, especially good for making wheat grow.

BOLIVIA, WITH ITS LAKE IN THE CLOUDS AND ITS SILVER

BOLIVIA is named after the liberator Bolivar. Like Paraguay, it has no seaboard; but its largest town, La Paz, not far from Lake Titicaca, is joined by rail to ports through both Chile and Peru. The country in the high plateaus of the Andes chain, where it is widest, is very difficult to reach either from east or west. Like the other very high countries of the Andes, it has every variety of climate and product, according to the situation and height above sea-level.

The large and deep Lake Titicaca, in whose waters iron will not rust, lies up in the clouds between Bolivia and Peru. The famous silver-mines of Potosi, from which hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of metal have been taken, are 250 miles south. Gold and other minerals are found on the eastern side of the Andes, also sulphur, so useful in treating rubber, which is another of the riches of Bolivia. Some of the soil is well suited to grow the best cocoa and coffee in the world. Railways are being made, even in the most difficult routes, to open up trade in all directions, not only through Peru and Chile to the Pacific, but eastward through forests full of valuable timber, and through rich agricultural land,

onward to Santa Cruz, and to the river Paraguay, and the Atlantic beyond.

A TRAIN THAT PASSES THROUGH ALL CLIMATES IN A SINGLE DAY

It is possible to travel by train in these regions in a single day through every sort of climate—from great heat, low down, in the morning, through temperate conditions, halfway up, at noon, to frosty cold, high up, at night.

It will help us to realize the difficulties of railway-making in the Switzerland of South America when we think of the great height of the plateaus and passes. Lake Titicaca is over 12,000 feet above sea-level. In many parts of Bolivia horses cannot work and live. Many travelers, too, can scarcely breathe in the high, thin air in which most of the towns in this region are built, especially when they first mount up to it.

About a quarter of the population of Bolivia consists of native Indians. They are very kind and gentle to their old native animal, the sure-footed, docile llama, that still patiently bears heavy burdens over many of the old and otherwise inaccessible routes.

Bolivia and Peru meet at Lake Titicaca; and the busy steamers carry goods from one country to the other, right up in the clouds. Puno is the chief lake port of Peru. As in Bolivia, many new roads are planned in the old country of the Incas to connect it with the near Pacific and the far-distant Atlantic, opening up and developing the great riches of the country, many of which are similar to those of Bolivia.

DESERTS THAT ARE SUDDENLY COVERED WITH FLOWERS

PERU is full of interest, not only from its connection with the romantic days of Pizarro and the Incas, but from its great variety of surface and climate, and the extremes of every kind that meet us at every turn.

Perhaps, from the map, we might expect the long coastal plain to be of great use; but here are wide stretches, very hot and dry, of desert land, clothed with vegetation for a few days only after the rare rain has covered it with grass and bright flowers as if with the wand of a magician. Where the large rivers flow the soil is rich and fertile, and as irrigation is improved, the best results are obtained.

The central part of the country is covered with the grand Andes, in all the magnificence of deep valleys and high table-lands, where people live in cool comfort, though so near the equator; and the soil is good. Above them tower the huge and

glittering white mountain masses. In parts of Peru the llama, alpaca, and vicuña run wild, and the hair and wool of these animals make fine materials for clothes.

Lima, the capital, founded by Pizarro, is connected with its port, Callao, by a railway six miles long. The fine Gothic cathedral, containing the bones of the conqueror, stands boldly out from among the low houses which border the narrow streets.

The old city of Cuzco, to reach which Pizarro and his companions toiled up 11,000 feet, is also connected by railway with the coast, and is of the deepest interest, being full of reminders of the vanished native rulers, the Incas.

HOW A STEAMER WAS CARRIED ON THE BACKS OF MULES

To develop the rubber region on the head waters of the Amazon, where other valuable trees—such as that which gives the useful medicine, quinine—are also found, a steamboat has been put on one of the feeders of the great river. The boat was carried in sections on the backs of mules from the Peruvian coast to the river, and it steams about collecting the rubber, unloading again at the most available points. Mules and llamas do their share of the transport to the terminus of the railroad, and then it is an easy journey to the Atlantic coast. There the rubber is shifted aboard ship for distribution to all parts of the world.

Railways are greatly needed to develop the old silver-mines. One of the lines already laid climbs about as high as the top of Mont Blanc, leading, as it does, through mining regions to Cerro de Pasco—the highest town in the world.

THE MOUNTAIN LAND WITH MANY KINDS OF CLIMATE

THE small republic of Ecuador is slipped in between Peru and Colombia. Its name is the Spanish for equator. The capital, Quito, is almost on the line of the equator, but it is so high up in the mountains—nearly 10,000 feet—that it has a climate no hotter than we enjoy in a pleasant spring. Round the plain of Quito stand the great volcanoes of the Andes, some of them active.

As with the rest of the countries in the Andes, the climate varies with the height. On the sea-coast, and on the plains east of the Andes, there is moist heat which suits cocoa—the principal export—cotton, tobacco, and other tropical vegetation. Mining is carried on, and railways are being made in all directions, connecting the high table-lands and the coast.

COLOMBIA AND ITS PRODUCTS

COLOMBIA includes the northern part of the Andes, which here spread out in separate chains, with high plains between them. One of these chains passes on through the Isthmus of Panama to connect with the ranges of the northern continent. The most easterly of the table-lands is very healthy, and here most of the people in the republic live.

Along the coast is a low and fertile plain, crossed by many short rivers. The Magdalena River runs northward to the Caribbean Sea, and is very useful as a commercial highway, being navigable by steamers and boats for about 600 miles from the sea. The capital, Bogota, is built upon a plateau over 8000 feet high.

The valley country is very pretty and fertile. Colombia possesses thick forests of mahogany, cedar, rubber, and many dyewoods, and grows many very valuable agricultural products, such as cocoa, coffee, tobacco, cotton, and wheat.

VAST PLAINS WITH MILLIONS OF CATTLE AND SHEEP

THERE are many self-governing states in the maritime republic of Venezuela, which unite for common defense.

The Orinoco is a long and great river, and much of it is navigable. It rises in the Parima Mountains, which form the southern border of the republic, and is joined by many large tributaries. These flow through vast grassy plains, where millions of cattle, sheep, and horses feed. Among the plains stand, at intervals, very rich forests, from which much timber is exported. Most of the country being very hot, all the tropical vegetation flourishes in a most luxuriant manner.

The gold-mines of Venezuela are very rich; it also sends away much copper. The capital is Caracas, 3000 feet above the Caribbean Sea, from which it is twelve miles distant. La Guaira is its port. Many of the names in this part of South America recall the story of Kingsley's "Westward Ho!"—which we all should read.

WATER THAT FALLS OVER CLIFFS TO FEED GREAT RIVERS

BETWEEN Venezuela and British Guiana is the famous Mount Roraima, an immense mass of light red rock, eighteen miles long, with straight, bare walls at least 1500 feet high. Its top, over 8000 feet above the level of the sea, is perfectly flat. On this flat top rise several streams which dash over the edges of the sheer precipices, forming magnificent cascades as they hurry away to feed the Orinoco and the Amazon.

In the provinces of the north are many uncivilized Indians and great numbers of people of mixed Indian and Spanish blood. The rest of the inhabitants are chiefly whites of Spanish descent, though Europeans of many nationalities go there to construct railways and bridges, thus opening up the country and helping to make available all the hidden treasures of mines, plains, and forests.

South America is truly a wonderful continent, whether we look at its strange history or the beauties of its strongly marked face. There are left, as we have seen, comparatively few traces of the great vista of years when the continent, alone and self-contained, lived its own life unknown to the rest of the world.

INTEREST OF THE PRESENT AND THE PAST IN SOUTH AMERICA

WE have before us the wonderful works of stone that time has spared, and we have the presence to-day, on the soil, of the descendants of the old races thrust aside by newcomers from the East four hundred years ago. Then follows the dazzling but sad story of how the old gave place to the new, through the Spanish and Portuguese rule, and the romance of last century, during which the whole continent, except the three Guianas, formed itself into independent and free states, working out their own lives and fortunes amid their enormous opportunities.

We have only been able to glance at these while trying to realize the outlook of mighty space and size from the heights of the Andes, or to take in the grandeur of the Amazon and its forests, teeming with life, from the ocean far away into the interior. Besides all this, we have felt the solitudes of the vast rolling pampas and the desert steppes of Patagonia, and the chill of death and decay in the dreary Land of Fire.

As we think again over the map, we are filled with wonder at what man is doing in this great continent, ever pushing a little farther into its hidden secrets, a tunnel here, a steamer far from the sea there, and trains from the sea to the clouds. In many directions, too, he is influencing climate by draining and watering, settling and building. And when we look at the lines of the steamship routes round the coast, across the two oceans, we realize the links that bind the New World to the Old. Especially do these lines draw closely together at Panama and Colon, where the railway crosses the Isthmus. We seem almost to hear the blasting and the crash of the steam-shovel at the canal works. What changes it will bring to the ports on the Pacific side when the ships steam proudly through, and the dreams of the old explorers come true at last!

PEEPS INTO AFRICAN COUNTRIES

THE LAND OF BARBARY

THE Barbary States extend for a distance of more than two thousand miles from the western extremity of Morocco to the borders of Egypt. On the south they approach and include part of the Sahara. Except toward the east the coast line is unbroken by inlets of any considerable size, and generally presents a steep and rocky front to the sea. Harbors are few and there is not one river that is navigable.

The Atlas system is composed mostly of limestone, and yields gold, copper, lead, iron, and antimony in abundance; it can be called a mountain range only in Morocco, as it becomes a broad elevated plateau in Algeria and Tunis. Parallel with it, but some sixty to a hundred miles to the south, is the little known range of the Anti-Atlas.

The population of Morocco is estimated at about 5,000,000; half a million of these are Jews, who are often badly treated, yet a heavy fine is imposed upon a Jew who desires to leave the country. Besides the three capitals, Fez, Mekinez, and Morocco, a town of some importance is Tangier, the center of the trade carried on with foreign ports.

Algeria and Tunis have vastly improved under the rule of France. Wells have been sunk, and sandy wastes have been converted into fertile districts, producing wheat, barley, and maize in increasing quantities. Along the coast market-gardening has been largely developed, and from this district the markets of London and Paris get their earliest supplies of potatoes, peas, asparagus, and other vegetables.

The chief town of Algeria is Algiers, which is built on the slope of a hill. Its appearance, when viewed from the sea, is very beautiful. A succession of dazzling white steps, or terraces, rising higher and higher, stand out in striking contrast to the blue sea at the foot and the dark green of the background.

Bona is now considered to be one of the most European of Algerian cities, and has one of the

best of the few harbors on this coast. Constantine is the most important of the inland towns. Tunis, still one of the largest cities in Africa, stands on the edge of a large salt-water lagoon, upon rising ground, at the top of which is the citadel.

The Sultan of Turkey claims the country between Tunis and Egypt, and appoints a Governor-General to act on his behalf. In Tripoli proper, along the coast to about fifty or sixty miles inland, there are fertile tracts, but beyond this is open desert with here and there an oasis. To this the wooded hills, smiling prairies and well-watered valleys of Barca form a striking contrast.

The dwellers among the mountains of Barbary are chiefly Berbers; the inhabitants of the plains are Arabs, while the town people are Moors. The chief religion is Mohammedanism, which imposes frequent prayers, alms-giving, fasting, and pilgrimage on the people. Before prayer the hands, face, ears, and feet have to be washed in water, when it can be procured; otherwise, in sand. Every person must pray five times a day with his face turned toward Mecca, the mosques being always open for prayer. During one month, every Mohammedan must abstain from eating, drinking, smoking, smelling perfumes, and every kind of indulgence from sunrise to sunset, when the restriction ceases. Sometimes the month of abstinence comes during the hot season, when to fast for a whole day, especially from water, is extremely painful.

To the south of the Barbary States lies the great Sahara Desert, now crossed in many directions by caravans, which exchange the manufactures of Europe for the gold dust, ivory, ostrich feathers, spices, gums, nuts, dates, and palm-oil of the African interior. Its area is over a million square miles, and its population may be anything from a quarter to half a million.

Unlike the sand of the seashore, that of the Sahara contains many particles of clay, which accounts for its fertility when water in sufficient quantity is present. The great change that takes



AFRICAN TYPES.

1. A SWAZI WARRIOR, SWAZILAND.

2. AN UPPER MENDI CHIEF IN WAR COSTUME,
SIERRA LEONE.

3. TUAREGS, SOUTH ALGERIA.

4. AN UPPER MENDI CHIEF, SIERRA LEONE.

place in the density of the desert atmosphere, besides causing land and sea breezes and monsoons, often produces the mirage—a fanciful view of palms overshadowing some limpid pool, that fills the jaded and thirsty traveler with a new energy, and urges him onward with fevered haste, only to recede and vanish utterly from his disappointed gaze.

THE MOUNTAIN LAND OF ABYSSINIA

SHUT in on the north and west by the sandy Arabian desert, bordered on the south by the deserts of Somaliland, and on the east by the Arabian mountains, lies the high plateau of Abyssinia, fully seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. Plateau though it is, it is hard to realize the fact. Split up by huge rocky gorges, through which rush its roaring mountain torrents, it presents the appearance of a number of islands, on which isolated peaks rise to great heights.

In the center of the plateau, and about three thousand feet below its level, lies the great Tsana Lake, forty-five miles long and twenty-five miles broad. Northeast of the lake, there is a huge fissure over two hundred feet deep, through which rush the waters of the Takazze to join the Black Nile.

From a cleft in the south side of the lake, at a height of six thousand feet above the sea, issues the river Abai. It flows in a semicircle round the plateau to the plains of Senaar, when it assumes the name of the Blue Nile, bringing the flood waters of the tropics to water the crops in the Delta, a thousand miles away.

All along the west coast of the Red Sea runs a long range of mountains, broken here and there. Between them and the Nile lies a barren stony waste, dotted here and there with poor, prickly, scrubby vegetation, and broken by wadies, or water beds, which are dry for the greater part of the year.

Abyssinia itself is divided into three main divisions, Tigré in the north, Amhara in the center, and Shoa in the south. As a whole, the climate is pleasant, because of the elevation of the country, though in the river valleys the atmosphere is suffocating and noxious. The country is exceedingly fertile; two and even three crops can be raised in a year. Cotton, indigo, date-palms, bananas, the sugar-cane and the coffee-plant flourish abundantly.

When Africa was divided among the powers of Europe, Italy, who already possessed a colony at the seaport, Massowa, received as her portion the territory round Abyssinia, including the strip, called Eritrea, along the shore of the Red Sea.

But much of this extensive territory has been recovered by the Negus or Emperor of Abyssinia; and Italy has now to be content with the colony of Eritrea, with the valuable pearl fisheries of certain islands, and a narrow strip of country called Italian Somaliland.

The inhabitants of Abyssinia are a varied collection. The chief element is the Abyssinian proper, a dark brown, well-built race. Besides this, there is a large number of Jews, and of Gallas, a native tribe. The religion is a degraded form of Christianity, but the Gallas are Mohammedans. The chief towns are Gondar, Ankober, and Adua, but all the trade exports, except those which are carried west by caravans, pass through Massowa.

FROM DARFUR TO MOMBASA

WITH the exception of the Nile valley, Darfur is the only part of Nubia that is always habitable. Its northern portion is sandy and waterless, but the rest of the land is fertile, and during the rainy season is covered with thick luxuriant vegetation, tobacco being abundant. Copper and iron are also plentiful, but the wealth of the country lies chiefly in cattle. The inhabitants, called Fulahs, are a fine race, numbering about four millions, and belong to the Mohammedan religion.

West of Darfur is the country of the Wadai, a powerful and warlike race, of which little is known. Now it is included within the French and British spheres of influence. East of Darfur is the territory of Kordofan, the home of the millet, which is the chief food of its three hundred thousand inhabitants. This plant, or rather grass, resembles the sugar-cane; it has a sweet, juicy pith and grows to the height of from four to eight feet. El Obeid, the chief town, with a population of thirty thousand, receives the agricultural produce of the native negroes.

South of these three Sudanese countries is the "river land," the Zeriba district of the Arabs. The country is one of the most fertile in Africa, rich in cattle, fruit, and corn. At one period it was frequently raided, as indeed were most of the Central African States, by the Arabs in their search for slaves, who were marched in gangs either northeast to the Red Sea, or eastward to Somaliland and the shores of the Indian Ocean.

Though differently named, and separated from Italian Somaliland by the political frontier of the Juba river, British East Africa is really a part of Somaliland. The same general features prevail, except in the western region round the great lakes.

In the center of the British possession lies Lake



WARFARE IN ITS PRIMITIVE TERMS—A NUBIAN SPEARMAN.

Rudolf, one hundred and sixty miles long and twenty miles broad. It is fed by streams which rise in the Kaffa uplands, whence comes some of the finest coffee that is to be had, and from which the name of the beverage is said to be derived. In the south is Mount Kenia, one of the highest peaks in Africa.

The climate is very peculiar. The coast lands have their wet season from December to May; whereas in the interior the rains begin in March and continue till June. The hot lands, which extend from the coast up to the height of five thousand feet on the plateau ridges, grow cotton, indigo, ebony, sugar-canes, date-palms, coffee-plants and banana trees.

Higher up, that is, above eight thousand feet, is the temperate zone, where grow most of the grasses and cereals of Europe, and also the terebinth (or turpentine) and juniper trees. Orange, citron, apricot and peach trees also flourish in this district. Higher still is the cold zone, which provides only pasture for goats, cattle, and the thickly-wooled sheep.

The chief town of British East Africa is Mombasa, which is connected with Europe by telegraph. It possesses one of the best harbors on the east coast, and is the terminus of a railway which already communicates with Lake Victoria Nyanza, and is being extended to the Uganda Protectorate.

North of the river Juba lies Somaliland, part of which is British, part Italian. This vast tract of land, an undulating plateau, is barren and parched, but in the rainy season it is in parts very swampy. Here are to be found nearly all the wild animals for which this continent is noted.

Uganda, which supports a population of about five million inhabitants, was described by Stanley as the "Pearl of Africa." The climate is temperate, on account of the great elevation of the country, which for the most part consists of an undulating plain, broken here and there by mountains, the loftiest of which is Mount Ruwenzori, more than sixteen thousand feet high.

Coffee, sugar-cane, maize, wheat, and rice are here cultivated with great success; and domestic animals, such as cows, sheep, and goats, have also been introduced, the splendid grazing grounds of this country being especially suitable for them. Banana groves abound everywhere, producing an abundance of fruit with or without cultivation, and supplying the natives with the wine that is their favorite drink.

The people are good-looking and strong, and, though generally lazy, are so intelligent and clever in workmanship that they have been likened to the Japanese for skill. Pottery, metal,

wood and basket work, bark cloths, boat-building, and printing engage their attention, as well as dyeing and tanning; they have, too, great musical talent, and love to sing and dance to the sound of drums.

EAST AFRICA AND ZANZIBAR, ITS FINE, BUSY PORT

LYING off the coast are the two islands of Zanzibar and Pemba, which were brought under British control by an agreement with Germany in 1890. The trading city of Zanzibar possesses a magnificent harbor, in which the fine merchant vessels of many countries exchange their goods for those brought from the East Indies. Many of the ships return laden with beautiful ivory tusks, which the natives of the interior are only too glad to barter for the glass beads and gaudy calicoes sent from Europe and India.

German East Africa, the scene of many fearful adventures by noted explorers, was taken possession of by Germany in 1884, though it was at that time part of the dominion of the Sultan of Zanzibar. Its chief physical features are a fertile coast followed by a succession of interior uplands, culminating in the highest mountain peaks of the continent, namely, the twin-peaked snow-topped Kilimanjaro, nineteen thousand seven hundred and twenty feet high, almost on the equator. These peaks, crowned with snow, which the natives believe to be silver, are really two craters, one of which is more than a mile in circumference, and of a fearful depth.

Much of the interior is a sandy waste, where scorching days are followed by chilly nights. The coast, too, has an unhealthy climate. Over thirty different tribes, some of them cannibals, people this great territory, where Arab influences still have most of their old sway.

Bagamoyo, opposite Zanzibar, has been for ages one of the starting points of caravans for the interior. It has a picturesque bazaar, many imposing religious buildings, and a busy trade. One of the commercial centers of the interior is Tabora, which commands routes from Ujiji and other places; and there is Ujiji itself, the great Arab center for traffic in slaves and ivory, lying in a low, swampy, and unhealthy district.

Portuguese East Africa extends from Tongaland to Cape Delgado, and the surface of the land somewhat resembles that of Natal. In the hands of the British it would be turned to valuable account, but the Portuguese are not good colonists; the few officials are content to collect the taxes, while the government, especially that of



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A WAR DANCE.



ZULUS.

A RUSH IN BATTLE

the interior, is practically in the hands of local chiefs, mostly half-breeds, who call themselves captains-major.

The surface of the land somewhat resembles that of Natal; there is the level coast-plain, gradually widening as it extends northward, full of fever-breeding swamps; behind and above are the ever-rising slopes, covered with scrub and rough pasture, and in the more fertile parts with crops of rice, cotton, coffee, rubber, tobacco, and indigo, varied by forests of good timber. Here the climate is more wholesome, and quite suitable for Europeans.

Beira and Lourenço Marques, the two chief ports of Portuguese East Africa, owe their importance more to the demands of British than of Portuguese settlers. Beira is the outlet for the gold of Mashonaland and the terminus of the African Trans-Continental Telegraph. Lourenço Marques, an unhealthy port, built on an excellent harbor, is the nearest seaport to Johannesburg and Pretoria, and is therefore a powerful rival to Durban and the other seaports lying south.

WEST AFRICA—A GROUP OF BRITISH POSSESSIONS

THE British possessions in West Africa include Gambia, Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, Ashanti, Lagos, and Nigeria. The first of these, which is the most northerly, derived its name from the river Gambia, where the Portuguese formed an early settlement, lured to the spot by stories that the hinterland teemed with gold, and that far-off Timbuctoo was a wondrous city of untold wealth.

Gambia, covering with its protectorate an area of about three thousand five hundred square miles, is the smallest West African possession of the Empire. The people, numbering altogether but one fourth as many as the city of Baltimore, are mostly pagans, and in their habits and pursuits by no means progressive.

The capital, Bathurst, on St. Mary's Island, is like most West African towns of any importance—a few European houses, a multitude of tumble-down native huts, and a well-shaded market place, where a motley collection of men and women may be seen, dressed in strange costumes of many colors.

Sierra Leone has a fine harbor, which is not only picturesque, but one of the best in the world. The colony is well suited for growing rice and coffee, and in recent years has made great strides. At first, it was a settlement for freed slaves, and the capital, Freetown, has a good town hall, erected in memory of Wilberforce, the friend of the slaves.

The Gold Coast, which is bounded on the west by the French Ivory Coast territory, is a very promising colony. Akkra, the seat of government, is brought into keen commercial competition with several other ports of importance, such as Cape Coast Castle (the former capital), and Elmina (the old Portuguese stronghold). Rubber and palm-oil are the chief exports.

Ashanti forms the hinterland of the Gold Coast, and has rich deposits of gold. The people are exceedingly brave and more highly civilized than other West African native tribes; and no wonder, therefore, that in the early part of the nineteenth century they became the most powerful savage nation in this part of Africa. It has been necessary to send expeditions against the Ashantis more than once.

Lagos, one of the most successful of this group of colonies, was so named on account of its extraordinary network of lagoons, which form a series of canals near and along the surf-beaten shore. This natural formation, combined with the bush and jungle, offered exceptional facilities to the slave-shippers in the days when the exportation of slaves was carefully watched. Maize, palm-oil and ivory are now the chief articles of trade, and the capital, also named Lagos, is a flourishing town.

Nigeria is divided into two protectorates, known as Southern and Northern Nigeria respectively. The former extends along the seaboard, which is one great network of creeks, swamps and rivers, inhabited by tribes of a very low type, who display little or no capacity for improvement. The protectorate of Northern Nigeria is inland, and includes some important states, such as Bornu, near Lake Chad, and the empire of the Sultan of Sokoto.

Bornu has a long history, extending over a thousand years, and was, at one time, a most powerful kingdom. Great prosperity, however, brought about its sudden decline. For centuries, trade has existed between Bornu and Tripoli, along the usual caravan route, the former supplying chiefly ostrich feathers, ivory, and slaves in exchange for European manufactures.

The Sultan of Sokoto holds sway over a vast country extending from Lagos to beyond Lake Chad. This is a fickle lake, into which many rivers pour their waters during the rainy season; it then becomes an immense lagoon, the opposite sides of which are not visible at the same time. It is, however, constantly changing its borders, and in the dry season practically disappears. The water is perfectly fresh, and when the lake is in flood, herds of hippopotami and numbers of crocodiles frequent its shores.



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THE COUNTRY OF THE BOERS.

UPPER: LOOKING INTO THE ORANGE FREE STATE.
LOWER: BOER FARMHOUSE AND NEW ZEALAND HILL.

THE WESTERN AND CENTRAL SPHERES

LIBERIA is the only independent state of any considerable size on the west coast of Africa. It was founded for the liberated slaves of North America, and its government is republican, being a copy of our own United States. Monrovia, the capital, has a black population of fifteen thousand; and the whole country contains upward of a million souls.

A glance at the map shows that the rest of West Africa consists of the colonies and the spheres of influence of the great European powers. Those belonging to France cover an immense area, and comprise the Western Sudan, the regions of the Upper Niger and Senegal rivers, and the whole of the Sahara territory south of Algeria. The colony of Senegal, on the west, affords a means of communication with the interior. St. Louis, the capital, stands near the mouth of the Senegal. The Ivory Coast colony also belongs to France.

Dahomey, once a powerful negro state, to the north of the Slave Coast, is now within the sphere of French influence. Undulating plains and uplands, partially covered with forests, and vast agricultural stretches of land, on which coffee, cotton, maize, fruits, and the sugar-cane grow, are the chief physical features of the country; a quantity of gold dust is exported.

French Kongo territory takes in nearly the whole seaboard from the Cameroons to the Lower Kongo—a coast line of about nine hundred miles, with its hinterland. In it are included the basins of important rivers, like the Gaboon and the Lower Kongo.

The Cameroons came under the influence of Germany in 1885. The Cameroon Mountains are a magnificent spectacle, sloping up from the shore, and covered with dense forests nearly half-way up, with plantation clearings, on which grow the oil-palm, the cocoanut and the banana. The Cameroon River, the largest stream in the country, swarms with prawns.

German Southwest Africa, consisting of Damaraland and Great Namaqualand, is bounded on the north by Portuguese territory, and on the south by the Orange River. Germany proclaimed a protectorate over the whole of this region in 1884, with the exception of the strip of land known as Walfisch Bay, which belongs to Great Britain. Most of this vast territory consists of tableland, and is one of the worst watered countries in the world. The population is thin, and there are no interior towns, although it is a region said to be rich in minerals.

Portuguese West Africa has its hinterland

bounded chiefly by the Kongo Free State. It is officially known as Angola, and is in a very backward state, considering its resources. Loanda, the capital, has a good harbor with a flourishing trade. Noki, on the left bank of the Kongo, is a port accessible to ocean-going steamers.

The Kongo Free State has a unique history. After Stanley had discovered the course of the great river which gives this territory its name, he was commissioned by the King of the Belgians to establish trading and mission stations. Accordingly, in 1879, he set to work, and after nearly six years' labor the enterprising explorer returned with between four and five hundred treaties made with the various chiefs.

Armed with these treaties, the King of the Belgians appealed to the civilized world for help, with the result that the Berlin Congress in 1885 recognized "the Kongo Free State" as a sovereign power, with Leopold II. as its first king. It was intended that the State should cover the whole ground of the Kongo basin; that, however, was rendered impossible, as several European powers had already settled upon it. The Free State extends from the Atlantic eastward to Lake Tanganyika, and covers an area ten times greater than that of Great Britain. Boma, the capital and a fine trading depot, has a good harbor.

FROM THE CAPE TO LAKE TANGANYIKA

SINCE the annexation in 1900 of the two countries now known as the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal, British territory extends without a break from the Cape of Good Hope to Lake Tanganyika. All this land, however, is not under the same government; it includes no less than eight colonies and protectorates.

The British Central African Protectorate, formerly called Nyassaland, was the scene of the earlier explorations of the heroic Dr. Livingstone. Blantyre (named after his birthplace) is the chief commercial center, but Zomba is the headquarters of the administration. Another British protectorate is Bechuanaland, which lies between the Transvaal and German territory.

In 1889 the British South Africa Company was formed to acquire mining and other rights in undeveloped lands inhabited by the Mashonas, Matabeles, and other native tribes, and to which has since been given the name Rhodesia. Communication has been established with Rhodesia by rail from Cape Town to Bulawayo, the latter being of greater importance than Salisbury, the Rhodesian capital. This line passes through Kimberley and Mafeking, and is to form part of the great project, popularly known as the "Cape to Cairo"



From a photograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

PRESIDENT KRUGER, AND HIS HOUSE AT PRETORIA.

Railway, which is to bind the British possessions more closely together.

Rhodesia practically comprises the basin of the Zambesi, which is twelve hundred miles long, and is the fourth in size of the African rivers. In its course occur the great Victoria Falls, one of the grandest sights in the world. The white spray, which rises from these falls in huge columns like clouds of steam, may be seen twenty miles away.

The Orange River divides Cape Colony from German Namaqualand and Orange River Colony; and its chief tributary, the Vaal, is also an important boundary line; its entrance is blocked by a sandbar, and nowhere is it navigable. The Limpopo, sometimes called the Crocodile River because of the number of these creatures found in its waters, makes a circular sweep round the Transvaal and forms its northern boundary.

South Africa has only two seasons, the dry and the rainy, the latter occurring during the winter; and, since this tract of country is in the southern hemisphere, summer and winter happen at opposite times of the year to ours. The vegetation varies from the luxuriant growths of timber of the region bordering on the tropics, to the stunted scrub and scattered tufts of grass of the karroo and veldt. Forests are rare in the south, but the spruits or river valleys are usually covered with "bush," that is, with trees of short growth and scanty foliage. Flowers are of endless variety, and after refreshing rains even the parched karroo is covered with brilliant blooms.

In addition to the gold and diamond mines, which have so greatly increased the prosperity of the colonies in recent years, there are workable deposits of coal in the Transvaal and northwest Natal. Some silver is obtainable from mines in the neighborhood of Pretoria; and copper, iron, and lead exist in paying quantities in many districts.

The early white settlers in Cape Colony found three races of native people, differing from each other in many respects, but possessing the common quality of savage life in greater or less degree. Of these, the Bushmen are almost extinct, as they show no inclination to adopt civilized methods of living; the Hottentots are content to act as domestic servants or farm laborers, but are gradually dying out as a race; while the Kaffirs (or Bantus) multiply and thrive in a remarkable manner under the better laws and habits of their conquerors.

The lion, the terror of the early colonists, is now only to be found roaming in the Kalahari Desert, though a solitary animal sometimes appears on the outlying farms of Rhodesia. But he is less dreaded than the leopard, locally known

as the "tiger," which frequents the mountainous districts. This animal preys upon baboons, and the smaller kinds of antelopes. Of antelopes there are many varieties, the most noteworthy being the spring-bok, which can bound to a height of twelve feet, and clear fifteen feet of ground at each spring.

There are many kinds of snakes; scorpions abound; and there are also venomous spiders. Among the larger birds are the eagle and hawk; the secretary bird, which preys on snakes and other noxious creatures; and the bustard, not so big as the ostrich, yet resembling it in its motion; while among the smaller kinds are to be enumerated the snipe and the quail, the teal, widgeon, wild duck, and other familiar waterfowl, which furnish not only sport to the pleasure-seeking hunter, but food to the many birds of prey, ever on the alert to pounce upon their careless victims.

THE GREAT SOUTH AFRICAN COLONIES

THE Cape, the oldest South African colony belonging to Great Britain, formerly belonged to Holland, and a large part of the population is still of Dutch extraction. In spite of its great extent of coast-line, it possesses very few good harbors. Table Bay affords excellent anchorage from September to May, when the southeast monsoon blows, but during the other months of the year, better shelter from the northwest wind is obtained in St. Simon's Bay, a few miles to the southeast. Here the ships of the Cape squadron may often be seen lying at anchor.

Cape Town, the capital of the colony, stands on Table Bay. The aspect of the town and its surroundings, as viewed from the deck of a ship anchored in St. Simon's Bay, is extremely striking. On the right rises a curiously shaped hill, with the appropriate name of the "Lion's Head"; in front is the flat-topped Table Mountain, and on the left stands the picturesque height known as "Devil's Peak."

The town itself is not particularly attractive, the majority of the streets being narrow and built of mean-looking houses, which are chiefly occupied by the colored residents. Prominent among these, however, are some stately public buildings, including Parliament House, and a handsome museum. The suburbs furnish a much more agreeable prospect, with their clusters of residences, varied here and there with some quaint specimens of the old Dutch style. They are reached by excellent roads, lined with imposing trees and garden shrubberies, from which peep out pretty, thatched homesteads and comfortable-looking villas.



From photographs, copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

GENERALS BOTHA, DE WET, AND DE LA REY.

COMMANDERS IN BOER WAR.



LORD ROBERTS.

Port Elizabeth is second only to Cape Town in importance, and ranks almost equally with it as a seaport. But the open character of Algoa Bay, upon which it stands, does not give it the same security for shipping as its rival. It is connected by rail with Grahamstown, the center of a healthy district devoted to the rearing of sheep and ostriches.

Farming and sheep-rearing are the chief industries of the Dutch element throughout the colony, and wool is a most valuable article of trade. Ostrich feathers, hides, copper ore, and goat's hair—of the Angora breed, from which mohair is made—are among the chief exports. Vine growing and wine production are also receiving attention, but nothing now compares in value with the output of diamonds from the mines of Kimberley.

This "City of Diamonds" is situated in Griqualand West, and furnishes a striking appearance on account of its irregular form. The white diggers now have a portion of the town reserved for their occupation, and their pretty whitewashed cottages, with their neat plots of grass or gaily-colored beds of flowers, greatly brighten the aspect. In recent years, some very handsome buildings have been erected, and much of the dull character of the town has vanished.

In its general aspect, Natal, to some extent, resembles Cape Colony. The coast belt, extending inland for about twelve or fifteen miles, bears a more or less evergreen and semi-tropical appearance. Then the land rises gently in terraces of verdant, productive soil, each succeeding elevation possessing its own features of climate and products. Towering above the topmost of these tablelands, and tempering the hot winds from the north, are the Drakensberg Mountains, which form the western boundary. To the north are the strips of country known as Zululand, and British Amatangaland, both of which now form part of the colony of Natal.

Durban, the seaport of Natal, is the largest town and the chief seat of trade. Its streets are broad and clean, well paved, and lined with handsome trees; its water supply and drainage system are admirable. A striking feature of the streets is the Japanese rickshaw, or two-wheeled cart, drawn by muscular young Zulus, who imitate the actions of a restive horse, and find a keen delight in the alarm of their passengers at their adventurous feats. But their unfailing good-humor and trustworthiness more than make up for their childish tricks.

Maritzburg, the capital, distant about seventy miles from Durban, is situated in the uplands some two thousand feet above the level of the sea. The railway, stretching away to the north,

takes us over the Tugela River to the important frontier town of Ladysmith, the scene of a memorable siege by the Boers in 1900. Beyond Ladysmith on the main line is Newcastle, where coal of an excellent quality is produced in great abundance.

The Orange River Colony and the Transvaal form part of the great plateau of South Africa, and mainly consist of one vast rolling stretch of pasture land, broken here and there by rough barren hills, known as "kopjes," and rich fertile valleys with flourishing cornfields and prosperous looking farms. Generally speaking, the land is rarely tilled, the Boers preferring to rear large herds of cattle on the grassy slopes of the uplands.

One may travel through the whole extent of the Orange River Colony, and see nothing to break the monotony of the prairie country except a few farmsteads; then, reaching the Transvaal, the traveler's gaze is met with the signs of busy mining life. First, he passes through the coalfields of Kroonstad and Heilbron, and soon views the tall chimneys of the Johannesburg gold mines, which stretch away to the west for quite fifty miles, through the district of the Witwatersrand.

Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange River Colony, is a pretty little town lying well up on a healthy tableland. The capital of the Transvaal is Pretoria, but Johannesburg is the most important town. The "Golden City," as the latter is sometimes called, is situated at a height of about seven thousand feet, where the air is so bracing as to make the inhabitants always excited and full of energy. The talk of the restless throngs of men is ever of gold, and the handsome buildings, flanking the broad avenues, seem in their magnificence to echo the word.

Basutoland, a mountain tract of country, is a separate colony. The natives manage their own affairs under the supervision of a British resident, and they are rapidly abandoning their old savage customs.

THE ISLANDS OF AFRICA

WITH the exception of Madagascar, the even coast-line of Africa is relieved by only a few small islands that are mere specks in the ocean. Off the northwest coast lie three clusters of islands, of which one, the Canary group, is a Spanish possession; while the other two, Madeira and Cape Verde Islands, belong to Portugal.

The Canary Islands are thirteen in number, Teneriffe, Grand Canary and Palma being the principal members of the group. The former is surmounted by a volcanic peak bearing the same

name; and, rising to a height of twelve thousand feet, its appearance to approaching ships furnishes an interesting contrast to the smiling and verdant plains at its base.

The principal product of the islands is wine. The cochineal, a small insect, is also extensively cultivated; in fact, about one-half of the whole supply of this coloring matter now comes from these islands, and certain trees are grown in immense numbers to encourage the production of the insect, in just the same way that the French take care of the silkworm by keeping up the supply of mulberry-trees.

Madeira is almost close enough to Portugal to be considered European territory. Its climate is of a most even character, and consequently attracts many invalids suffering from consumption. The eye of the visitor is cheered with visions of orange trees laden with flowers and fruit, feathery-topped bananas, and snowy-belled tulips growing in wild profusion. The Cape Verde Islands lack the fertility and wholesome character of the climate of Madeira. Coffee is, however, produced in some quantity, and salt and leather are important articles of commerce.

The passengers of a liner bound for "the Cape" soon lose sight of land after passing Cape Verde, and the first break in the horizon is a bare rock that rises solemnly out of the ocean as the steamer plows its onward way. Here, perchance, it may call for coal at Georgetown, which is the port of the island of Ascension. Possibly, too, it may take on board some of the many fine turtles that are caught in its waters.

Another two or three days' swift steaming brings us to the island of St. Helena, which, like Ascension, belongs to Britain. The early impression of a tall mountain gives place to a view of high cliffs and rocky gorges, at the foot of one of which lies Jamestown, the capital of the island. Here, in 1815, Napoleon landed, to spend six weary years in exile; and here, nearly a hundred years later, General Cronje and his four thousand men were placed in safe keeping until the close of the Boer war.

Tristan d'Acunha lies in the track of vessels working their way between the two famous capes

of Africa and South America. Some British shipwrecked sailors and their families, to the number of about a hundred, constitute the whole population. They welcome the rare calls from passing ships, and think a cat the most valuable gift that can be made to them, for their little island is infested with rats.

On the other side of Africa is another British possession, the island of Mauritius. It was acquired from France after the battle of Waterloo, but the French population has been left undisturbed. Many Hindu and Chinese coolies assist the native negroes on the valuable sugar and coffee plantations of the island.

Madagascar is one of the largest islands in the world, being nearly twice the size of the British Isles. Its surface, like that of Africa, is low and flat round the coast, from which mountains rise to form great interior tablelands. The numerous rivers are of little use, owing to sand-banks and rapids, but, near the sea, some of them open out into beautiful lakes.

The river valleys are exceedingly fertile, though unhealthy for Europeans, and produce rice and manioc (the tapioca plant) abundantly, while cocoanut-trees, sugar, cotton, tobacco, and India-rubber plants flourish with very little attention. Crocodiles abound in the rivers and lakes, and, with the scorpions and serpents, are a great danger to human life; locusts also, the plague of South Africa, pay periodical visits and ravage the crops.

The Hovas are the most intelligent and energetic of the many native tribes, and were the ruling race until the French captured the capital, Antananarivo, in 1894, deposed the queen, and afterward made the island a French possession. Every effort is now being made to introduce French customs. Roads and bridges are also being rapidly constructed, and the telegraph and telephone are helping on the work of civilization.

Réunion (or Bourbon) is also a French possession, the British being satisfied in 1815 to retain Mauritius alone. It resembles the latter island in its volcanic origin, in the mixed character of its population, and in its liberal production of sugar. Its capital is St. Denis.





HOLLAND AND BELGIUM

THE highest land in Europe, and the lowest, are linked together by the river Rhine. Far away amid the mountains of Switzerland it starts on its long journey, leaping like a merry child, till it passes into the quiet waters of Lake Constance. Then, with growing strength, it dashes and roars, as it tumbles over the rocks at Schaffhausen, and then flows, in staid middle life, rapidly and steadily north, useful and strong and beautiful, for many, many miles through Germany. After passing the grand gate of the Seven Mountains near Cologne, it goes slower, as if age had come upon it, and at last, stretching out weary arms, it seems to be blindly searching for the sea, in which to end its course in peace.

The triangle of low land on the shores of the North Sea between France and Germany—lying in the grasp of these arms of the Rhine and about the lower courses of the Meuse and the Schelde where the great north plain of Europe is narrowest—has been known through history as the Low Countries, or the Netherlands, nether meaning lower. Small as the district is—not so large as Scotland—it has fallen into two distinct countries, occasionally united under one rule through the centuries. Holland, the hollow or marshy land, the northern and larger half, with its ragged coast, lies chiefly in the Rhine delta. Belgium, to the south, has but fifty miles of coast, and consists of the lowlands drained by the Meuse and Schelde, and the highlands of the Ardennes.

By taking a long ocean voyage we can enter Belgium by the estuary of the Schelde to Antwerp, a very great port, connected by rail and canal with not only the rest of Belgium, but with the industrial towns of the Lower Rhine, about a hundred miles away, and easy of access to the places across the ocean which send Europe the raw material that it cannot grow itself. Bruges and Ghent, famous old cities, are connected with Antwerp by canals; and Brussels, the capital, is in the center of the kingdom, so gay, and full of fine shops and handsome buildings, that it is sometimes called a miniature Paris. It is an easy journey to pass from Brussels to Holland.

THE DUTCHMEN'S LONG BATTLE WITH THE SEA

BETWEEN Flushing and the Hook of Holland are the numerous muddy islands formed by the sediments brought down by the great rivers, so here we have some of the earth of Switzerland, Germany, and France. North of Rotterdam are The Hague, the beautiful capital of Holland, Utrecht, Leyden, and Haarlem, so famous in history, and Amsterdam, Holland's largest city of commerce, on an arm of the Zuyder Zee. The Zuyder Zee is the youngest sea in the world, for it was formed only about 600 years ago, when the water burst in over the land, sweeping away villages and the poor folk who lived in them. The greater part of Holland is below the level of the North Sea.

There is an old Dutch proverb: "God made the sea, but we make the shore." For more than a thousand years the making of that shore has been the first duty and thought for those who, living in the land, wished to protect it, and enlarge its borders, against the storms and tides that dash against it.

As we travel through Holland to-day, we are astonished at the engineering skill that has grown through the centuries from perpetual battle with the water.

A LAND WHERE THE FISH SWIM ABOVE AND THE BIRDS FLY BELOW

LET us stand on one of the great dikes, or sea walls. It is perhaps sixty feet high, and broad enough at the top for a carriage road, bordered with trees and buildings. The sea laps quietly, though it may rage and roar to-morrow, not far below the level of this road, and boats come alongside to little piers and quays; but the other side slopes deep down to the green meadows, so that we on the dike can see down the chimneys of the houses nestling on them below, and the fishes on the one side are higher than the birds in the trees on the other. Very strong, built of stones and cement and willow boughs, are these



TWO BOYS OF HOLLAND.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON FROM A PAINTING BY CUYPER.

walls which push back the ocean, and constant care is needed to see that there is no leak, and that the various gates and sluices are in perfect order.

There are strong walls, too, round the lakes and on the banks of the rivers that become flooded when the snow melts in the distant Alps; and everywhere are canals and ditches cut to regulate the flow, and to help the land to keep its head above water. In many places, continuous pumping has to be carried on, and this is largely done by the windmills that are such a feature of the country. From the top of the dike we can perhaps count twenty or more, for the Dutch people make the most of the labor of that riotous giant, the wind, who often does so much mischief in the country.

Besides pumping and draining, the windmills saw up wood and grind corn. Many lakes are formed by the draining of the marshes, which has been done with enormous toil and skill; and as we pass from The Hague to Haarlem in the train, we see one of the largest polders, as the drained marshes are called, beautifully green and fertile.

A CITY BUILT ON ISLANDS, WITH CANALS IN THE STREETS AND 300 BRIDGES

If our visit is in the early summer, the reclaimed land will be brilliant with the lovely bulb flowers for which Holland is so famous. In most of the towns, canals run through the streets. Amsterdam, for instance, is built on almost as many islands as Venice, and the canals are crossed by 300 bridges. The soil is so moist that, generally, houses have to be built on a foundation previously made firm by driving in a number of piles. Erasmus, the great Greek scholar, who lived at Rotterdam, had this in his mind when he said that he knew a city in which people lived like crows on the tops of trees.

Holland is so flat that, if we mount the towers of any of the fine old cathedral churches, we can see all round for miles, right away to the distant horizon. And a bright and wonderful view it is on a sunny day, for the water shines everywhere, and so do the brass weathercocks and the steel railway lines; and even the sails of the boats on the canals gleam against the green of the fields. It is so strange to see sails mixed up with trees, especially when the rivers or canals are higher than the fields. And over all is the tenderest, most delicate light, which Dutch artists know so well how to paint in their pictures.

If our visit to Holland is in the winter, a very

different scene meets our eye. Instead of the vivid green, a mantle of white rests over all, and the gleaming waters of the canals and ditches are frozen hard and are covered with skaters—doctors going to their patients, children to school, laborers to their work. The Dutch are among the best skaters in the world. In the cities of the Netherlands there are many beautiful pictures by great Dutch artists, such as Rembrandt, Rubens, Frans Hals, and these, with the relics in the museums, tell us of the life and history of the country, the great scenes which took place through the centuries; we may study the portraits of the leading men who made or marred its happiness, as well as the pictures of home life in palaces and cottages in days long since passed away.

Let us now, for a while, leave the busy and populous Belgium of to-day, and the Holland so carefully wrested and guarded from the ocean, and glance at the story, extending over two thousand years, of the struggles by which the Netherlands have not only in the end kept their small corner of Europe independent, but which have so strengthened and educated the people that, for centuries, they have been the world's teachers in most of the matters that are worth knowing.

The Low Countries formed but a dull, damp district, shut in by the gloomy depths of boundless forests, when we first caught sight of them in the searchlight thrown by Roman civilization. For countless ages the rivers, which, we see, are very numerous all over the land, had been steadily bringing down slime and mud, and the wind and tide had been occasionally dispersing and destroying the banks thus formed. The early Celtic people who chose these shifting swamps for their home lived like beavers among the tangled brushwood on the islands at the mouth of the Rhine. The bravest of them were the Belgæ, who have left their name in Belgium; and, when the Romans came, several German tribes, of much the same stock as our own forefathers, had pushed out the Celts. Among them the Batavians and the Frisians were celebrated for bravery and love of freedom and their determination to protect the land on which they dwelt. The Batavians proved of great use in the Roman armies.

In the fourth century, the Frankish tribes came swarming over the Rhine, and by degrees they absorbed the Frisians and the Batavians and the rest of the tribes living in the morasses and low plains, till at length all the country fell under the rule of the great Charlemagne. He left the people their native customs, and put chiefs over them as his delegates, whom they had to obey. Part of Charlemagne's plan was to give wealth and power



A MILKMAID OF DORDRECHT, HOLLAND.

to the bishops of the newly Christianized tribes, and for nearly a thousand years these prince-bishops were very important. After Charlemagne's death the great empire broke up, and under the weak rulers that followed, the independent nobles became ever stronger. There were the Bishops of Utrecht, where was the first Christian church, and the Counts of Holland—Holland being originally a province which later gave its name to the country.

The Dukes of Brabant and the Earls of Flanders—William of Normandy took his bride from Flanders—were very important nobles as well as the lords of Hainault. Other small states were Guelderland and Friesland. The old laws of the Frisians declare that the race shall be free, as long as the wind blows out of the clouds and the world stands, and this principle has always been kept in view even in times of overwhelming trouble.

THE RISE TO WEALTH AND POWER OF THE CITIES OF THE NETHERLANDS

THESE were the bad old feudal days, when the nobles were forever quarreling among themselves, and, according to their opportunities, doing their best to take away the liberties of the people. The prince-bishops gained more and more power over men's minds, till no one dared to think for himself.

We know how the rise of important towns has always helped on the cause of freedom, and though the towns in the Netherlands are not quite so old as some in France, Italy, and Germany, most of them date from early times. When trade was set moving by the impulse of the Crusades, the towns of the great north and south route began to rise from small beginnings to wealth and power. From the thirteenth to the fifteenth century, the towns of the Netherlands did much business with the towns of the famous Hanseatic League. In the fourteenth century there were over three thousand woolen manufactures around Malines, now the center of the Belgian railway lines; Ghent had 40,000 weavers, and the goldsmiths of Bruges were numerous enough to form a regiment by themselves in time of war. The towns of Delft, Haarlem, Rotterdam, and Amsterdam were all growing, though often devastated by the endless quarrels of landowners and townsmen.

HOW ENGLAND GREW WOOL FOR THE FLEMISH LOOMS

It was at this time that England grew so much wool for Flemish looms. Linen, too, of various

kinds was added to the manufactures. Holland, that stout material we use so much for pinafores and curtains, still bears the name of the country where it has always been largely made.

But all the time when the trade and industry were growing, amid constant scenes of violence and fighting in the streets of the flourishing towns, the struggle against the elements for possession of the country was ever going on. Did the fierce winds heap up the sand-hills on the shore, the Netherlands planted coarse grass to bind it together to make a rampart against further encroachment. Did the river overflow its banks, they were strengthened and heightened; and so by degrees, by patient trial and endeavor, that wonderful skill was attained in building dikes to withstand even the onward rush of the stormy tide, and in making canals and draining lakes. Sometimes, as we have seen, the giant ocean had his way. It was in the thirteenth century that he rushed inland and formed the Zuyder Zee. For years past plans have been maturing to drain this great body of water and restore the land to cultivation.

THE MAKING OF THE DUTCH RACE AND ITS GREAT FIGHT AGAINST TYRANNY

ALL this effort for generations produced a wise and determined race, few in numbers, and living in a small country, yet able to resist in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the fierce tyranny of the most powerful of the sovereigns of Europe.

For a dark cloud began to grow over the Netherlands when by seizure, purchase, succession, or marriage of heiresses, the most considerable of its states passed under the sway of the Dukes of Burgundy. We know how these dukes wished to annex Switzerland as well as the Netherlands and make one long, independent kingdom between France and Germany. The crafty Louis XI. had much to say about this, and was at constant warfare with Duke Charles the Bold. From the daughter and sole heiress of this bad as well as bold man were wrested charters of privileges, commonly called the Great Charter—afterward forming the foundation of greater liberty by the first regular assembly of the States General, the members of which were sent from the provinces and great cities of the Netherlands.

This young duchess, Mary, married Maximilian of the Hapsburg family, Duke of Austria, and later Holy Roman Emperor. Their son, Philip, succeeded to his mother's dominions, and he married Joanna, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isa-



By permission of Franz Hanfstaengel.

GRETCHEN AND KÄTSCHEN.

ENGRAVED FROM A PICTURE BY THEODORE GRUST.

bella of Spain, elder sister of Catherine of Aragon.

Their son was the famous Charles V., who gathered into his hand the rule of the Netherlands with that of Spain and Austria. All these countries hated each other, and the liberties of the Netherlands were in terrible danger from a prince who firmly believed that he had the sole right of disposing of the persons and lives of his subjects, as well as deciding their faith and religion.

THE SPANISH TYRANT WHO PERSECUTED THE NETHERLANDERS

CHARLES, in spite of his wide empire, was always in want of money, and he required the rich cities of the Netherlands, especially Ghent, to furnish it whenever he chose to ask for it; and when denied, he took away all the charters and rights of those who opposed him, and fined or executed the citizens. Hard as this was, especially when trade from different causes did not bring in so much wealth as formerly, it was not to be compared with the suffering brought upon the country through Charles's tyranny in matters of religion.

We know how the teaching of Luther raised a storm in Germany and in England. That of Calvin, another reformer, powerfully affected France and the Netherlands; and in these countries the rulers hated and feared the Protestants, not only because their beliefs went against the supreme power of the Church, but because they denied the absolute power of the rulers themselves; and so, as the Netherlands became more and more convinced that the Reformation was right, and bent all the strength of their determined natures to uphold it, the more bitter became the persecution of those in power, in order to stamp it out. Charles established the terrible Inquisition in the Netherlands, and under his orders thousands of reformers were burned at the stake.

A CRUEL MAN WHO SENTENCED A WHOLE NATION TO DEATH

HIS son, Philip II., carried out his father's plan only too well, and when the unhappy people prepared to rise in revolt against his cruelties and extortions, he sent the Duke of Alva, a most clever soldier, and a man absolutely without pity, to suppress them. Almost the entire population of the Netherlands was sentenced to death without even the form of a trial; people were suddenly seized and put to death without warning, till there was not a family that was not bereft.

A national hero rose up at this time, William the Silent, Prince of Orange. His ancestors had done good service to the House of Burgundy, and William was brought up under the eyes of Charles V. When the worn-out Emperor laid down all his crowns to go into a monastery, it was on William's arm that he entered the great hall at Brussels, capital of the Duchy of Brabant, where the brilliant ceremony of renunciation took place.

William very soon ceased to be friends with Philip of Spain, though for years he was called his lieutenant; and after he openly became a Protestant he was the leader of the opposition to the bloodthirsty Duke of Alva. The patriots called themselves, at first in grim joke, the Beggars. Sometimes they won, especially at sea, sometimes the Spaniards had the best of it; the struggle went on for many years under different governors and generals.

HOW THE MEN OF LEYDEN CUT THE DIKES AND SAVED THEIR CITY

STORIES of the heroism shown in this war of independence are told of nearly every town of the Low Countries. The sieges of Haarlem and of Leyden are among the most memorable. Except for a brief respite, Leyden held out a whole year, and the heroic defenders were reduced to starvation, but would not give in. There were fights on the slippery ice in bitter winter. As a last resource, the dikes were cut, and the water flowed over the hardly-won fields, sending the Spaniards away in haste lest they should be drowned; and now the ships that had been waiting almost within sight could come right up to the walls of the town, bearing precious food to the starving inhabitants.

After a while the provinces of Holland and Zeeland united; and when they felt strong enough they took the important step of renouncing in words the authority of Philip. Queen Elizabeth of England helped them cautiously. One of the bravest of the English volunteers who pressed across the North Sea to help the Netherlands was Sir Philip Sidney. It was he who, when dying, handed the precious cup of water, untasted, to another wounded man, saying: "Thy necessity is greater than mine."

HOW CHILDREN CRIED WHEN WILLIAM THE SILENT WAS KILLED

BUT scenes of war, of sacking fine cities, of senseless cruelty in persecution, could not last forever, and after several unsuccessful attempts

at union among the provinces, and at making peace with Spain, in 1581, Dutch independence was declared. William the Silent, "Father William," as he was affectionately called, was the head of the new republic. It was nearly seventy years before Spain gave up all claims and titles, and acknowledged the complete independence of the Dutch.

Three years after the Declaration of Independence, the wisest man in Holland was murdered by a ruffian hired by Spain. As long as William the Silent lived he was the guiding star of a brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets.

War still went on under his son, Maurice, and the southern states, with their great towns of Antwerp and Ghent, and many others, were reduced to obedience to Spain for many years after the northern states became free. Protestantism had been stamped out, the brave and clever Flemish workers had been driven away to Holland or to England, to their great and lasting benefit, and the subdued country lay in poverty and exhaustion. Ten years after the rout and ruin of the Armada, started by the fire-ships and the storm off the coast of Flanders, Philip II. died, after a reign of 42 years.

PHILIP II., ONE OF THE GREAT DESTROYERS OF MANKIND

HE has been called the destroyer of mankind, for he sacrificed millions of lives to his ambition and superstition. We can think of him sitting at his desk in his palace in the Escorial, planning the affairs of the world—the oceans were to him but Spanish lakes—coolly arranging assassinations and executions; squaring his money matters—his bribes and his losses. And then his long day was done.

It was in 1600 that Queen Elizabeth formed an East India Company to trade abroad, as all commerce had been so hindered by the ambitious plans of Spain. Holland followed suit two years later. Much money was spent on fleets and ports and factories; and from these days the sailors of Holland—trained in the wild fishing-grounds of the North Sea—were to be found all over the world taking possession of the Spanish and Portuguese colonies, and often hotly contesting with the English. New Amsterdam, afterward New York, was founded far across the Atlantic, and to this day our city and people proudly bear witness to the Dutch settlement. The city of Batavia, founded in Java, was called after the old island province, the kernel of the mother country; and the new Batavia is the headquarters of

the Dutch colonial empire to this day. Amsterdam and Rotterdam and all the old cities now revived, as trade flowed in with the arrival of ships laden with "sugar and spice, and all that 's nice," at the busy docks.

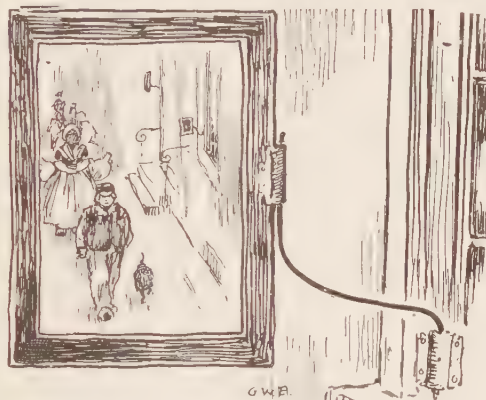
LAKES AND MARSHES CHANGED INTO RICH MEADOW LANDS

As soon as peace gave leisure, pumping works were established to drain lakes and marshes, and the rich meadow land thus gained fed the finest cattle in Europe. Dutch butter and cheese have long been famous all over the world. Other uses to which the land gained from the sea was put were to grow roots for food and various kinds of hay, besides bulbs of beautiful flowers like tulips. The Dutch taught all Europe how to garden and to farm. At this time, too, Holland became the printing-house of Europe, sending out thousands of books of history and travel, law and medicine. Trades, too, such as diamond-cutting—still largely carried on at Amsterdam—gave employment to very large numbers of skilled workmen. It was in the seventeenth century that the rivalry between the Dutch and English on the high seas came to a crisis. There were many famous admirals, many brave seamen, on both sides. Van Tromp and De Ruyter are names well known to us. For years they tried to sweep the English off the narrow seas. London was in a panic when De Ruyter sailed up the Thames in the inglorious days of Charles II., and sometimes the obstinate sea battles lasted for three or four days, for both sides belonged to a stock that never knew when it was beaten.

In the age of Louis XIV., France made several conquests in the Spanish Netherlands, which had passed to Austria; and Holland, too, had its share of French aggression. To save the country, the dikes were opened. Later, the waters froze, and when the French troops were marching over the ice to attack The Hague, a sudden thaw alone saved the country from destruction. The head of the republic at this time was the great-grandson of William the Silent. His name also was William, and he married Mary, the daughter of James II. When England could no longer bear the tyranny of the Stuarts, William, with his wife, was invited over to be king in James's place. He helped to restore old laws and liberties, and to strengthen the position of the reformed religion. In the eighteenth century the importance of the united provinces of the Dutch Republic became less than it had been in the seventeenth, and there were many disturbances in the country, which led to the interference of the King of Prussia. But



READY FOR CUSTOMERS.



SOME ONE IS WATCHING!



A YOUNG MILKMAN



SAFE AND SOUND.



CARRYING MILK AND CHEESE TO MARKET.

DUTCH CHARACTERS.

the French Revolution was at hand, and before long the map of Europe was completely altered, and bewildering changes came to the Low Countries, both north and south. The seven united provinces were turned into the Batavian Republic, and a few years later Napoleon turned it into a kingdom for his brother Louis. But that did not last long. He soon took his brother away, and joined Holland and all the other provinces to France. "They are but the sediments of French rivers," said he, "and therefore clearly belong to me." The decisive battle, which confirmed the downfall of Napoleon, was fought at Waterloo, not far from Brussels.

THE BIRTH OF THE MODERN KINGDOM OF BELGIUM

WHEN the Congress at Vienna remade the map of Europe, the whole of the Netherlands was joined into a single kingdom under another William, Prince of Orange. But the northern and southern provinces did not agree about religion—the south being chiefly Roman Catholic—and they differed on many other matters, too; so, in 1830, they revolted, and the old Spanish Netherlands, that were afterward Austrian, became the Kingdom of Belgium, under a German prince, Leopold of Coburg.

The northern provinces went on as the Kingdom of the Netherlands, or Holland, under the Prince of Orange. The descendants of Leopold and William are still on the thrones of the two countries.

Belgium has made immense strides in the course of years, and is now one of the most densely populated countries in the world. The great coalfield of the north of France passes into Belgium where the railway lines are so thick; and there are mines of iron and zinc and factories of all kinds, where thousands of people are employed. Liège, on the Meuse, is a great engineering center, and in many towns linen is made from flax grown in the neighborhood, and bleached with the waters of the rivers.

Ghent is the chief textile center, making both cotton and woolen goods. Great quantities of sugar are made from the beet-roots that grow in the fields. Belgium is also famous for fine lace.

It is a wonderful sight to watch the shipping from all parts of the world at Antwerp, from whose docks the industrious kingdom sends away a great deal of its work, and receives the greater part of its raw material.

A PRINTING-HOUSE UNCHANGED FOR 300 YEARS

AMONG the most interesting buildings of Antwerp is the famous old printing-house, the Musée Plantin, with the types and tools all left in their places, just as they were used in the sixteenth century when the firm of Plantin printed prayer-books for Philip II.

In the cities of both Belgium and Holland the story of the past is perpetually before our eyes. Fine cathedrals and churches, grand town halls and buildings of all kinds, together with the pictures and relics they contain, are like speaking witnesses which link the past with the present.

Between Amsterdam and the sea is the famous North Sea Canal, which saves ships going round the peninsula of North Holland. It is about fifteen miles long. Both at Amsterdam and Rotterdam the trade is enormous, and deeply interesting are the pictures and collections, especially at the Ryks Museum at Amsterdam. Here are not only models of the ships that swept the seas in the time of Cromwell and Charles II., but some British colors, and a piece of the "Royal Charles," captured by the Dutch at Chatham. The portrait of De Ruyter is close by.

WATER, WATER, EVERYWHERE, BUT NOT A DROP TO DRINK

LET us now mount the Cathedral Tower at Utrecht, and as we look over the wide view, at the dikes, the canals, the windmills, the cultivated fields, the busy towns, we think again of the centuries that have passed since the Batavians settled in the island held in the arms of the Rhine.

Holland is one of the oddest and most interesting countries in the world. Though water is everywhere, there is often not a drop fit to drink, and people have to buy it by the pailful, as they often buy some fuel to boil their kettles. From the high dikes frogs can look down on the birds, and in the damp fields the cows wear coats. Water omnibuses go up and down the canals, and coal and peat may be brought by a brown-sailed boat, which is hitched to the door, like a horse. The peasants wear beautiful gold ornaments, and costly lace on their heads, and often perch a shabby French bonnet on the top of them. Dogs draw little carts with brass jars full of milk. The brass and copper shine like gold, and everything that can be scrubbed is scrubbed at least once a week—even the big railway stations.

GOLDEN DEEDS OF MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN

JUDAS MACCABÆUS

EVERY one should love his own country; and every one who loves his country wants it to be free. But we do not always mean just the same thing by freedom or liberty. Sometimes, when we say that people have been champions of liberty, we mean that they have fought against oppression of every kind—oppression by tyrant kings or tyrant soldiers, oppression of the weak by the strong. But sometimes we mean that champions of liberty have been ready to suffer and to die in fighting the one kind of oppression which is most hateful to all—oppression by foreign rulers or conquerors. There were some who succeeded and some who failed, some who died fighting and some who were foully done to death; but the names of all alike are held in honor as national heroes.

The Bible tells us about the history of the Jewish people down to the time when they were carried away captive to Babylon, and were afterward allowed to return to Jerusalem by the Persian king. But it does not tell us their history between that time and the time when Jesus was born.

Now, during that period there arose a mighty kingdom of Syria, the rulers of which were descended from a Greek general who had been in the army of Alexander the Great; and these kings ruled over Palestine too. But at last one of them, named Antiochus, resolved to make the Jews give up worshiping God according to the Hebrew law, and to offer sacrifice to false gods. Then there arose one, Mattathias, who, with his sons, refused to obey the orders of King Antiochus; and when they saw Jews ready to sacrifice to false gods, they slew those Jews and called upon all the people to fight for freedom, so that they might worship the God of their fathers. Among the sons of Mattathias, the most skilful warrior was the second, whose name was Judas, surnamed Maccabæus, which means the Hammer. Therefore men call his family the Maccabees, because they made Maccabæus their general.

Judas gathered together a troop of Jews who were ready to die for faith and freedom; and though they were few in number, yet they routed utterly great hosts which the King of Syria sent to subdue them, and won back Jerusalem from his soldiers.

When men saw this small band making havoc of vast armies, they gathered to Maccabæus, nor could the Syrian generals in any way subdue them. And though Judas himself was at last slain in a battle, where his followers were so few that they were overwhelmed by the numbers of the enemy, yet it was indeed he who at that time won freedom for the Jewish people.

We will leave these very ancient times and turn to modern history.

We know that no foreign conqueror has set foot on English soil since Duke William of Normandy, so that we must go back to his days to find an English patriot of the particular kind we are talking about. Duke William overthrew King Harold at the battle of Hastings, and made himself King of England; but when he thought that he had made himself lord of all the land, there appeared a valiant champion called Hereward the Wake.

Now, whether Hereward was a cousin of some great English earls we do not know for certain; but he himself was a landless man, and could not gather a great army. Yet he and his band made themselves a camp on the Isle of Ely in the Fen Country, and they fell upon the Normans so fiercely that the Conqueror himself, the greatest general of the time, had to come with a great army against them before they could be driven from the "Camp of Refuge." But after that Hereward and his men could make no headway against the Normans, until at last they saw that it would be vain to struggle more; and Hereward made his peace with William. After all, however, good came of that in the end, because Normans and English grew into being one people, greater than ever the English would have become by themselves.

THE MAN WHO REFUSED A BRIBE

IN the days when the Commonwealth in England had come to an end, and a king once more reigned in that country, the fortunes of some of the bravest and wisest of the followers of Oliver Cromwell were at a low ebb. Milton, the poet, who had worked so hard for the Protector, as Cromwell was called, was arrested and thrown into prison; and many others were harshly treated by the Royalists.

There was one faithful follower of Cromwell, however, who had a great influence under the new government. He was Andrew Marvell, a poet and satirist, the member of Parliament for Hull. He was returned to Charles II.'s first Parliament, and though he seldom spoke, he was most influential there. He bravely stood up and defended Milton, and acted so vigorously on his behalf that he obtained Milton many friends.

It was Andrew Marvell's writings, however, that had most effect. They were called satires—that is, writings which bitterly ridicule the words, actions, or writings of another or others. For instance, he was very indignant because Charles II. was always getting money from Parliament and wasting it. Andrew Marvell wrote a sham speech of the King on the state of his finances. Later on his writings became very bitter. He assailed the courtiers, and attacked Clarendon, the great minister, and finally he satirized Samuel Parker, the intolerant Bishop of Oxford.

Now, the King and his ministers felt that this clever writer must be silenced, and the following story is told of him:

The "Merry Monarch"—Charles II.—was often pleased to meet and entertain Andrew Marvell, delighting in his ready wit and quick repartee. One morning his Majesty sent the Lord Treasurer Danby to seek Marvell, who was a very poor man, and earned but little more than the small salary which the town of Hull paid him as its member. The crafty King knew this, and he had told Lord Danby to use every means to win over Marvell to his side.

The Lord Treasurer had some difficulty in finding Marvell's lodging, but at last he discovered the house and entered abruptly.

"To what do I owe the honor of this visit?" asked Marvell, looking up from his writing.

"I come with a message from his Majesty, who wishes to know what he can do to serve you," replied Danby.

"It is not in his Majesty's power to serve me," said Marvell.

"But his Majesty wishes you to accept a post of honor at the court."

Andrew Marvell promptly refused to accept the honor, or rather dishonor, as he counted it, saying:

"I cannot accept any post with honor, for I must be either ungrateful to the King in voting against him, or false to my country in giving in to the measures of the court. The only favor I beg of his Majesty is that he will esteem me as dutiful a subject as any he has, and that it is more in his interest for me to refuse than accept his honors."

Lord Danby tried to persuade him, but all in vain; Marvell remained firm.

Danby then produced a bag containing a thousand pounds and placed it on the table, saying:

"The King has ordered me to give you a thousand pounds, which he hopes you will accept until you can think of some further boon to ask of his Majesty."

Andrew Marvell began to laugh.

"Surely, my lord, you do not intend to mock me by these offers. I do not need the King's gold. I have shelter, and as for my food, you shall hear of that from my landlady.

"Pray," said he, turning to the latter, "what had I for dinner yesterday?"

"A shoulder of mutton."

"And what shall I have to-day?"

"The remainder hashed."

"And to-morrow, my Lord Danby, I shall have the sweet blade-bone broiled."

Danby, so the story runs, was quite overcome by the stern simplicity of the famous writer, and picked up his bag of gold and returned to the King.

BRAVE COUNTESS JOAN OF BRITTANY

IN the far northwest of France is Brittany, where the people are kinsmen of the Cornish and the Welsh. The English kings longed for the possession of this country in the Middle Ages.

Now, it happened that a Duke of Brittany died, leaving no child to succeed him, and a dispute arose between Charles, Count of Blois, who had married the daughter of the duke's next brother, and John, Count of Montfort, who was the youngest brother.

Edward III. of England took the side of John of Montfort, and the French that of the Count of Blois. The French captured Nantes, where John of Montfort was, and the King of France kept him a close prisoner in the Louvre.

But John of Montfort had a brave wife, Joan, who never dreamed of giving way to her misfortunes. She summoned the inhabitants of Rennes before the castle where she lived, and, presenting to them her little son, appealed to them to rise and defend the last male heir of their ancient line

of dukes. The English, she said, would surely come before long to the help of a brave people.

Her appeal to the Bretons was not in vain, and the men rallied round the countess, who then visited other towns and arranged for their defense, proving herself a skilful leader and most able general. Sending her little son over to England for safety, she then returned to Hennebont, near the coast, there to await succor from England.

The Count of Blois thought he could soon conquer a duchy defended by a woman, and so he gathered an army, captured Rennes, and besieged Hennebont.

The countess put on a suit of armor, mounted a war-horse, and was ever on the walls where the attack was sharpest, encouraging her men at every point, and directing their defense. Noticing the camp of the besiegers unguarded one day, she led five hundred men to it through a postern-gate in the walls, and setting fire to the baggage, diverted the attention of the enemy. Then she found herself and her little band cut off from the town, but she galloped away into safety and reached Auray. Five days later she fought her way back into Hennebont. There she found the Bishop of Leon about to surrender the town to her enemy the Count of Blois.

Day after day dawned, night after night passed, but no succor from England came to the despairing town. At last, one day, when the bishop was actually discussing the terms of surrender with the Count of Blois, the countess mounted yet once more a high tower and looked toward the sea. Shading her eyes with her hands, she gazed longingly across the water. Were the English ships never coming? Ah, what was that small speck in the distance, and another, and yet another? Eagerly she watched, until now there was no longer any doubt. It was really the English fleet, coming at last to her aid.

Soon after, Sir Walter Manny brought the vessels into the harbor, attacked the camp of the besiegers, and burned it to ashes. A treaty was made by which the Count of Montfort was set free, but he died soon after in one of the frequent encounters. Through it all the English King, Edward, proved a firm friend to the countess, and supported the cause of her little son. Though after a long struggle Brittany became part of France, yet the brave countess upheld her son's rights, so that, when older, he ruled as Duke of Brittany, and was known as John of Montfort.

WHEN THE WHITE SHIP WENT DOWN

WE do not know very much about Prince William, the only son of Henry I., King of England,

except that his father was very fond of him and that he very much disliked the people of Normandy, which his father had conquered. But there is one deed of his which we do well to recall, because it shows that he could think of another's safety before his own, although, sad to say, by it he lost his life at the age of eighteen.

Prince William's father was constantly at war with the French king, who resented the presence of the English in Normandy, and especially of King Henry, who had unjustly taken it from his brother Robert and his son.

In 1120 Henry made peace with the King of France, and set sail from Harfleur, in Normandy, on his return to England. The wind was favorable, and the vessel was soon out of sight of land. Prince William and his courtiers were not ready to start with the King, and it was not until night-fall that they left the port, for the stupid courtiers gave wine to the sailors, and then the rowers were not in a fit condition to take the boat safely across the Channel. It was called the "Blanche Nef," or "White Ship," and was commanded by the same man who had rowed Prince William's grandfather across to the conquest of England fifty-four years before.

Some of the sensible people refused to trust themselves to the incapable sailors, and those who remained in the boat soon repented doing so. There was no moon, and the man who was steering drove the vessel on to one of the dangerous rocks near Alderney. There were nearly three hundred persons on board, and they managed to lower a boat, and put Prince William with a few others into it. Then the prince remembered his half-sister, and ordered the little boat to return to rescue her. But directly the small boat got alongside the ship, the frantic people jumped into it, and of course the boat, being quickly overloaded, was sunk.

It is said that only two men got away from the wreck. One was the captain, who afterward drowned himself when he knew the prince was lost; the other was a butcher of Rouen, who clung on to the mast, and was picked up by a fishing-boat next day. It was he who told the news of the wreck and the way Prince William lost his life, and how one hundred and forty young men belonging to noble families had perished in the same disaster.

Not one of the courtiers dared to tell the King the fate of his only son, in whom all his hopes centered, but at last the nobles sent a weeping page to him with the tidings that the "White Ship" was lost, and all had perished. It is said that King Henry fainted, and was never seen to smile again.

THE HEROIC COUNTESS

WHEN the troops of the Emperor Charles V. were passing through Thuringia, after the battle of Mühlberg, in 1547, the Countess Catharina of Schwartzburg obtained from the emperor a guarantee that her people should not be molested in any way, promising in return for this safeguard to supply the emperor's Spanish army with provisions at a fair price. Then, in order that their passage through her town might not act as a temptation to the soldiers to raid the houses of her people, she had the bridge over the river pulled down and rebuilt at some long distance from any town or village. Further, she allowed all her subjects to send their more valuable goods to her castle for safe-keeping. In all these ways did the kind-hearted countess seek her people's welfare in a trying situation.

The Emperor's general, Prince Henry of Brunswick, invited himself and his officers to the castle to breakfast, and the countess did her best to entertain her unwelcome and self-invited guests. But scarcely had they taken their seats when a terrified messenger arrived at the castle post-haste to say that the Spanish troops were robbing and ill-treating the people in the villages round about, and were driving off their cattle without payment of any kind.

The countess was very indignant. Arming all her retainers in the castle, she gave secret orders for every gate and door to be barred and bolted. Then, placing her trusted servants where they could be summoned in a moment, she entered the banqueting-hall and protested against what the troops were doing, insisting that they should be commanded to cease. The guests said that the countess must not distress herself, for the troops were only following the ordinary custom of war:

"Very well," said the countess; "but my poor subjects must have their own again, or prince's blood shall be given for oxen's blood." At a given signal the doors opened, and the guests, who had laid aside their weapons, were in a moment surrounded by armed and determined men. "Now," said the countess to the commander and his fellow-officers, "you do not leave the castle until everything, to the smallest article, is restored, and your army has passed on."

What could the officers do? They were great and powerful, they had an army at their command, and yet they could not stir; one woman had outwitted them all. Urgent orders were sent to the troops to stop their raiding, to restore everything that had been seized unlawfully, and to pass on, and only when the order had been strictly carried out were the officers allowed to

leave the castle free men. For her courageous action the countess received the title of "Catharina the Heroic."

THE BOY WHO SAVED A CREW

IN the year 1798, during a terrific storm, a French ship, "La Tribune," was wrecked one evening off Halifax, Nova Scotia, and a number of men belonging to the crew managed to climb into the rigging, where they remained all night, the people on shore being powerless to assist them in the raging tempest.

When daylight dawned, the poor men were still in the rigging, almost exhausted by their terrible experiences of the night. The sea, however, was still rising in angry waves, and beating like a torrent upon the wreckage and the shore, so that none of the strong men on the beach dare venture out to rescue the shipwrecked mariners.

It was then that a deed of amazing courage and splendid heroism was performed by a boy, only thirteen years of age, whose name, unfortunately, has not been preserved to us. This lad had been watching the wreck for hours, and listening to the talk of the spectators, expecting that some of the latter would at any rate make an effort to save the wrecked sailors. When at last he found that no one dared to make the attempt, he determined to see what he himself could do to reach the stranded vessel.

Jumping into a small boat, the boy rowed with all his might for the wreck, and although the wind and the waves were almost too strong for him, he managed at last to reach the ship, and get his little boat near enough to take off two of the men. They were too exhausted to assist in rowing to the shore, but the plucky boy, by great exertions, landed them safely.

Then he started for the wreck once more, but his strength was exhausted, and he was unable to battle with the wind and waves, and had to return to the shore, to his intense grief and disappointment.

The brave example set by so young a lad, however, bore good fruit, for the men were shamed into making an effort themselves, and several boats went out to the wreck, and were successful in finally saving the whole of the men who had taken refuge in the rigging. But the credit for the rescue belongs to the unknown boy, who may truly be said to have saved the crew from death.

A BRAVE ROMAN YOUTH

Soon after the brave Horatius held the bridge against the Etruscans, Porsena, their King, de-

feated in his attempt to capture Rome, encamped with his army on the banks of the Tiber to watch his opportunity.

Now, there was a noble Roman youth named Caius Mucius, who was greatly distressed at the state of hunger to which his fellow-citizens were reduced, and so he plotted, with other young men, to free his country from the foreign invaders. Taking a dagger with him, he went to seek out King Porsena, with the intention of killing him.

But when he arrived at the place where the Etruscan king was wont to sit in judgment, he found the soldiers receiving their pay from a man whom he imagined to be the King, but who was really the King's secretary. Without hesitation, Caius Mucius unsheathed his dagger and stabbed him to the heart. Immediately the youth was surrounded by the guards and dragged into the presence of King Porsena, who angrily ordered him to be burned if he did not instantly confess the whole thing. But Caius Mucius stood dauntlessly erect, and refused to betray his plot.

"See," said he, "how little your tortures can avail to make a brave man tell the secrets committed to him." And, thrusting his right hand into a fire burning near, he held it there without shrinking.

King Porsena, astonished at such fortitude, and admiring his patriotism, told the guards to spare the youth and see him safely out of the Etruscan camp.

"You are a brave man," he said, "but you have hurt yourself more than me."

Caius Mucius, moved to gratitude at such clemency, then told the King that his generosity had conquered where his threats had failed, and that three hundred youths had taken an oath to kill him, and he, Caius Mucius, had been chosen to make the first attempt.

So the Roman youth was released, but ever after he bore the name of Scævola, which means "left-handed," because his right hand was useless.

THE BRAVE CONSTABLE OF FRANCE

DU GUESCLIN is a name honored by the French, for he was the hero of their country in the warlike Middle Ages, and French boys and girls delight in stories of what he did and said.

Bertrand du Guesclin was born between 1314 and 1320 in a castle in Brittany, and as a boy he cannot have been a very agreeable playmate—for he was obstinate, sullen, quarrelsome, and ever ready to fight. An old chronicler says he was the ugliest boy between Rennes and Dinant, roamed about with peasant boys, and could not

be taught to read. It cannot be denied that he was headstrong and restless. At sixteen he ran away from home.

But for all his troublesome ways, the boy had in him the making of a great and clever general. He became a strong man, a brave soldier, a devoted patriot, and a defender of his country, a foe worthy of the English Black Prince, so that his countrymen used to boast that they possessed the bravest general in Europe. Du Guesclin fought first in the War of Succession in Brittany, and then attracted the attention of his King, Charles V., who saw in him the very leader needed to drive the English out of France. After the Treaty of Bretigny, the free-lances, who were soldiers paid to fight for others, were disbanded and wandered about, plundering and slaying the inhabitants. The country was in a dreadful state, so King Charles bade Du Guesclin rid the land of these robber-soldiers. Then the Breton gathered these dreadful robber-bands together and led them in an expedition against Pedro, the cruel King of Castile. This monarch was ruling so badly that one of his half-brothers had come to beg King Charles's aid in turning him off the throne.

Du Guesclin was successful; but when the Black Prince was sent by Edward III. of England to help the defeated Pedro, some robber-soldiers went back to the side of their favorite leader, the Black Prince, so that Du Guesclin was defeated and captured at the battle of Navaretta, near the Ebro, in 1367. He was taken a prisoner to Bordeaux, where he soon grew tired of the irksome captivity.

There is a story about the Black Prince meeting Du Guesclin in the town, and going up to him and saying:

"How do you do, Bertrand?"

"Well," replied Du Guesclin, "for they say I am the greatest knight in all the world, since you dare not allow me to be ransomed."

Nettled at this, the English prince begged the prisoner to fix his ransom.

"A hundred thousand livres," replied Du Guesclin.

This was an immense sum for those times; so the Black Prince asked in astonishment where he could get all that money. The reply was: "There is not a spinner in France who would not spin a distaff full to pay for my ransom."

The French people did soon ransom him, and Charles made Du Guesclin the Constable of France. The Black Prince died, and gradually Du Guesclin freed his native land. When Du Guesclin was besieging a castle in Languedoc, the English governor promised to surrender it on a

certain day if he were not relieved before. But Du Guesclin fell ill, and died before the day appointed for surrender, so that he could not take the castle. The English governor, however, refused to dishonor his word, but marched with his garrison to the enemy's camp, and laid the keys of the castle on the bier of the dead hero.

Du Guesclin's last words were: "Never forget that, wherever you wage war, the clergy, the women, the children, and the poor are not your enemies." And this was the humane principle that the brave and chivalrous warrior followed out in all his campaigns and battles.

A GIRL'S DESPERATE RIDE

SIR JOHN COCHRANE had been condemned to die, and was shut up in the Tolbooth prison in Edinburgh. He wished his sons and his daughter to refrain from visiting him, for he had joined in Argyle's insurrection against the new King, James II., and thought if his children came to see him they might lay themselves open to suspicion. But one day he had a visit from his daughter Grizel.

Father and daughter felt very sad indeed, for only one glimmer of light could they see. Sir John's father had written an appeal for pardon to the King's confessor, who had great influence over the bigoted monarch. But time was pressing. The journey south to London took days to perform, and if the pardon did not come soon, Sir John must die. Even then the warrant must be on its way to Edinburgh.

While talking over the desperate situation, an idea came into Grizel's mind, and she determined to carry it out without delay.

Early on the next day she rode south. First, she called at the cottage of her old nurse, borrowed her foster-brother's clothes, and then rode on to meet the messenger. She discovered the inn where he was staying, and entered the room where the man lay asleep, exhausted by his journey. But he was lying on the mail-bag, and she dared not attempt to draw it away from under him. She quietly withdrew the charges in his pistol, and, mounting her horse, rode off. Before she had gone far from the inn, she halted and waited for the messenger.

When the man rode up, she was ready for him. She greeted him pleasantly, and rode alongside and chatted with him. Then, sure of her ground, she quietly told him that she must have his bag. The man at first thought the youth, as she appeared to be, was joking, but he grew angry at her persistence, and when she aimed her pistol at him, fired his at her. But, to his surprise, it

failed to go off, for the charge had been withdrawn.

His second pistol proved equally useless. He dismounted and rushed at his assailant, but the girl, quick as lightning, seized his horse and galloped away with it; for was not the precious mail-bag attached to the saddle? Fast and furiously she rode, until she reached a wood where it was safe to open the bag. Having taken out the warrant, she galloped off to her old nurse's cottage, changed her clothing, and rode back to Edinburgh.

The non-delivery of the death-warrant caused a delay which allowed time for the King to consider the offer of a bribe from Sir John's father. This he accepted, and so Sir John was saved.

THE GIRL WHO WENT OUT BY NIGHT

WE may search all history without finding a more charming story of heroism and devotion than that of Grizel Hume. Most of us might hope to be heroes or heroines for the time being in some desperate situation, but Grizel was a heroine all her life. She was born at Redbraes Castle, in Berwickshire, Scotland, on Christmas Day, 1665, and was the daughter of Sir Patrick Hume, or Home; we are not certain now about the spelling. There were eighteen children in the family—and all of them, save two, were younger than herself. She, however, was the special favorite of her father. She showed such extraordinary intelligence that he intrusted her, when she was quite a tiny girl, with secrets which involved his very life, as well as the fortunes of his family.

For we must remember that at this time Scotland, and a great part of England, were greatly excited over what is known as the Covenant. After the Reformation, religious men in Scotland bound themselves by this covenant to do all in their power to foster and extend the Protestant faith. When Scotland joined England against Charles I., the Covenant was agreed to by both nations; and when Charles II., after his banishment, was allowed to come back to England to take the throne, he signed the Covenant on landing, and signed it again on being crowned. As soon as he had gained the throne, however, this dishonest king declared the Covenant illegal, and forbade people, on pain of death, to be bound by it. The result was practically civil war. Soldiers were sent to put down the Covenanters. They hunted and killed them with great cruelty, and Scotland became a land of blood and tears.

Grizel's father held to the Covenant, and was several times imprisoned as the result. When Grizel was only ten years old she knew all that

was happening. She was filled with sympathy for the persecuted Covenanters, and burned with wrath against the cruel soldiers. At twelve years of age she was called upon to play her first heroic part in life.

A splendid character named Robert Baillie, a bold Covenanter, had been cast into Edinburgh Prison. He had made the mildest attempt to obtain justice for a Covenanting minister who had been wrongfully arrested through the false charges of a scoundrel. The authorities did not bother about the minister; all they wanted was to get hold of Baillie. They threw him into prison, and detained him for a long time. Eventually, after many pretended trials, they took him, one day, to court in his night-clothes, when he was at death's door, tried him, and sentenced him to be hanged and quartered. And the shameful sentence was carried out upon the dying man. That, however, happened after the date at which our story opens.

At the time that we first meet little Grizel, Baillie was in prison, and it was necessary for Sir Patrick Hume to communicate with him. Sir Patrick dared not go himself, for the soldiers would have seized him as well. So brave little Grizel, this child of twelve, went in her father's place. Seeing a jailer going into the prison, she popped in behind him and hid herself in the shadow of the cell until he had gone, then came forth into the middle of the cell and delivered the message which her father had given her.

In the cell with the poor prisoner there was a little boy—George Baillie, the prisoner's son. How he admired the bravery and skill of the little girl in eluding the jailer and getting into the prison! She, on her part, admired the little boy, who was there sharing the misery of the cell with his father.

Grizel managed somehow to get safely out of the prison and to make her way back from Edinburgh to her father's home, taking the message which the prisoner had given her.

Having executed Baillie, the authorities now thirsted for the life of the valiant Sir Patrick; and about a year after the death of Baillie, the Humes heard that the soldiers were on their way to Redbraes Castle. To be captured would mean death, but how was he to escape capture? It was certain that he could not hide in or near the castle, for the soldiers would search every nook and cranny. Sir Patrick, his wife, and Grizel, and a carpenter named Winter, put their heads together, formed a plan and decided on a hiding-place. They dared not let the other children or servants know it, for fear the soldiers should get the secret out of them.

Winter and Grizel went at dead of night to Polwarth Church, which was a mile and a half from the castle. There they carried a bed and bed-clothes, and made a hiding-place for Sir Patrick in the family grave of the Humes in the church. In that resting-place of the dead, the living man was to take up his abode. He went as soon as the retreat was prepared, and when the soldiers arrived at the castle not a trace of him could they find. They could only believe that he had fled from the neighborhood. Meanwhile Grizel's father was safe in the church vaults, but he had to be fed. He could not return to the castle, for the soldiers lingered in the neighborhood; but where he was he might as well be dead, so helpless was he. Brave Grizel was equal to this difficulty also.

Night after night she carried food to her fugitive father. The task of getting this food was in itself very hazardous. It would not have done to take it from the larder, for the servants would have missed it, and have had their suspicions aroused. The only way was for poor Grizel to smuggle the food off her plate, and into her lap, as she sat at meals. That was her method, and once she was nearly discovered. Her mother gave her a very bountiful plateful, and presently one of her brothers, looking at her plate, noticed that practically the whole supply had disappeared, and called the attention of the others to what he thought was Grizel's greediness in eating so much with such speed.

But the smuggling of the food to her father was not Grizel's chief difficulty. Every night, at twelve o'clock, she used to set off to walk the lonely mile and a half to the church. Of course, she had to go alone. That in itself was a terrible trial for the nerves of a young girl. The thought of passing through a graveyard at that hour of night would have sufficed to scare most people. But, in addition, Grizel ran the danger of discovery by the soldiers who were in the neighborhood, and of meeting country people out poaching, who would have followed and spied upon her. Then there were dogs at large to bark at her and increase her terrors. But she smothered all her fears, and, night by night, went bravely on her way to feed her father, to stay and talk for some time with him, to cheer him with such news as she could tell him, and to inspire him with courage to bear his dreadful captivity.

At last Grizel thought it would be safe for her father to return to a hiding-place in the castle. So she and Winter dug a great hole in the basement of the castle. They were afraid to use a spade lest the noise should be heard; so they used their finger-nails for the work. Early every

morning they would take up, in a cloth, the soil which they had dug out during the night, and empty it away in the garden, and then cover over the hole so that nobody should find it. At last the hole was made of sufficient size to admit a sort of big box. In this they placed bed and bedding, and then, one night, Sir Patrick crept home and hid himself in the new sanctuary. For a week this refuge held good, but water drained into the hole and made it impossible for Sir Patrick to remain, so he now determined to flee abroad for safety.

Grizel altered his clothes to make them like the clothes of a peasant, and, when news came to the house that the soldiers were again on the hunt for him, he set out. After many dangers he made his way to London, and, giving his name as Dr. Wallace, got a passage on board a ship which took him to the Continent. His estates were now declared forfeit to the Crown, and the family were left without means. Grizel and her mother went boldly to London and pleaded for support, and eventually they were granted £150 a year out of the estate.

Sir Patrick was not idle in the meantime. He joined with others in an invasion of Scotland, but this was defeated, and he retired to Ireland, accompanied by his wife and all the children but one, a daughter who was left in Scotland. But the others could not rest without her, so off to Scotland went Grizel, alone into all the dangers of that unhappy country. She rescued her sister, collected some money owing to her father, and then set out to Holland, where the others had gone in advance. After a journey of many perils she joined them, and for nearly four years the family lived in Holland. Grizel was the little mother of the family. She relieved her mother of the cares of the household, and, when she had any time to spare, she studied music and languages and wrote quite charming poetry. The family were very poor, of course, but with such a girl to inspire them, how could they help being happy? Grizel used to say that those years of poverty were the happiest of her life.

She had by this time grown into a beautiful and accomplished young woman, and more than one handsome young man sought her hand. But little George Baillie had, by this time, developed into a handsome, brave young fellow, and, an exile from home, was serving in Holland in the Guards of the Prince of Orange. The friendship begun in childhood between himself and Grizel had ripened, and, poor as they were, the two loved and hoped.

At last their reward came. The Prince of Orange entered England with an army, and the

wretched King James II., who had succeeded to the throne at the death of his brother, Charles II., was driven from the land. Then those good and brave men who had suffered in the evil days were restored to their estates. The Princess of Orange so admired Grizel that she wished to make her a maid of honor, and always have her at court.

But Grizel preferred to return to Scotland with her father, who was now created Earl of Marchmont, and made Lord Chancellor of Scotland. Grizel, as an earl's daughter, now became Lady Grizel Hume. But she was not long to be known by that name. George Baillie had returned to Scotland, and the sweethearts were at last able to be married, fifteen years after they had first met, as boy and girl, in a prison cell.

THE MAN WHO LOVED CHILDREN

SCHOOL is a very bright and pleasant place in these days, and boys and girls are happy when they are at school; but this was not always the case. Many years ago most schools were dull and gloomy, and there was no attempt to make teaching and lessons so bright that children would look forward to them.

But here and there was a man who believed that lessons could be given in such a pleasant way that boys and girls would really love to be at school. One of these men was a Swiss named Johann (John) Pestalozzi, and we all owe a great deal to him and to the way in which he gave his time and money and whole life for the great purpose he had at heart.

Pestalozzi loved children, and when he saw the misery in which most of the poor boys and girls of his native land lived, he determined to do something to help them to grow up good and useful men and women. He bought a farm, built a large dwelling-house, and, collecting fifty of the very poorest boys he could find in the roads and lanes, took them to live with him in his house, and taught them farming.

But Pestalozzi was not a very clever business man, and at the end of five years he had spent all his own and his wife's money in helping others, and had to give up the farm. But he had done a great deal for boys and girls, for he had shown that very poor children could be educated and trained to work, and though his own school failed, industrial schools similar to his are now found in every country. But it was not only his money that Pestalozzi gave freely to help boys and girls—he gave his whole life up to them. In 1798 the French army acted very cruelly in the canton of Unterwalden, and many poor children lost their parents. Pestalozzi at once left his family, and,

gathering eighty of the poorest children into an old convent, taught them, played with them, and did everything he could to make their lives happy.

From morning to evening he was alone with them; everything they needed was provided by his hand; every help in time of need and all their teaching came from him. "My hand lay on their hand," he tells us, "my eye rested on their eye, my tears flowed with theirs, and my laughter accompanied theirs. They were with me and I was with them. Their soup was mine, their drink was mine. I had nothing—no housekeeper, no friend, no servants around me; I had them alone. Were they well, I stood in the midst of them; were they ill, I was at their side. I slept in the middle of them. I was the last who went to bed at night, the first to rise in the morning. Even in bed I prayed and taught with them until they were asleep—they wished it to be so."

How Pestalozzi gave himself up to the children, and how they loved him! But his life was full of disappointments, and after a year the convent was wanted by the French troops for a hospital, and the school was again broken up. Yet Pestalozzi's life of love and self-denial was not lost. His work lives to-day in the many industrial schools, where boys and girls are taught useful trades that will fit them for the battle of life, and his labors are still bearing fruit in the better and more natural methods of teaching which are now found in every civilized country in the world.

THE BOYS WHO SAVED THE BOAT

A BRITISH war-ship, the "Seringapatam," was anchored one August afternoon off Antigua, one of the Leeward Islands of the West Indies. As the weather was so fine, and the sea so calm, some of the officers thought a little cruise in the pinnace to a bay two miles distant would be a nice afternoon's excursion. This plan was carried out, but on the return the pinnace was becalmed.

In the tropical West-Indian seas, a hurricane may burst without much warning, and suddenly a squall of wind upset the pinnace, but all in the boat were able to scramble on the gunwale.

Their position was one of much danger, for the boat was drifting seaward, and any moment the storm might be on them in all its severity; but worse than all were the dreaded sharks in the waters around.

Among the officers was a brave young midshipman, named Smith, who astonished his companions by declaring that he would swim ashore to get help.

"What!" they exclaimed. "Swim two miles in this sea, with sharks all around?"

"Yes," he persisted. "There is no other chance. Will one of you go with me? I believe I can do it."

But the men kept silence.

Then another midshipman, Palmer, not to be outdone in bravery, and unwilling to let his friend risk his life alone, though he was a very indifferent swimmer, and far from strong, said that he would swim with him as far as he could.

So the two boys cast off their shoes, caps, and jackets, and, taking leave of their companions, plunged into the sea and struck out for the shore.

At first they made good progress, but it was soon apparent to the men watching them that Smith was making greater headway than Palmer. All the time Smith was on the lookout for sharks, and at last, down in the deep clear water below him, he saw two particularly large ones swimming along.

When the boys had covered about half the distance, Palmer, whose strokes had been getting weaker, called out:

"I'm done. Go on, Smith."

But Smith was not the boy to desert a plucky friend; instead, he urged him to rest an arm on his shoulder awhile.

This Palmer did, and so got relief, though both boys continued to use their feet, lest the sharks should be after them. These creatures were plainly visible now, but, possibly because the boys wore dark suits and continued moving all the time, they were not attacked. The stronger boy did all he could to keep up the spirits and strength of his friend, who was by now almost exhausted.

The last few yards were very difficult, but just in time, and after swimming for two hours, Smith felt ground under his feet, and dragged his helpless companion up on to the beach.

They were safe, but there were the men in the boat still to be rescued. Smith ran to the nearest village and gave the alarm. Two boats were manned and sent out, but by this time it was nearly dark and rain fell in torrents, so that hours were spent in searching for the overturned pinnace. Boats were also launched from the *Seringapatam* to find the pinnace, and at last it was discovered six miles away.

The two brave boys were presented with silver medals by the Royal Humane Society, and some time after Smith gained another medal for rescuing two men who fell overboard.

IDA LEWIS, THE LIFE-SAVER

ABOUT the middle of the nineteenth century, a fifteen-year-old girl, standing at a window of the lighthouse on Lime Rock, in Newport harbor,

saw a boat capsize. She was alone in the lighthouse, her father and mother having gone to shore. The child ran down to the life-boat, cast it off and rowed to the spot where four young men were struggling, nearly spent, in the high waves. She got them aboard, somehow, and rowed them back to Lime Rock.

The fifteen-year-old girl was Ida Lewis, the only woman whom Congress ever appointed to be a lighthouse keeper. Between that day in 1854, when she rescued the occupants of the capsized rowboat, and the day of her death, she saved eighteen lives, received the thanks of Congress and a gold medal as well, earned a cross from the American Cross of Honor Society, and was the recipient of many gold and silver medals that may be seen to-day at Lime Rock lighthouse.

Ida Lewis was born at Newport. Her father was Hosea Lewis, the first keeper of the Lime Rock light. Rheumatism crippled him and kept him from performing all of the duties necessary to the place, so Ida, as a child, was called upon to help her father. She knew how to regulate the light and how to handle a life-boat. When she was eighteen years old her father died and she was allowed to continue in the care of the light until a successor to her father could be appointed. In 1878, by special act of Congress, she was made keeper of the light.

The Lime Rocks on which the light-tower is set peep up out of the water just where all the yachts going out toward Fort Adams must pass. A white two-story house is perched upon the main ledge. There is a piazza and a small boat-house connected with the dwelling. Among the rocks, under the kitchen window, is a patch of garden where Ida Lewis raised hardy flowers that could withstand the strong salt airs. High aloft from sunset to sunrise a red light flashes over the harbor. Every night for more than fifty years Ida Lewis tended that light. Lives hung on her watchfulness, but the government inspectors got in the habit of reporting perfect attendance at the Lime Rock light.

In February, 1867, a soldier belonging to the garrison of Fort Adams was capsized while trying to cross Newport harbor in a small boat. Ida picked him up and towed him to the lighthouse, keeping his head out of water—she was not strong enough to lift him into the boat. In March, 1869, she saved two soldiers from Fort Adams. Their boat was swamped and they were clinging to the keel when she rowed from the lighthouse and rescued them.

In the fall of 1877 a boat containing three men was upset in Newport harbor in a gale. Ida Lewis, alone in her little boat, dragged the men

from the water. She thought so little of her deed that she did n't even take their names, and it was only after much trouble later that the lighthouse authorities found out who were saved. A short time after that rescue she saw a man clinging to a spindle or day-mark a mile and a half from the lighthouse. She went to him and got him safely ashore. In February, 1881, she, with her brother, rescued two soldiers who had tried to cross on the ice from Newport to Fort Adams. The ice was very unsafe and Ida and her brother nearly lost their own lives saving the soldiers.

In 1904, when Ida Lewis was more than sixty years old, she performed her last feat of life-saving. A woman friend had started for Lime Rock light to visit her. Ida was watching her approach in a small boat. Just as the boat neared the stone pier the woman lost her balance and fell overboard. In an instant Ida was in her own boat and alongside her struggling friend. She assisted her into the boat, picked up the rowboat that was drifting away, and then went back to the lighthouse.

Ida Lewis, as we have intimated, received many evidences of public recognition of her heroism. In 1869 the Life Saving Benevolent Association of New York awarded her a purse of \$100 and its silver medal. In 1869 the General Assembly of Rhode Island recognized officially her services. In July, 1869, the citizens of Newport presented her with a beautiful rowboat. Captain James Fisk of the Fall River Line built a convenient little boat-house on Lime Rock in which to house the gift.

For years afterward she received silver and gold medals, pieces of plate, insignia of various societies, and purses of money in recognition of her ability and courage. In 1907 she celebrated her golden anniversary as keeper of the light. In the same year she received from Andrew Carnegie a pension of \$30 a month. In her later years she was in failing health and was assisted in the duties of lighthouse keeper by her brother. In 1870 she was married to William H. Wilson. They did not get along happily, and so separated; then Ida resumed her maiden name.

One morning, in 1911, while preparing to light her kitchen fire, Ida Lewis was stricken with apoplexy. In that condition she was found by her brother, who for many years had made his home with her at the light. She never regained consciousness, and on the evening of October 24 she died. In the city of Newport, with which her fame is associated, her funeral was conducted with many marks of public respect, and honors to her memory were paid by leading citizens.

HOW GOLDEN WORDS MAY BE GOLDEN DEEDS

You girls and boys have probably all seen pictures of the great white-granite tomb built in honor of General Grant. Perhaps you have seen the tomb itself. It stands on Claremont Heights, in New York City.

From the terrace that surrounds it you may view the Hudson River stretching northward among the hills. Close by grows the gingko-tree planted on behalf of Li Hung Chang, to keep the memory of the Chinese statesman's friendship with the warrior of the West.

Within the monument, through the vast cupola, the subdued sunlight falls across the porphyry of the sarcophagus. To and fro, all day long, pass the hushed footsteps of old and young.

You would like to go there and to show your respect for the famous general who grew weary of conflict, and who, after the War of the States, when men were keeping alive their quarrels instead of forgetting them, cried out, "Let us have peace."

The greatest of English poets tells us that "'t is a kind of good deed to say well," and then he speaks of crowning words with deeds. It was said of a great helper of men that "his words were half-battles." But when General Grant said, "Let us have peace," he spoke words that were more than half-battles, more than the fiercest battles that ever the great soldier fought; for they were an influence so strong that it helped his countrymen to try to make our land the home of a united people. But it is of something else that we wish to tell you.

Not far from the tomb of General Grant is another. It is not large, and is very simple—in the quiet good taste that marks so much of the architecture we call "Colonial."

The upper part is in the form of an urn, the top of which has been carried away—probably by some curio-seeker. Close-set iron palings now protect the stone from those foolish and selfish people who mark and mar beautiful and treasured things.

This tomb, small though it be, attracts much attention. Carved upon it are these words:

Erected
to
the Memory of
an Amiable Child
ST. CLAIRE POLLOCK,
died 15 July 1797 in the 5th
Year of his Age.

People who see it forget the name of the little boy, but they remember the quaint words that describe him; and so this is known as "The Tomb of the Amiable Child."

"Amiable" is a word that comes to us from the Latin through the French. We look in our dictionary to study its meaning (a very good practice for you, girls and boys, when you come upon words you do not know or are doubtful about). The dictionary says that "a mi able" means "pleasing in disposition," "kind-hearted," "gracious." "Gentle" and "win-



THE TOMB OF AN "AMIALE CHILD."

ning," it says, mean much the same thing; and then it adds: "Amiable combines the senses of lovable or lovely and loving."

What a deal of meaning is carried wrapped up in that short word, to be sure! And how, when we know that meaning, do we have brought before us the charm of St. Claire's little life.

It is fine to be a great man like General Grant, with a career full of mighty deeds—of patience—of perseverance. These and many other traits grow and develop as one matures and gains experience. It is also fine to be an amiable little boy or girl—"lovable and loving." How many grown-ups of us never learn that lesson!

And may we not say that the carving of those words upon the tomb of the amiable child was itself a golden deed, because it fixed there a beautiful thought to help us keep in our hearts the spirit that is "lovable and loving"?



SPORTS AND TOYS IN HISTORY

“WITH HAWK AND HOUND”

BY N. HUDSON MOORE

HAVE you ever noticed a hawk soaring and floating high up against the sky? Have you seen him busy apparently in embroidering a wonderful pattern of loops and curves, putting in a wing-beat here and a long float there, and then, suddenly, without a moment's warning, seem fairly to drop to the ground, pause a moment, and then rise slowly and fly to some near-by tree?

The splendid flight was made with a purpose. He was looking out for his prey, and when he saw with his keen eyes some field-mouse scampering across a field, or a tiny bird cowering in a bush, or picking up a meal among the grass, he fell from the sky, seized the little creature, and took it off in his talons to eat it at leisure in some convenient tree.

This method of pursuing his prey was taken advantage of in the Middle Ages and later times to provide for man one of his most popular forms of hunting. The birds were chosen with greatest care, each kind was trained to hunt for his own particular sort of prey, and great parties of lords and ladies, followed by many attendants, rode out into the fields and marshes to “fly” their birds, as they called it, and watch them “strike their quarries.”

I have said that hawking was practised in the Middle Ages and later. Perhaps I should have written that at that time it was most widely practised, for, indeed, as far back as the fourth century hawks had been trained by mankind to hunt. These birds were so highly esteemed that they were known as emblems of royalty, and that

man of rank was considered disgraced who gave up his birds, save for the most dire necessity. In fact certain varieties of hawks and falcons were allowed only to the nobility, and none others were allowed to own or fly them.

Hawking was a sport which was not confined to men only, but ladies and children enjoyed it as well. See our pretty little boy, in the picture, with his pet bird, which is poised on his wrist and ready for flight.

Nowadays we have men who train horses for running, jumping and hunting, as indeed they had, too, in hawking days; but the man who trained the hawks for a great noble or a king, filled a most important part in the household. Just think,—the *Grand Fauconnier* of France had fifty gentlemen to attend him when he rode out, and fifty assistant falconers! He was allowed to keep three hundred hawks; he issued a license to every man who sold hawks in France; and received a fee for every bird sold in the kingdom. Even the king himself lent him consequence, for he never rode out on any grand occasion without this officer attending him.

In England the sport was just as highly considered. Our little picture boy was an English child. I look at him often and wonder who he was, for I do not know. All that I have been able to find out about him is, that he was the son of a great nobleman, and that this portrait still hangs in the castle gallery where once he lived.

Although the sport was commonly called “hawking,” different kinds of birds which hunt

their prey in a similar manner were used. Falcons were flown after herons or other water birds, and, indeed, most of the old descrip-

for an earl, and the "falcon of the rock" for a duke; and the "most noble eagle, merloun, and vulture," for an emperor.

Do not think that one could go out and fly a hawk in any way he liked, as you or I would go fishing; for this could not be done. If you or I had lived in the castle with our picture boy, and had been going out hawking with him, this is the way I believe we should have done:

The night before, if the wind had been in the right direction and it promised to be a fine day, we should have sent word to the falconer to have the hawks ready in the courtyard on their perches at dawn. It was, you see, a very "early bird" kind of business! You could n't turn over and take another nap, and say that you 'd come on the next trolley, or that you 'd come with mother in the auto—you 'd have to be on time.

Then, after directing about the hawks, you would send word to have the coursing jennets (or small hunting horses) ready at the same time for a day at hawking. You would bid the pages look to it that your gloves were ready, for stout gloves with gauntlets were worn to protect the hands and wrists from the sharp talons of the birds. Then you went to bed early yourself, so as to be early astir.

When the falconer got your order he went to look at the birds. He washed their feet in water, he saw that the "hoods" with which they were kept blinded or "hood-winked," when not flying, were well set on their heads, and he did not feed them, lest, on the morrow, they should not be keen enough to fly well for their game. He took particular care of his young master's bird, a fine and beautifully feathered hawk from Barbary, we will say, which he had trained himself. Then he looked at the "jesses," for all hawks when carried on the "fist" wore little straps of leather called jesses fastened to their legs. These straps had knots and loops in them which came between the fingers so as to hold the bird steady. Sometimes the jesses were made of silk, but leather was the ordinary material, and it might be scarlet or any other color that the owner wished. The hoods, too, were of leather, and very gorgeous, with a crest or coat of arms wrought on each, or perhaps a bright feather or two woven in it, which gave the bird a wild look indeed. Of course being kept in confinement and hooded most of the time, made the birds wild and fierce, which was a necessary condition for their doing their work well.

You will see bells on our bird's legs. These were the most important part of the trappings, for if the bird went out of sight the tinkle of the bell led the hunter to where the falcon was. The



"THE FALCONER."

From the statue by George Simonds in Central Park, New York.

tions of hawking speak of the hunters coursing along the river's edge or the brookside. Species of hawks went by many different names: there was the "hobby" for a young man; the "marlyon" for a lady; the "faulcon peregrine"



THE BOY FALCONER.

BY NICOLAAS MAES.

From the Wallace Collection,
London

Photograph by W. A. Mansell Co.



bells were fastened to the legs by thongs of deer-hide called "bewits." Great care was taken to have the hide soft so as not to chafe the legs, and the bells must be chosen with care, not too heavy so as to impede the flight, of a clear and musical sound. For ordinary birds any cheap bell would do, but for our falcon there must be Milan bells of gold, or at least silver, ringing.

At dawn, after a hurried breakfast of coarse bread, some white herring, sprats or salt fish, washed down with beer or ale for the grown-up people and milk for the children—all trooped down to the courtyard, eager to start.

The pages held the horses, the falconers hurried about with the birds, the hounds struggled at the leashes, and the huntsman held his horn in readiness to sound a blast for the warder to let down the drawbridge so that the party could ride gaily forth over the moat, down into the green fields and so on to the open. When the meadows were reached, runners and dogs were sent ahead to start up the birds along the water-courses. Each hunter saw to it that the strings of the hawk's hood were loosened so as to be easily pulled off, the jesses were cast aside, and all was made ready so that the hawk could be quickly thrown from the wrist as soon as the prey was sighted.

The hawks had to be trained to return with their prey to the hunters and not to let it escape or tear it, which would destroy it for food. For while, of course, the chief purpose of hawking was sport, yet the birds brought down were sometimes a very welcome addition to the table, where

salt meat or fish were the main dishes, unless the deer- or boar-hunters had been successful on *their* part.

You will never guess what caused the decline of hawking. Why, the invention of the musket! This provided the same amount of exercise, it brought down all kinds of creatures, birds as well as beasts, so that hawks became altogether unnecessary, and most noblemen were glad to be relieved of the immense expense which had to be incurred to keep up the "mews," or buildings in which the falcons were kept, provide attendants, and train the birds for their work.

In that noble story of Sir Walter Scott's, "Quentin Durward," when Quentin first appears, he says he has been called "the Varlet of the Velvet Pouch." This was on account of the bag or pouch which he wore over his shoulder to carry food for his hawk, which had been killed when he attempted to fly it in a royal preserve. This was a serious loss to poor Quentin, since a well-trained bird was worth a hundred marks, a large sum of money for those days.

In the time of James I, many years later than the period of Quentin Durward, a "cast of hawks" signifying two or three birds, well trained of course, would bring several hundred pounds. As the sport was largely indulged in by the nobility, so all the details connected with it were costly, from the silver whistles which were used to reclaim or call back the bird, to the trappings of the birds themselves, the expense of their keepers, and the buildings that housed them all.



THE SPORTS OF NEGRO CHILDREN

BY TIMOTHY SHALER WILLIAMS

THE little negro girls and boys who live in the towns or on the plantations of the South enjoy their games and sports quite as heartily as do any healthy and hearty girls and boys; but the conditions of their life are not such as to make them acquainted with the sports usually enjoyed by other children. If you were to ask one of these curly-haired, black-faced school-children of the



"DON'T PLAY ANY, SAH!"

South what games he played, he would be very likely to roll the whites of his eyes at you, and his teeth would glisten, while he answered, "Don't play any, sah!" If you should push your inquiries, you might get him to say "Yaas, sah!" to the questions whether he played baseball, tag, and other games. But it is the colored child's misfortune that he cannot reply more fully to such questions. His list of games is really very short. Where children

come together, however, as at school, or, once in a very great while, at parties and picnics, there is an opportunity for sports which require a number of players.

A rough game, but one of the most popular, is "rap-jacket," which is much played at school. The girls and boys cut long switches, and form two opposite rows, having an equal number of players on each side. The two forces then attack, each trying to make the other give way before the vigorous onslaught of whips. It is "against the rule" to hit in the face, but the blows rain down terrifically on the shoulders of the players; and it is not an unusual sight to see one of them who has been slightly hurt tearfully seeking consolation from the teacher. In spite of the game's roughness, even the girls are very fond of it.

Most of the games which colored children play are "ring" games. These seem to furnish an outlet for the melody in the negro soul, for nearly all are accompanied by singing and dancing. The songs are extremely simple, and of course vary with every game. Very curious rhymes are some-

times thrown together. The tunes in all the games differ very little. To one who for the first time witnesses these musical games, their most striking features are the ease and grace with which most of the players dance and beat time with feet and hands. It is comical to see a circle of these happy little creatures moving hands, feet, and mouths in perfect harmony, and giving rapt attention to the game.

"Hop like de rabbit, ho!" is a favorite ring game. One player enters the circle made by the others, and chooses a partner. In a queer embrace the two clasp each other's shoulders and jump round and round. Meanwhile those in the ring, clapping their hands and beating with their feet, sing these words:

Hop like de rabbit, ho!
Hop like de rabbit, ho boy!
De rabbit skip,
De rabbit hop,
De rabbit eat my turnip-top!
Hop like de rabbit, ho!
Hop like de rabbit, ho boy!

De rabbit is a cunnin' thing,
He ramble in de dark;
He nebber know what trouble is
Till he hear old Rover bark!
De rabbit skip,
De rabbit hop,
De rabbit eat my turnip-top!
Hop like de rabbit, ho!
Hop like de rabbit, ho boy!

There is another game which is played in the same way, but which requires different words. It is called "De Willow-tree." I give the words as they were written down for me by a bright little school-girl; but they are a curious jumble. It ought to be said that the songs or chants given in this article are not supposed to be sung in all parts of the South, or, if sung, they do not appear in the same form. Their words may differ even in neighboring localities. The language of a people who depend upon the ear rather than on the eye for their vocabulary is always changing. The words of "De Willow-tree" are as follows:

De willow-tree I nebber saw,
Green grow de willow!
Do that again, I 'll stick you with a pin,
Green grow de willow!
De willow-tree I nebber saw,
Green grow de willow!

Six young ladies, six young gen'lemen,
 Don't you think it 's hard,
 They hab all got true lover,
 And I hab none?

CHORUS.

Rice-cake, rice-cake, rice-cake,
 Sweet me so!

places. Probably the fun in this game is in its soldier-like movements. The song which accompanies the marching runs thus:



THE GAME OF "RAP-JACKET."

Don't you tell dose girls I love it to my heart!
 Don't you tell dose boys I eat it, eat it!
 Don't you tell dose boys I eat it, eat it!
 To my toe!

Ho, Nannie! Ho, Nannie!
 Hand me the gourd to drink water!
 Drink water, drink water,
 Hand me the gourd to drink water!

Miss Mary, Miss Mary!
 Hand me the gourd to drink water!
 Drink water, drink water,
 Hand me the gourd to drink water!

Marching and singing are the chief features of the game "Drinking Water." Two of the players, joining hands above their heads, stand at the apex of an angle formed by the remaining players, who stand facing away from the first two. The two at the opposite ends of the columns forming the angle take a few steps toward each other, being followed in turn by the other players, and, wheeling halfway around, march down the center between the columns and beneath the outspread arms of the first two, who remain in their

"Shouting Josephine" is the odd name given to a peculiar game. Two of the players stand inside a ring formed by the others, and the following dialogue ensues between them:

"Josephine!"
 "Ma'am?"
 "Have you had your breakfast?"
 "Yes ma'am."
 "How much?"
 "Spoonful."
 "Josephine, do you want to shout?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How long?"

"An hour and a half."

"Then shout, Josephine!"

And so Josephine shouts, as loudly as she can, and, with her hands resting on her hips and her elbows bent, dances gracefully and in perfect time with her lively shouting. Meanwhile the

she has voice, and then breaks out of the ring, and a companion takes her place.

The colored children's parties do not differ much in general from those to which white girls and boys are accustomed. The invited guests come in the afternoon,—or evening, as Southerners would say,—play games, have supper, and go home. In one of the games often played on such



THE CAKE-WALK.

others beat time with their hands. Now and then they cry out, "Finger-ring!" "Ear-ring!" "Breast-pin!" and so on; and as they mention the words, the shouting Josephine, without stopping her motion, takes her hands from her hips and touches the portion of the body where the ear-ring, breast-pin, and so on, are respectively worn. Josephine shouts and dances as long as

occasions a girl sits under a June-apple tree,—or, if there happens to be none around, under any small tree or shrub,—and calls a boy from among the players, who have formed a ring around her. The boy enters the circle and tries to kiss the girl, who to escape him endeavors to break out of the ring. But the other players clasp hands and dance round and round, all the time singing:

Here's Miss Phœbe sits under a June-apple
tree, heigh-ho!
Seeking for her true-love to see, heigh-ho!
Here 's a young lady sits under my arm;
Another sweet kiss will do her no harm!
An' another little one, heigh-ho!
An' a sweet little one, heigh-ho!



HANGING UP THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

The last two lines are repeated faster and faster, as "Miss Phœbe" makes greater efforts to break the ring, and her companions circle round with increasing rapidity. When she has at last escaped from her pursuer, the boy who is left chooses another girl from the ring; and then he, in turn, tries to break out before his partner can kiss him.

Then there are birthday parties, to which every invited guest is supposed to bring a present—a cake, a doll, or something of the sort—for the child whose birthday is celebrated. An interesting feature of these parties is the cake-walk. This affords great amusement. The prize cake is put upon a table in the center of the room, while the guests, in couples, walk around the house, in through the door, around the table, and out again. Not far from the cake stands one of the "old folks," who presents a little flag to whichever couples she may choose, as the procession moves past her. The marching in and out of the house continues until a gun is discharged outside; then the two with the flag who happen to be nearest the table are considered the winners of the cake. Besides this prize, however, the successful girl and boy are each allowed to choose one of the presents brought to the host.

Christmas is the greatest holiday among the negroes. It lasts a whole week with them, and during this time some of them seem to think it wrong to do any work. The children believe firmly in the existence of Santa Claus. They hang their stockings beside the fireplace, and on Christmas morning imagine that they see his footprints on the hearth. One would think that old St. Nick would leave a great many gifts in such a home, it is so easy for him to climb up and down the chimney; but he does n't leave very many; so it is fortunate that the black children are satisfied with an orange, an apple, a doll, or a stick of candy.

FOOTBALL OF LONG AGO

BY KLYDA RICHARDSON STEEGE

It would be a strange sight to us if, in passing through Central Park, we should come to a statue inscribed:

TO HENRY BROWN,
CHAMPION OF THE FOOTBALL FIELD,

or farther on to another with the words:

TO ARTHUR MURRAY,
THE GREATEST BASEBALL-PITCHER OF HIS DAY.

Yet there were once people who thought that men who made themselves famous in the national games deserved much honor, and who actually did raise a statue to a football-player. His name was Aristonico Caristo, and he lived several thousand years ago, in the most beautiful city in the world, Athens.

Athens, as you know, was a city adorned with wonderful sculpture, full of men and women

learned in art and great in literature; and students of Greek history believe that the wisest of the Athenians knew a great deal more about



TENT OR PAVILION.

many things than we shall ever know, though of course they were not so well informed upon some topics as are men of the present day. But in addition to being learned and wise they were also a very strong and brave people, and, to fit themselves for warfare whenever they should be called upon, they kept their bodies in a perfect condition of health and their muscles continually trained by constant exercise in games and athletic contests. Every year they held the famous Olympic games, when all the young men of Greece contested for prizes, and when the winner of the race, or the victor in the wrestling-match, was



PALLAIO.



TRUMPETER.

they have left in their sculpture models which we still study for their perfection of form and line. Even now we can pay no higher compliment than to say one resembles a Greek of the old days, a Greek who lived in what we call their golden age.

Nowadays one hears a great deal of talk about the waste of time spent in athletics, and many sensible people disapprove of intercollegiate contests and ball-games. Of course there is reason in their objections, for every good thing may be abused, and no doubt boys and young men often make athletics an excuse for neglecting their studies, or for spending a



ALFIERE, OR STANDARD-BEARER.



DRUMMER.

great deal of money and time in a perfectly useless way. But then, that is only one side of the question, and on the other hand we all know how little good work we can do with our brains if our bodies are feeble and our eyes and minds tired with constant reading and studying and bending our backs over desks. Whatever our occupation in life may be, we all need amusement and exercise, and not to take enough time for it is quite as bad as taking too much.

All the old nations knew the importance of physical development. The Persians, the Macedonians, and the Spartans were always trained and ready to use their strength for their country's need. Of these latter people, when they were under the stern discipline of Lycurgus, an old writer says that their youths were so accustomed to severe bodily exercise that when there were no other walls of defense, the breasts of her citizens formed her protection.

rewarded with a crown of laurel or olive, and was accounted a great personage.

Because the Greeks kept their bodies so strong and well developed, they were a beautiful race, and, having the skill to reproduce this beauty,

Among the sports of these nations who passed away so many centuries ago were always various kinds of ball-games; and the Athenian whom his fellow-citizens considered worthy of a statue was honored for his excellence in the game called *phē-*

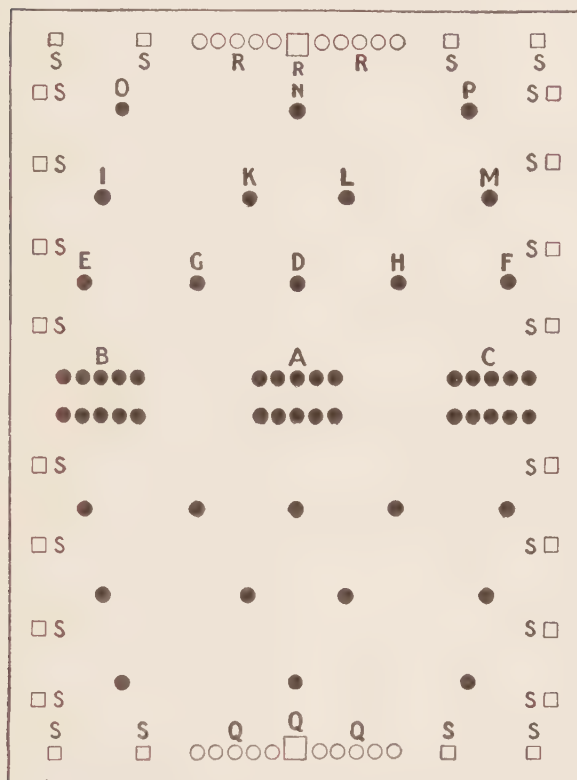
among the Romans, *harpastum*. There is extant an account taken from a book by a Greek named Julius Pollux, in the year 177 A.D., and dedicated to the Emperor Commodus, of the game as played at that time; and apparently it has changed very little since.

As the Romans planted one colony after another, they brought with them their amusements, as well as their arts and sciences; and so, in their settlement of Florentia—our modern Florence—they established the game of *harpastum*. Perhaps other cities knew it, too, but for some unexplained reason this one town came to consider the game as especially belonging to itself, and there is no account of its being played elsewhere. The Florentines called it *cálcio*, a word meaning a kick, and it formed one of the principal entertainments of the people.

Until the early part of the eighteenth century it was played constantly during the winter, especially in carnival time; and no festival in honor of a coronation, grand wedding, or entrance into the city of any distinguished stranger was complete without its game of *calcio*. Nearly all the Florentine historians and chroniclers mention it; and to give an idea of what importance they attached to the game, one should read what a sixteenth-century writer says of its many advantages:

All exercises and all arts of the gymnasium are combined in the game of *calcio*, which exercises every muscle and all parts of the body. It makes the body healthy, dexterous, and robust, and the mind alert and strong and eager for virtuous victory.

The year 1898 was a memorable one in Florence, for it was the four hundredth anniversary of important historical events, as well as commemorative of men such as Toscanelli, Amerigo Vespucci, and Savonarola, who lived in the latter part of the fifteenth century. It was planned to have a grand festival in April, and to revive a number of the medieval spectacles. But it rained nearly all the festival days, and so a great part of the program could not be thoroughly carried out. Then there was a time of revolution and riot all over Italy, when Florence was under military rule, and no public gathering was permitted. Consequently the celebration on which so much thought had been spent, and of which so much was expected, did not altogether come up to its ideal. But one feature of it was entirely a success, and that was the game of *calcio*.



PLAN AND ARRANGEMENT OF THE TWO SIDES AT THE BEGINNING OF THE GAME.

- A. Center Runners.
- B. Runners near the wall.
- C. Runners near the wall.
- D. Center Fronts.
- E. Front near the wall.
- F. Front near the ditch.
- G. Center Fronts.
- H. Center Fronts.
- I. Half-back near the wall.

- K. Center Half-backs.
- L. Center Half-backs.
- M. Half-back near the ditch.
- N. Center back.
- O. Back near the wall.
- P. Back near the ditch.
- Q. Tent, Alfieri, Trumpeters, etc.
- R. Tent, Alfieri, Trumpeters, etc.
- S. Halberdiers.

ninda. This was the original form of football; and from those early days until now it has been played by one set of people after another, until it has reached the present form. The Lacedæmonians used to have it, and a book was even written about it by a man called Timocrates. Homer sings of it as the game the heroes played, and several other Greek poets and authors mention it. In remoter times they played with a ball made of leather and blown up with air, and the players were divided into two parties, who each endeavored to send the ball over their opponents' goal at the opposite end of the field. Though first called *pheninda*, later it was *episcyrus*, and still later, when it had been for some time known

In former times, the square or piazza in front of the Church of Santa Croce was generally the scene of the calcio, as well as of other public games or spectacles. It is very much in the same condition now as it was five hundred years ago, and the beautiful church, which was begun in 1297, still stands, unharmed by the passing centuries. At one side of the piazza, a marble tablet in an old palace wall marks half its length, and

tate, and where to-day soldiers drill. These young men of various nationalities shouted as they rushed about with as much freedom as though on a college campus. The faded frescos of saints and martyrs looked down on them, and occasionally the ball would strike a saint in the eye, or fly against another's halo. The soldiers were always passing in and out, and a few younger brothers looked on admiringly.



AN OLD ENGRAVING SHOWING THE GAME CALCIO AS PLAYED IN FLORENCE TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

where this tablet is was the spot against which the ball was thrown at the beginning of the calcio.

It is more than one hundred and seventy years since the last calcio took place in Florence; now it could not be played on its old ground; for there is a huge statue of Dante in the center of the piazza, and it is too big to move. Instead, then, of having the ancient palaces and church walls as a background, the game was played in an inclosure of the park by the river. The fifteenth-century costumes and the bright dresses of the spectators were seen to the best advantage against the fresh spring green of the trees, and the players had soft earth under their feet, instead of the hard stones of the city square.

They held the rehearsals for the calcio in the great cloisters of another old church, Santa Maria Novella, where the monks used to walk and medi-

But the rehearsals were nothing to the game itself, when everything possible was done to make it like the original calcio. There were trumpeters with the old Tuscan trumpets, halberdiers carrying halberds and wearing real armor belonging to the fifteenth century, the standard-bearers with their silk banners, the players in their costumes of white satin with blue, and white satin with red, and their long hair falling down on their shoulders. The sun shone fitfully that afternoon, and an occasional shower came down; but no one was tempted to leave until all was finished, and the victory gained by the wearers of the red. Even the King and Queen, who were present, were undisturbed by the rain, and made no objections when, by a misdirected kick, the ball shot suddenly into the improvised royal box.

The prettiest sight of all was the procession which, according to ancient custom, preceded the game. The trumpets blew, and there marched into the inclosure the quaintly dressed company, who made a circuit of the field. Following the prescribed order, came first the trumpeters, then the drummers, halberdiers in between the various groups, then certain of the players, two by two. These last were supposed to imitate the effect of squares on a chess-board, and to that end the first couple was composed of a man from either side, each in his respective color, while the second couple reversed the colors, the third again was like the first, and so on. After these came the standard-bearers, one for each side, more drums, other players, one of whom carried the ball, and finally musicians. There were one hundred and three persons in the procession, and the effect was very striking. The trumpets sounded when the game began, and whenever there was a victory to be recorded for one side or the other. It was all very interesting and picturesque, and it did not require much imagination to put one's self back in the old days when Lorenzo the Magnificent controlled the city, and the Florentines were great and rich and prosperous.

On the night of the day following the calcio there was a magnificent costume ball given in the Palazzo Vecchio—the Old Palace. Here once more the calcio-players assembled, and, as on the field, made a circuit of the great hall. Among the brilliant throng of knights and soldiers, heroes and heroines of old stories and poems, none attracted more attention than the calcio-players, nor more faithfully copied the men of 1498, the year which Florence was commemorating.

In former times the Florentines would have thought the dresses which were worn at this celebration much too poor and plain, for the rules insisted on suits of velvet, satin, or cloth of gold, and what was equal to several hundreds of dollars was spent on a single game. The costumes consisted of a jacket, tight-fitting trousers, and stockings made in one piece, thin shoes, and caps, and were frequently trimmed wherever possible with gold and silver lace, buckles, em-

broidery, feathers, and all sorts of rich and costly ornaments. As the rules say:

The dresses of the players must be as light and convenient as possible, because the less impediment they offer, the more easily can the men move, and the more agile will be their limbs. But especially should each one endeavor to have his clothes beautiful and gay, and to see that they are well-fitting and becoming to him, remembering that there will be present to see him the most charming ladies and the most noble gentlemen of the city, and whoever, therefore, appears badly dressed makes of himself an ugly sight.

There were two kinds of calcio. One was the ordinary game, which was played at any time from January to the end of carnival, when there was not the same necessity for rich dress, and the players were expected only to wear different colors, distinguishing one side from the other. This was a somewhat impromptu game, and might be played whenever there were gathered enough nobles and gentlemen in an appropriate place. Then two captains were selected, and those who wished to play having arranged themselves in a circle in the center of the field, each captain chose the men he wanted, and the game went on to its finish.

But when the calcio was played in costume, the



THROWING THE BALL AT THE BEGINNING OF THE GAME.

would-be players assembled first at the house of one of the principal nobles of the city, and the best men were carefully selected. The day would be fixed, and a notice published of it. Then they named two of the best-known and important young men as *alfieri*, or standard-bearers, and on

the appointed day each of these would invite all the men on his side to a feast. After this they started for the field, the standard-bearers and trumpeters first, and when all the players were assembled, they cast lots for places, and entered the field in order.

As to the game itself, it was really rather complicated, and to go into all its details might prove tiresome, but these were its main points:

"None but gentlemen, honored soldiers, or nobles might take part in the calcio; no artisans, servants, infamous or common persons, were permitted"; and the ages of those who played were supposed to range between eighteen and forty-five years. The general number of persons on a side was twenty-seven, making fifty-four in all, though this number might be more or less. The calcio was to be played in a large square, or piazza, where there should be room for ladies to see comfortably, and place for the general public. Around the square was erected a barrier or railing about one hundred and ten yards in length, fifty-four yards in width, and in height one yard. When, at the sound of the trumpets, the game was ordered to begin, all servants and persons who had no right there were sent off the field, and could not come nearer than behind this railing.

At each end of the field was a goal over which the ball was to be kicked, and there was also erected a tent or pavilion for each side. These were decorated with the respective colors of the two sides, and here were stationed the musicians, halberdiers, captains, and so on. The judges, of whom there were six, three for each side,—men who had been famous players,—sat in a high place, where they could overlook all the field. Their decision was absolute, and a difference of views was settled by a majority of votes. The judges also took charge of the banners, and consigned them to the soldiers of the Grand Duke, when they were stationed each in front of its proper pavilion.

The twenty-seven players were to be divided as follows:

Fifteen *Innanzi*, or runners, who are placed in the front, and divided into three equal groups.

Five *Sconciatori*, who try to impede the opposite innanzi as they run with the ball. They may be called the fronts.

Four *Datori innanzi*, or half-backs.

Three *Datori addietro*, or backs.

This arrangement of the three rows of the calcio was supposed to resemble the order of battle in the Roman army, the last row being most widely extended of all. The innanzi took the place of spearmen, and the sconciatori repre-

sented the elephants in ancient warfare, or, later, the artillery.

When the players had taken their places, as shown in the accompanying plan, the *pallaio* (so called because he carried the *palla*, or ball), dressed in a costume made in the colors of the two sides, threw the ball against the marble tablet in the wall. In very ancient times the ball was placed in the center of the field, as now in football.

As the ball bounced back among the players, the innanzi ran to kick it and push it toward the goal.

The game was won by the side who made the greatest number of goals, called *caccia*. It was considered equal to a caccia for one side when the other made two faults, or *falli*. A fallo was made when the ball, being thrown or hit with the open hand, bounced higher than the ordinary height of a man. It also constituted a fallo when the ball fell outside the goal, beyond the ditch on one side.

Whenever a goal or a fault was made, the players changed sides, and the victorious ones carried their banners high and marched around to the pavilion at the opposite end. The conquered party, on the other hand, was obliged to lower its banner. Sometimes this regulation caused trouble, as the young Florentines did not like to own themselves beaten, and would occasionally refuse to lower their flag. Then their opponents would rush to compel them to it, and frequently in such a scrimmage the banners would be torn and the players injured. This, however, was considered extremely undignified and entirely contrary to all rules.

The regulations as to politeness and dignity were strict, and the old book of rules drawn up in the sixteenth century has a long chapter on the general conduct of players, and speaks with praise of young men who will not allow "anger, envy, or any other passion" to make them rough or inclined to retaliate fiercely if they are injured by mistake; and the subject is thus concluded:

This principally is demanded in the calcio: for without such harmony it would not be an amiable rivalry of gentlemen, but an angry fight of mad beasts; and whoever makes it otherwise than this should remain dishonored by all noble persons of the city.

The game ended when the clocks sounded twenty-four, which in old Italian reckoning was about sunset, and the signal to stop was given by the explosion of two *masti*, or mortars. The banners were then given to the alfiere of the victorious side, unless there happened to be a tie, when each alfiere received again his banner.

There are a great many entertaining accounts given of the calcio as it used to be played. In the time of Lorenzo de' Medici there were several songs written about it, and nearly all the writers of that period and later mention it. Of all the notable games, perhaps none was more brilliant than one played in 1584, as portion of the "Pomp and of the Fêtes made on the coming to the City of Florence of His Serene Highness Don Vincenzo Gonzaga, Prince of Mantua and of Monferrato, for his consort, Her Serene Highness, Donna Leonora, daughter of the Prince of Tuscany."

On this occasion there were many noblemen among the players. One party were dressed in yellow, the jackets being of satin, and the close-fitting trousers, or tights, of cloth of gold, the whole suit striped with silver. Their caps were of yellow velvet, ornamented with ostrich-plumes, gold medals, and pearls. Those of the red were dressed in similar fashion, except for the difference in color and the ornamentation of their costumes, which was of gold instead of silver. The pallaio of this party (for there was at this time a pallaio for each side) wore red satin, and the ball which he carried was of red and yellow. After him followed four trumpeters in red cloth, and two drummers similarly dressed; then two Germans, playing flutes. After these came the pallaio of the other side, in a costume of yellow, followed by the same order of trumpets, drums, and flutes. The standard-bearers (*alfieri*) came on the field dressed like the others, excepting their hose, which were more richly trimmed, and entirely covered, the red with gold, and the yellow with silver embroidery. There were also pages in the respective colors of the two parties. On the morning before the game each *alfiere* had given a sumptuous lunch to his party, when they had had the most delicate food and a plenteous supply of the finest sweetmeats.

The banners were of thin silk, and to each banner there were six Germans, dressed in the German fashion, and in red or yellow, according to the side to which they belonged. The other gentlemen who were to take part in the game wore costumes as above mentioned. The master of the calcio, elected by the Grand Duke, bore all the expenses, and prepared the confections and wines. But the *alfieri* paid for their own costumes, and

for the feast they gave to the players. The masters were dressed somewhat differently from the others, their doublets or jackets being made of lace, red or yellow, with gold or silver underneath showing through.

All the gentlemen having arrived, they made a circuit of the piazza, and after the ball was thrown the game began. At first the yellow gained; but at the end the red had the advantage, and conquered. Each *caccia* was followed by shots of cannon, and after the second *caccia* the players all stood together while a song in praise of the game was sung.

Then, to refresh those who had need of it, there were brought fifty-two great silver bowls, all full of the finest confections, and an immense number of flasks of the choicest wines. These were carried into the piazza by sixty-two young girls, three of whom, dressed in costumes like the players, acted as stewards, one of them waiting on the judges, the other two on the players. The covering of the flasks was all of red and gold.

When they had eaten and drunk all that they wanted, they began to throw the confections among the people surrounding them until all were scattered. Then, beginning the game again, they continued until dark night. The piazza where they played was surrounded by platforms like theater galleries, and yet there was not place for half the people. The houses were all full, and even the roofs were crowded; and it is believed that altogether more than forty thousand persons were present.

Six thousand *scudi*, about six thousand dollars, were spent on this calcio.

Among other games which are mentioned particularly was one played during the siege of Florence, on February 17, 1529, by the same class of men, the soldiers and others who had been engaged in the defense of the city. To show their defiance of the enemy, they stationed musicians on the roof of Santa Croce Church. The besiegers fired volleys from the hills just outside the town, but fortunately no one was injured. The young men probably finished their game, and then went out to return the shooting with fresh vigor. This calcio was given as a sort of challenge to the enemy, and to let them know that the Florentines had so little fear of them that they had even time for amusements.



THE ROYAL GAME OF TENNIS

BY CHARLES L. NORTON



OVER a fir-crested ridge of the Sierras, the sinking sun cast long shadows across the level sward of a little mountain "park." In the edge of the timber three or four white tents were pitched, while half a dozen mules and horses were grazing near by, and a canvas-covered wagon stood at one side, within the shelter of the trees. On the green grass certain squares were marked in broad, white

what it all could mean,—the net and the queer, flannel-clad figures that flitted about, knocking white balls back and forth over the net, and calling to one another "fifteen!" "thirty!" "vantage!" and so on, till darkness compelled them to stop and enter the pleasantly lighted tents, all unaware of the bright, wild eyes that had been curiously watching their game.



COPY OF AN OLD PICTURE SHOWING AN EARLY FORM OF TENNIS, IN WHICH THE HANDS WERE USED AS BATS.

lines, and across the squares a net was stretched between two stakes.

It all looked very mysterious to Spotted Crow, an Indian brave, and to his two brown-skinned sons, who, attracted by voices, had stealthily climbed the ridge from the other side and were looking down upon the little "park," wondering

The sun wended his way, as is his custom, across the shining Pacific and was presently looking down upon a very different scene in far-off Japan. Two native girls in their quaint costumes were taking a promenade near a Japanese town. In the distance loomed up the snow-clad cone of Fusi-yama, the sacred mountain. The girls drew

near a low house with wide verandas, which had a lawn in front; and on the lawn were similar white squares, and just such a net as Spotted Crow and his sons had marveled at a few hours before, as they peered through the tree-tops of the American mountains, six thousand miles away. The two Japanese girls stopped and looked over the hedge. Some young English folk were

did not see tennis nets and hear those familiar cries. He knew that the racket and the net were always in use somewhere; that the empire of lawn tennis circled the earth quite as completely as does the boasted roll of British drums.

Ages ago the sun had seen the beginnings of this game. It is not quite certain whether it was on the banks of the Nile or the Ganges, or at



A TENNIS COURT OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

knocking balls to and fro over the net, and crying out, "fifteen!" "forty!" "deuce all!" "game!" and the rest, just as their American cousins had done on the other side of the wide Pacific.

But the sun was well used to this sort of thing. There was never a continent that he looked down upon as the round earth daily turned its different hemispheres upward for his inspection, where he

Nineveh; but somewhere this same sun saw a group of half-naked, bronze-limbed youngsters throwing balls or dried gourds back and forth, using their hands for bats, and doubtless having quite as much fun, after a barbarous fashion, as we have nowadays with cork-handled rackets, regulation balls, and a set of printed rules.

Generations rolled by, however, before the pio-

neers of tennis had themselves carved on stone slabs, and still other ages before Gordian III. and Marcus Aurelius Antoninus had coins struck, in honor of the Pythian Apollo, bearing devices which represented athletes serving and returning balls, and using their hands as rackets.

Even at that early day it was found desirable



TENNIS WITH A STRING INSTEAD OF A NET.

to protect the hand by means of gauntlets, but it was not until the fourteenth century, so far as can be ascertained, that bats or rackets were invented, and the game grew into something not altogether unlike that which is played to-day.

The regular tennis court of the middle ages was a very elaborate affair, with divisions and galleries and railings and "pent-house roofs," and a carefully laid stone pavement, all of which made it a very costly game to play, and only kings and the richest of the nobility could have tennis courts of their own. These courts need not be described here, but they were not unlike the lawn courts of to-day in size and shape. At first there was a line stretched across the middle; then a fringe was added to this line, and by the beginning of the eighteenth century the net was adopted much as at present used.

The method of counting, too, was not unlike that followed in our modern lawn tennis, but it was loaded down with rules that must have made a medieval game quite a good exercise in mental arithmetic—for the marker, at least—as the princes and lordlings, who alone played tennis in those days, did not keep their own scores, but had attendants to look after this part of the game for them.

It was, indeed, a royal game; so very royal that Edward III. (1365) decided that no one but kings and their associates should be allowed to play it at all, and his example was followed by Henry IV., Henry VIII., and other reigning sovereigns of

H.T.&G.D. II. 23.

England and France. It kept gaining in popularity, however, and some sort of outdoor tennis was played with inflated balls very early in the history of the game.

Every little while the royal commands would be forgotten, or some convenient war would break out, and, after it was over, tennis would "bob up serenely," as a very popular amusement. Henry VIII. had the tennis fever in a violent form, and the most famous royal set ever played was that in which Henry VIII. of England and the Emperor Charles V. were matched against the Prince of Orange and the Marquis of Brandenburg, while the Earl of Devonshire "stopped" (that is, picked up balls and kept count) for one side and Lord Edmund Howard did a like service for the other side. The chronicle relates that they played "XI" full games, and were "even hands" at the close, a statement which has puzzled the critics, who can only infer that the historian made a mistake of one in his figures.



YOUNG PRINCE JAMES OF YORK AS A TENNIS PLAYER.
(FROM AN OLD PICTURE.)

At last, the kings gave up the vain attempt to keep so capital a game to themselves, and graciously vouchsafed it to their loyal subjects, simply because they could no longer prevent their playing. Of course, there still remained the difficulties arising from the great costliness of regu-

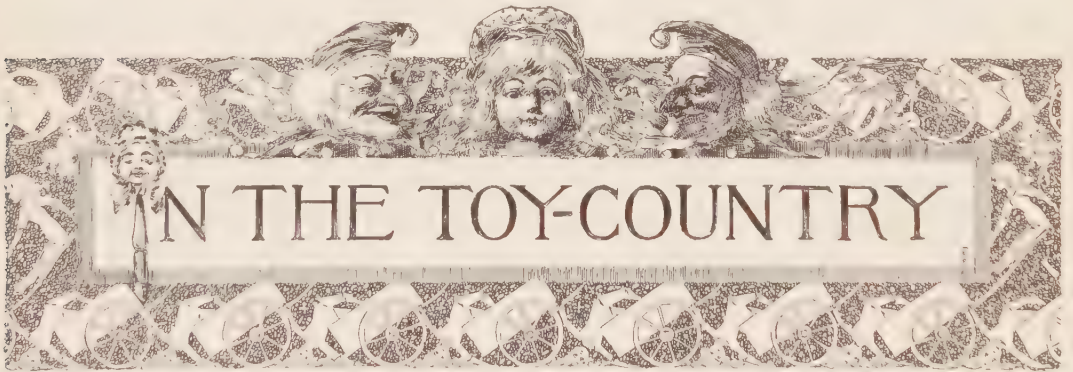
lar courts, but these could not interfere with out-of-door tennis. This was, however, a very unscientific sport, and was, of course, despised by the gentry who could afford to play the court game. In the illustration taken from an old wood-cut, some out-of-door tennis players are seen in the distance.

In fact, it was not until a very few years ago that the play-loving English public awoke to the fact that some one had reduced out-of-door tennis to a science; that something very like court tennis could be played on the lawn, under the blue sky; and that "pent-house roofs" and galleries, railings, tambours, chases, and the rest were relics of the dark ages.

Just about that time, too, England had passed through just such a roller-skating fever as we had in America. And there were the empty rinks all ready to be marked off for tennis, so that during the occasional spells of bad weather with which our English cousins are afflicted, the game could be played under cover. But the true Court

of Prince Tennis is the smooth lawn, with its springy turf, or, where turf can not be had in full perfection, the beach, or such smooth surface as the average orchard or home-lot can afford.

The advantages of the game are that it can be played by two, three, or four persons, and keep them all on the alert from the word "Play!" As an exercise it may be as gentle or as energetic as the player chooses. It is so easily learned that even a beginner very soon cherishes hopes of success, and yet so worthy of effort that it fascinates the finest athletes. Moreover, it is not ruinously costly in outfit, and one of its best qualities is that it is very entertaining for spectators, who quickly learn enough of the game to watch its progress with interest, and are not in the least danger from iron-hard missiles, as in the case of cricket and baseball. The boy or girl who is an interested spectator will presently long to send those fascinating white balls flying over the net, and very soon Prince Tennis has another courtier in his train.



BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON

ONE glorious midday of August, Henry Claiborne, a recent graduate of an American university, found himself sitting down to rest and to eat his luncheon in the shade of a tree overhanging a shepherd's hut on the Scisseralp in Tyrol.

Since landing at Antwerp in July, he had moved leisurely southward by rail, boat, or bicycle as far as Atzwang in the Austrian Tyrol. He was here tempted by the idea of a pedestrian tour through the Dolomites—those mighty limestone hills that rear themselves like semi-precious gems of many colors between the southeastern Tyrol and northern Italy.

Claiborne had, in addition, a dreamy idea of seeing Venice, and possibly Florence; but, as he often declared to himself, the chief point of an expedition like this was to have no plans for further than twenty-four hours ahead.

The second day of his solitary expedition with "scrip and staff" brought him, as has been said, to the enjoyment of a rural meal of rich yellow cream served in a wooden bowl, brown bread, and mountain cheese, furnished by the shepherd's wife, the proprietor of one of many tiny brown chalets scattered over the vast emerald pasture of the Alp.

All about him waved grass and flowers; only the tinkle of cow-bells, the song of many birds, and the hum of insects broke the enchantment of the hour. The views on every side were of grand mountain-tops and near-by rocky crags. The one thing wanting to his perfect satisfaction was—somebody whom he could tell how much he was enjoying himself alone!

He laughed aloud when he discovered in himself this trait of human nature honestly inherited from his great ancestor, Adam. The brown-skinned woman of the chalet, running out to look after him, laughed also, in sympathetic merriment. And at that moment Henry espied, coming across the rich verdure of the plain from the direction in which he meant presently to go, a cavalcade consisting of a couple of travelers on mules, conducted by a young peasant, who was occupied in picking a bouquet for one of them.

"That is my Mr. Claiborne, papa, who picked me up when the ship spilled me out of my deck-chair," cried a child's joyous voice.

Claiborne sprang to his feet, and waved his hat, calling out, "How do you do?" He had at once recognized two fellow-passengers on the steamer from New York, with whom the accidents of a voyage had put him into pleasant intercourse.

He had been interested from the first day out in the tall, pale, and melancholy-looking man to whose hand clung a quaint little girl of the Alice-in-Wonderland type. They were both in mourning, and, keeping apart from the other passengers, were said to have been recently bereaved of the child's mother, and to be going abroad for the health of the father, who had scarcely recovered from serious illness.

Everybody on deck had soon made friends with Rosabel. She was never seen without two armfuls of dollies, of which the favorite was a very homely German lady of the cheap, jointed pattern, painted in staring blacks and whites and reds. The complaints, tastes, and tempers of this family of dolls were in time known to the whole ship's company.

And here, in a remote sylvan haunt of the wild Alps, had Claiborne come again upon the father and daughter. He saluted them cordially, struck—and saying so—with the look of vigor Mr. Morland had taken on, as well as the new light in his eyes, the more frequent smile upon his lips.

"You see, too, how much better Gretchen-Augusta looks," said Rosabel, extending for the young man's notice the well-remembered old wooden doll. "Frau Berger says it is because she has returned to the place of her birth—that no one born in the Grödner Valley is ever as well out

of it. You know, Mr. Claiborne, we came here for Gretchen-Augusta's health. As soon as she found out, in Botzen, she was so near the town she was born in, she would never let me rest until we arrived at St. Ulrich."

"For 'Gretchen-Augusta' read 'Rosabel,'" supplemented Rosabel's father, teasingly. "It is an actual fact, Claiborne, that I let myself be decoyed into the Grödner Valley because somebody in Botzen told Rosie her most beloved doll had probably been made at St. Ulrich. We have been stopping there for two weeks now, and I am beginning to feel like Gulliver among the Lilliputs."

"I suppose I am very stupid," said Claiborne, helping his friends to dismount, and offering them a share of his repast, which was at once reinforced by fresh supplies from the good woman of the chalet; "but I don't understand your allusion to the Lilliputians; and I'm afraid I never even heard of St. Ulrich. What and where is it?"

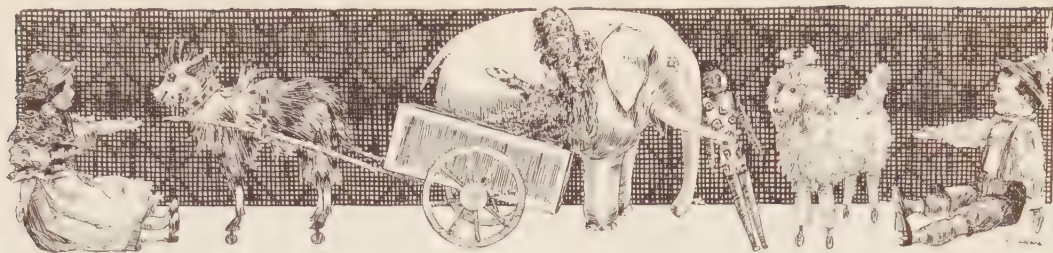
"May I tell him what St. Ulrich is, papa?" cried Rosabel, with wide eyes. "Why, Mr. Claiborne, it's the place the toys come from."

"You must forgive me, Rosabel; but it is so long since I played with toys, I had forgotten this important fact, if, indeed, I ever knew anything about it."

"You will never be likely to forget it again," said Mr. Morland; "that is, if you return with us and spend a night or two at the inn in St. Ulrich, as I hope you will. The air is so fine, and they are making me so comfortable at their little hostelry, that I have no desire to move on. And Rosie, for once, has enough of toys. The effect upon her of seeing thousands of dolls in various stages of growth by attachments, cartloads of arms and legs and torsos, has been to confirm her affections upon this poor old battered wreck of a Gretchen-Augusta, from whom now she never parts. I venture to tell you this while she and Gretchen-Augusta are inside the chalet visiting the herdsman's wife. Her affection for her treasure is too genuine to admit of joking. But you will be amused by an incursion into veritable Toyland."

"I have keen recollections of diving hopelessly into great shops, near Christmas-time, to buy gifts for my small nephews and nieces," replied Claiborne, "and of being trodden on, pushed, jammed, driven hither and thither, before I could escape with a woolly baa-lamb or a set of laundry-tubs hugged to my despairing breast. But otherwise, I confess, I had forgotten the existence of such an industry as toy-making."

"You will be forcibly reminded of it in the Grödnertal. Except for a fair collection of Etruscan relics taken from tombs hereabout, and



the decorations of the carved figures for use in churches,—of which, especially of patron saints, vast numbers are made there,—there is nothing of greater importance in the valley than the construction of jumping-jacks and Noah's arks, villages, rocking-horses, animals on rollers, and wooden dolls of every style and size. The art of making these toys is hereditary—grandchildren working in the wake of their grandsires—mothers, fathers, sons, and daughters all taking a hand at it. What robs their work of individuality, however, is that one family will devote itself exclusively to fabricating arms, another to legs, another to heads or bodies. When the dolls are finally put together they are passed on to artists who apply the outer coat of brilliant red, black, white, blue, or grass-green paint required to complete the fascination of the charmer. With the final touch of a pair of white stockings with red garters and green or yellow slippers, the doll is sent out upon the cold mercies of the buying world. And I forgot to tell you that many of the lay-figures used in artists' studios are made in these workrooms of St. Ulrich."

Claiborne did not require much pressing to turn aside from his walking-trip and visit this curious spot. When they had left behind the lovely hanging garden of the Seisseralp, and had plunged downward, their way lay through a darkly shaded gorge, over a path in parts so steep and so moist with recent rain that the mules gave up attempting to pick a footing, and allowed themselves to slide.

Still lower down, the mountain-slopes were sprinkled with tiny hamlets, in which it was not difficult to recognize the originals of those German villages-in-boxes dear to children of all nationalities. Here were the red roofs, the bright-green shutters, the clipped trees conical in shape and guarding the front doors, the garden-patches mossy in texture, bedight with gayest flowers and beehives ranged in rows. Sitting at little tables out of doors were seen the peasants taking their evening ease over a jug of beer, the goodwives knitting in the doorways, and all bestowing a friendly greeting upon the passers-by.

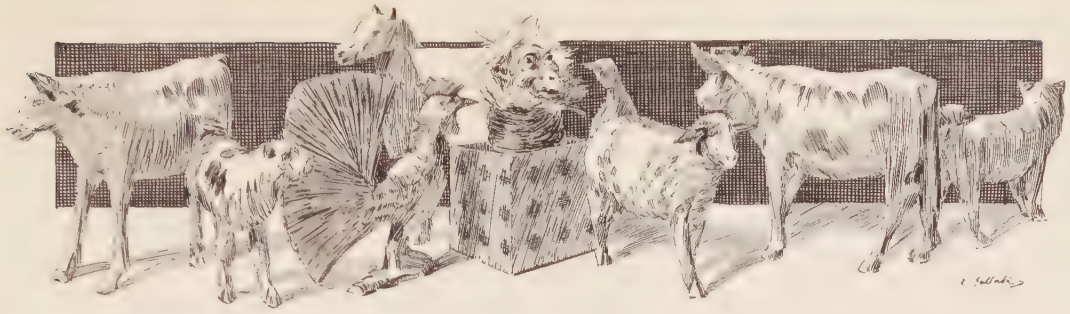
No less attractive of aspect was the thriving town itself, the chief center of Toyland, for which these scattered dwellings had prepared the eye. Like Oberammergau in the Bavarian highlands, and Interlaken and Brienz in Switzerland, St. Ulrich has been for many long years the headquarters in southeastern Tyrol of skilled carvers in wood. Here agricultural interests, except on the smallest and most necessary scale, are superseded by the universal industry of making playthings. How different from any manufacturing town Claiborne had seen in England or America was this assemblage of bright, smart-looking, and highly decorated houses and churches, each having its green yard and shade-trees, and all invitingly placed against a background of wooded hills, above the bed of a rushing mountain-stream!

As they passed through the chief street, Claiborne fancied himself one of those mortals whom the wave of a fairy's wand has transformed into dimensions suitable to the full enjoyment of things meant only for little folk. Every cottage bore some token of the devotion of its inmates to miniature constructions. A girl passed them, leading a donkey whose panniers contained nothing but toy dogs, cut out of wood and destitute of paint. A boy bent forward under a shoulder-pack full of white-whiskered monkeys destined to be affixed to springs and to be shut up in paper-covered boxes, there to be kept in durance by an insufficient hook. Another basket revealed a multitude of toy Noahs—enough, indeed, of those familiar patriarchs in yellow gowns, with blue knobs in lieu of heads, to have saved from deluge the survivors of all the planets, as well as the elect of this our own little world.

"Think of the monotony of constructing only Noahs—of not even changing to Shems or Hams or Japhets!" observed Claiborne to his friends.

"I will take you, to-morrow, to see an old crone who every working-day of her life, for five-and-twenty years, has painted twelve dozen red horses with white spots," answered Mr. Morland, laughing.

Soon Claiborne was ensconced in clean quar-



ters in a sweet-smelling room which was merely the inside of a highly finished pine box. The evening meal, served to their party by solid-looking maidens with cheeks of apple-red, was substantial and well cooked. After enjoying this and a mug of excellent native beer,—while in the very middle of a concert of guitars and zithers tendered to the strangers by experts from the village,—the young man felt himself nodding. The pure air of the Alpine heights, his long walk, and the good food and drink, had combined to overcome his politeness. His head dropped upon his breast. When he next knew anything, Mr. Morland was shaking him up and sending him off to the downy recesses of a giant feather-bed.

Early next day little Rosabel assumed charge of the newcomer.

"Gretchen-Augusta has had rather a restless night," she said, joining Claiborne after breakfast, where he was smoking his pipe before the inn door; "and as papa has letters to write, I asked him to sit by her and let me go around with you. We left most of my dolls in a trunk in Munich, and papa thinks Gretchen-Augusta is moping for company. Since we have been here, he has asked me every day to pick out a new companion for her, and I could not make up my mind. To-day I thought you would help me a little in my choice. Papa is n't very clever about dolls, Mr. Claiborne, though he tries ever so hard to like them."

"I will do my best to merit the implied compliment," said Claiborne, with gravity.

"You may wonder why I don't take my child out with me; but I have good reasons. It is very rude the way people stare at her in St. Ulrich. One painting person asked me to let her be 'done over'! Another said I ought to throw her away and buy a beauty she had to sell. Imagine papa throwing me away and getting a brand-new daughter because I had a little of the end rubbed off my nose and my cheeks were rather streaky!"

"Impossible to imagine it, Miss Morland. I vote for the preservation of Gretchen-Augusta

'as is,' for the head of your little family; and if we see anybody worthy to be her comrade, we shall purchase her forthwith."

"I am a little afraid one of those shiny ones might make Gretchen-Augusta jealous," said Rosie, with anxious brows.

Hand in hand, the young man and the child made the rounds of the principal shops and ware-rooms.

Rosabel, although evidently weighted with the care of her momentous selection, did not neglect to exhibit to her friend the various points indicated by Mr. Morland as most likely to engage his interest.

In an upper room of one of the great warehouses they saw lying in heaps upon the floor, like corn dropped from the sheller, thousands of the small, cheap, jointed dolls most favored by the "little mothers of the poor."

"I don't know what they remind me of, unless it be whitebait," said Claiborne; and the polite proprietor who was showing the visitors around could not understand the reason for Rosie's sudden merriment.

"These will be packed and sent to England, America—everywhere," explained the master of the place. "In this bin, as you see, are wooden dogs; in the others horses, cows, goats, camels, elephants—all kinds of cheap beasts, in fact. Down below we have a better grade of animals, painted, harnessed, with bells and rollers. Here are our low-grade rocking-horses—black, covered with red spots like wafers. In the show-rooms below there are handsome ones—beauties fit for a little prince to ride; and dolls, yes, dolls that would make the young lady's eyes shine."

But Rosie was not to be tempted. She went the rounds of the best dealers, saw more than one elaborate creation of doll art of which it was averred that the duplicate had gone to some juvenile high-and-mightiness, and from everywhere came away irresolute.

"I am afraid you are hard to please, Rosie," said her tall companion. "Why, even *my* heart

beat high at the sight of that last beauty they unpacked for us."

"Ah!—but you see, Mr. Claiborne, how would my poor Gretchen-Augusta feel when they made comparisons between the two?"

"That is a difficulty. On the whole, Rosie, what do you say to giving up the new doll altogether, and sticking to Gretchen-Augusta?"



"EVEN THE CHILDREN WORK AT MAKING TOYS."

"Do you really think I might?" cried the child, evidently relieved of a weight of care.

"Of course I do. Sterling worth before beauty, any day! My own impression is that if I were traveling about in a strange land, as you are, I should consider Gretchen-Augusta's company a boon."

Rosie's face continued to brighten. She looked so happy and trustful that Claiborne's heart smote him for making sport of her. For the remainder of the morning she devoted herself to the business of showing him in and out of the establishments whose proprietors had evidently a soft

spot in their hearts for the little American coming to take up her abode among them in her deep-mourning garb.

Before they had half finished their tour of inspection, Mr. Claiborne had seen toy soldiers enough to girdle the German empire; flotillas of Noah's arks; boxes upon boxes of villages, railway-cars, drays, wagons; of forts, omnibuses, hand-organs, fire-engines; of boats; shelves on shelves of dolls' heads smiling the immemorial smile of their species; animals of all known and many composite varieties—a glut of playthings, a weariness of toys!

Our friends next visited the church, aglow inside with tributes from the best painters and gilders of the Tyrol, and were there joined by Mr. Morland, who soon afterward cordially invited them to return to the inn for their midday meal.

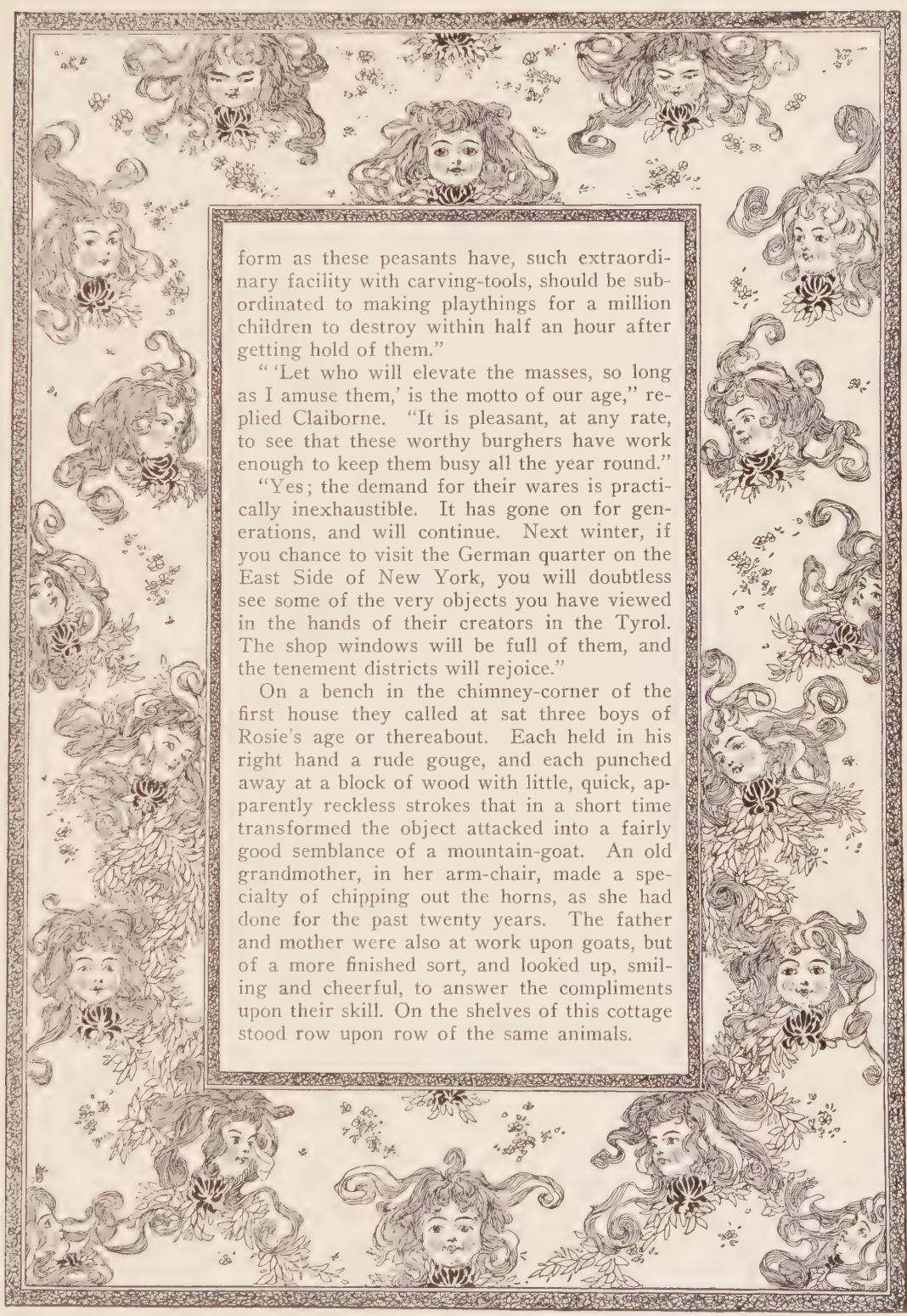
"You will be quite ready for roast veal and compote of plums, I fancy; and after lunch we will visit some of the cottages," he said.

"I like the cottages," exclaimed Rosie, skipping beside them; "but I wish the children did not have to work so hard. Let us take Mr. Claiborne to see our wee little girl, papa, who varnishes cats all day. And she does not mess herself one bit, either."

"By the way, Rosie," asked her father, "where is your purchase? I expected to see you with Gretchen-Augusta's rival in your arms."

"She is n't to have any rival," cried the child, exultingly. "Mr. Claiborne and I have settled it. And, truly, from what he says, papa, I think that Mr. Claiborne sometimes cares almost as much for my darling Gretchen-Augusta as I do!"

"You have won my little girl's heart," said Morland, when, after dinner, they started forth again upon their rounds. "But now for the artificers and their homes, a few of which will give you a good idea of all; for, with rare exceptions, the whole population of St. Ulrich is given over to toy-making, which they find pays better than more artistic wood-carving. I came upon one young fellow, recently, cutting birds and foliage in high relief that would have been a credit to Grinling Gibbons; but he put it quietly aside to shape out horses' heads of the crudest pattern for the diversion of urchins in Berlin or London or New York. It is a pity that such a fine sense of



form as these peasants have, such extraordinary facility with carving-tools, should be subordinated to making playthings for a million children to destroy within half an hour after getting hold of them."

"'Let who will elevate the masses, so long as I amuse them,' is the motto of our age," replied Claiborne. "It is pleasant, at any rate, to see that these worthy burghers have work enough to keep them busy all the year round."

"Yes; the demand for their wares is practically inexhaustible. It has gone on for generations, and will continue. Next winter, if you chance to visit the German quarter on the East Side of New York, you will doubtless see some of the very objects you have viewed in the hands of their creators in the Tyrol. The shop windows will be full of them, and the tenement districts will rejoice."

On a bench in the chimney-corner of the first house they called at sat three boys of Rosie's age or thereabout. Each held in his right hand a rude gouge, and each punched away at a block of wood with little, quick, apparently reckless strokes that in a short time transformed the object attacked into a fairly good semblance of a mountain-goat. An old grandmother, in her arm-chair, made a specialty of chipping out the horns, as she had done for the past twenty years. The father and mother were also at work upon goats, but of a more finished sort, and looked up, smiling and cheerful, to answer the compliments upon their skill. On the shelves of this cottage stood row upon row of the same animals.

Upon the threshold of the next dwelling the goodwife sat fashioning a no less stately apparition than "my lord the Elephant." Her husband, employed indoors upon a camelopard, exhibited with satisfaction the Tyrolean version in wood of this product of Asiatic or African climes. Other houses revealed beasts of high or low degree in numbers enough to stock one of Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Books. In one trim little chalet, the prevailing industry was the red monkey without a tail that (until broken) perpetually ascends and falls over a rod.

"Do you remember those touching lines of the poet, Rosie?" asked Claiborne, who was putting one of these agile animals through his paces. These he recited theatrically:

"Willie had a painted monkey,
Climbing up a painted stick.
Willie sucked his painted monkey,
And it made him very sick."

"There! You have broken him already!" cried out Rosie, reproachfully; and Claiborne offered a handful of small coins in payment. But he was not allowed to make good his damage. The people of the house smilingly refused his offering; and Claiborne, on going out, was fain to drop a bit of silver into the cradle of a big, stolid, flaxen-haired baby.

On all sides they saw cleanliness of house and person, and the contentment which belongs to a placid domestic life—an ideal community, it seemed to the American lookers-on in Toyland, where everybody appeared to be always busy; and Rosie almost persuaded herself that even little children were never to be found outdoors at play, though, of course, it was only during certain hours that the young people were really at work or indoors.

What with such visits to the warehouses and work-people, with making acquaintance with the villagers, and excursions to the neighboring Alps, Claiborne found his glimpse of St. Ulrich all too short. When the day came for him to "take the road" again, it was with genuine regret that he said farewell to the pretty, busy town, and the friends, old and new, he must leave there. While his landlady was stuffing his wallet with dainties of her own devising, a lame old woman, upon

whom he and Rosie had made several calls, hobbled around to the inn to offer him the gift of a pen-handle fashioned like a bird's claw, of a pattern handed down to her by her own grandmother. This token was the sole souvenir he allowed himself to take out of the happy valley, and was valued in proportion to the giver's poverty.

When all was ready for his departure, and a little group of friendly folk had assembled with Mr. Morland before the inn to see the pedestrian set forth, Rosie alone was missing.

In another moment she came flying down the stairs, her face bathed in tears, in her outstretched arms the familiar, battered figure of Gretchen-Augusta in traveling attire.

"I am going to let her go with you, Mr. Claiborne," cried she. "Ever since you said that about wanting her to travel with, I've been making up my mind to give her to you. But she must n't think I'd let anybody take her place. There is n't one in all St. Ulrich that I'd have instead of her!" And thrusting the doll into the young man's embarrassed hands, poor little self-despoiled Rosie cast herself into her father's arms and wept aloud.

Not least of young Claiborne's pleasant memories of St. Ulrich was the picture presented by his little friend—reunited to her treasure, although reluctant to take it back! All his diplomacy and gentleness had been requisite to persuade Rosie that, though he should find Gretchen-Augusta a delightful comrade, he did not know enough of doll language to interest her, and really could not make her happy or comfortable with no place but his small and crowded knapsack to keep her in, no playmates for her hours of rest at the wayside inns—and could supply so little of anything to make up for her mother Rosabel that it would be cruel in him to take her away with him.

Rosie was waving him farewell, Gretchen-Augusta clasped to her bosom, as he strode away through the sparkling mountain atmosphere into the fir wood's gloom. And when, for the last time, he turned to look back upon the red-roofed Tyrolean village, with its spires, trees, and bell-fries, all a-glitter in the sun, it seemed to him that the capital of Toyland must have been dipped into the fountain of perpetual youth.



EARLY ENGLISH HISTORY STORIES FOR YOUNG FOLK

EARLY AND ROMAN BRITAIN

LONG, long ago Great Britain was part of the continent of Europe. The climate was much colder than it is now, and many strange animals—such as bears, wolves, and huge mammoths, creatures like great woolly elephants—roamed through the thick forests. The men who then lived used flintstones as knives and spear-heads. They were great hunters, but they did not dig the ground, or sow corn, or plant vegetables.

After them came a people who lived in caves. They also used knives and spears, and even needles made of flint—which must have been very awkward things. They were fond of drawing; and in the British Museum you may see a bone found in Derbyshire, on which is a clever sketch of a horse's head done by these early inhabitants.

COMING OF THE STRANGERS

AFTER many ages passed away, the land in certain parts began to sink, and water flowed over the hollow places thus left. In this way the North Sea and the English Channel were formed. Strangers came across these seas in rafts or boats. They brought their families and their cattle with them, and settled down quite comfortably, after a few sharp fights with their neighbors. The newcomers were a dark-haired race, something like the people of Spain, and they were called Iberians.

These people did not long remain in possession of their new country. They were followed by the Celts, who had fair hair and were taller than the Iberians. The land was now known as Albin, or Albion. The name Britain was given to it later by a tribe of Brythons, or Britons, who came some time after the Celts. These drove the other inhabitants away to the north and west, where some of them settled down among the mountains of Wales. Others fled to Ireland and the Isle of Man, and thus the Celtic languages were kept alive in those parts.

Sometime in the fourth century before Christ, Pytheas, a Greek navigator and astronomer, who was on a visit to Marseilles, in South Gaul—which is now called France—thought he would like to see Britain. His friends also believed they could do business with that country. The Greeks were great travelers, and Pytheas quickly crossed the Channel. It was through him that the trade in British tin sprang up. This tin was found in Devonshire and Cornwall, and shipped from the Island of Thanet to Gaul. Then it was put into wagons, taken to the river Rhone, and floated down to the Mediterranean Sea. Pytheas wrote a book in which he tells us there were open spaces in the forests, where sheep and cattle grazed. He also saw wheat growing in fields along the coast. "This wheat," he adds, "the natives threshed, not on open floors, but in barns, because they had little sunshine and much rain."

THE COMING OF JULIUS CÆSAR FROM GAUL

ABOUT fifty years before the birth of Christ a great Roman general, named Julius Cæsar, conquered Gaul, after much fighting. As he looked across the Channel, he thought he would like to conquer Britain also. So he collected his troops, and made his ships ready, and one day in the month of August he set sail at three o'clock in the morning. At ten o'clock he arrived on the coast of Kent, somewhere near the town of Dover.

He found the cliffs crowded with Britons, who had heard of his coming. They tried to drive the Romans away; but Cæsar meant to see Britain, and he succeeded in landing, though he was only able to spend three weeks in the country. He left in September, because the weather was stormy. But he came again the next July, and made his way inland. He also wrote a book about the Britons, in which he says their houses were like those of the Gauls. They did not grow corn, but lived on milk and the flesh of animals they

killed in hunting. They wore the skins of these animals as clothing. In time of battle they stained their bodies with a blue dye.

THE STRUGGLES OF THE BRAVE BRITONS FAIL

THERE were brave chiefs who would not submit to the Romans. One of these was Caradoc, who came from the south of Wales. For about eight years he kept up a warfare. At last, he was defeated in a great battle, and was taken to Rome with his wife and children.

The people of Rome crowded the streets to see Caradoc march to the Emperor's palace. He held up his head, and looked so tall and strong that the great Emperor was sorry to see so fine a man brought before him as a prisoner.

The British chief gazed about him in wonder. "How can men, who live in such a splendid city, envy me my poor home in Britain?" he said, and his words touched the Emperor's heart. He ordered Caradoc to be set at liberty. But although he was now able to wander as he liked through Rome, he was not allowed to return to his own country.

There was a noble lady who fought for her people. She was the Queen of the Iceni tribe, and when the Romans ill-treated her family, she took up arms against them. The Queen must have looked very brave as she stood up in her chariot. Her red hair hung down to her waist; a thick chain of gold was round her neck, and she wore a coat, or tunic, of brightly colored cloth. But although her men were full of courage, they could not stand against the Romans. They fell in the battle that followed, and poor Queen Boadicea was so grieved at the result, that she killed herself.

COMING OF THE FIERCE PICTS—THE ROMAN WALLS—THE DRUIDS

THE Romans never conquered the northern part of the island. The people who lived there were called the Picts. Their name comes from a Latin word which means to paint, for they painted their bodies. They were great robbers, and whenever they went into the southern parts of the country, they burned or carried away whatever they found.

In order to keep them out, the Romans built strong walls right across the land. One reached from the Forth to the Clyde, another stretched from the Tyne to Solway Firth, and the railway to-day passes near the former site of this great wall. The Picts from Scotland, and the Scots—

who then came from Ireland—were most troublesome people. They were always disturbing the Romans and the Britons.

The druids were the priests of the people. They thought highly of the mistletoe, which, as we know, grows on trees of various kinds, and sometimes on the trunk of the oak-tree. Once every year the chief druid cut pieces from this plant with a golden knife. The name druid is thought by some to be connected with an old Greek word which means oak. We know, at any rate, how much they loved that tree. The druids were also schoolmasters. They taught the children stories about the old heroes; they told them to fear no one, and to have courage in times of danger. The circle of great stones at Stonehenge, near Salisbury, England, may have been one of the druid temples.

WHAT THE ROMANS, GREAT BUILDERS, DID FOR BRITAIN

THE Romans built many bridges and they made grand roads. You may still travel along these roads, which they called streets. You will also find remains of towns and villas in many parts of the country, in which they and the Britons lived. For the Britons now began to live and to dress as the Romans did, and to speak the Latin language; but we must not suppose that the Britons forgot their own British or Welsh tongue.

For four hundred years the Romans kept Britain. Then they were suddenly called back to help Rome against the enemies that were attacking her. The Britons were now left to take care of themselves. But no sooner had the Romans gone than the Picts came over the border, and the Scots sailed across from Ireland. The poor Britons had almost forgotten how to fight. So in their trouble they began to seek help elsewhere.

THE SAXONS AND JUTES COME ACROSS THE NORTH SEA

A VERY old book tells us that Vortigern, King of Kent, invited the Jutes and the Saxons to come to his aid. The two great chiefs who landed in Kent were named Hengist and Horsa, and they readily fought the Picts and the Scots. Then they looked round, and thought it would be a pity to leave Britain. So they went to war with the Britons, some of whom were driven into the woods, while others were killed.

The newcomers were not Christians. They worshiped many strange gods, such as Woden, and Thor, and Frea. Thor was the god who made the thunder, and they were very much



A CAPTIVE'S WIFE PLEADS FOR THE LIFE OF HER HUSBAND.

FROM THE PAINTING BY R. PEACOCK.

afraid of him. But Frea gave them fruits and flowers, and they liked her. The days of the week were named after these gods. Their religion was full of cruelty, and they believed in such foolish things as fairies, elves, and witches, as well as in charms of all kinds.

HOW CHRIST'S RELIGION CAME TO ENGLAND

At this time Kent was the brightest place in England. The King had married a Princess from Gaul, and she was a Christian. She brought with her a good priest, who prayed and preached in the little Church of St. Martin, at Canterbury. Now, some years before this a good monk named Gregory had seen some fair-haired boys standing in the market-place at Rome. They were waiting to be sold as slaves, and the kind monk was very sorry to see them in such a sad plight.

He asked who they were, and he was told that they were Angles; so he made a vow that he would send missionaries to tell the people of that land about the truth. When Gregory became the Pope, he remembered the fair-haired boys, and sent St. Augustine, with forty monks, to convert the English. They landed in Thanet, and marched to meet the King. In front walked a man bearing a silver cross; and behind him came the monks singing a litany. Ethelbert, the King, had never seen such a sight. He listened to St. Augustine, and he became a Christian. From that day Canterbury has been the home of the chief archbishop of that land.

From small things great ones often proceed. It happened that Ethelbert's daughter married Edwin, King of Northumbria. She took with her a priest named Paulinus, that he might teach the people of that part of the land.

Now Edwin worshiped Woden and the other gods, and he could not make up his mind to give them up. So he called Paulinus and said: "I am going to battle against the King of the West Saxons. If I return in peace, I shall believe in thy God, and worship him."

A great battle was fought, in which Edwin slew five of the West Saxon kings, and he returned in peace. Edwin was a man of his word, and from that time he gave up the worship of the false gods. He called all his aldermen and his thanes together, with the wise men who formed his council.

"Shall we leave our old gods and serve the God of Paulinus?" they asked. "What is the new religion which he teaches?" Then arose Coifi, the high priest of Woden. "O King," said he, "what is the new religion? There is no man

in thy land who has served all our gods more truly than I have, yet I am ready to hear what Paulinus says. If his religion is better than ours, let us serve his God and worship him."

THE GOOD WORK DONE BY THE EARLY MONKS

THE monks worked very hard. They cut down the forests and drove away the wild animals. They drained the swamps, dug the ground, sowed corn, and helped to build the houses in which they lived, called monasteries. Many of them spent their days in patiently writing books. These books cost large sums of money. They were written on skins, and were very beautiful. Besides this, the monks were schoolmasters. They taught the children how to read and write; they also had to preach to the people, and to do the work of the Church.

Good women, like the Abbess Hilda of Whitby, were kind to the sick, and they fed the poor, and also the hungry travelers on the road. Everybody who was in trouble went to the monasteries for help. So we see that they were very useful places in early times.

HOW THE PEOPLE LIVED IN SAXON TIMES

THE Saxon people lived in small houses, which were both cold and full of drafts. Their seats were benches or stools, for very few had chairs with backs. The tables were strong; they were usually made of oak, but great men are said to have used tables of silver, some being worth as much as £300. The walls were hung with curtains. These were often worked by the ladies of the house, and were very beautiful. The floors were generally covered with rushes or straw, one layer being placed over another, which must have been most unhealthy and disagreeable, as the dirt was thus hidden. Every one had a bedstead, though the mattresses and pillows were stuffed with straw. Some people used sheets and pillow-cases, but instead of blankets and quilts, they had thick bearskins, for these were warm in winter. Rich men used cups of gold and silver, but poorer folk had them of wood and horn.

In the good monk Bede's time workmen were brought from France to put glass in the windows of abbeys and churches, but no one had such a thing as a glass out of which he could drink.

A great amount of meat was eaten, chiefly pork, as large numbers of pigs were kept in the forests and fed upon the acorns from the oak-

trees. One nobleman is said to have left two thousand pigs, or swine, to his daughter.

Fish was also much eaten, and eels were greatly liked. We read that a bishop taught the men of Sussex how to catch fish out of the sea.

Strawberries and raspberries grew wild on the banks and in the woods, and the orchards were full of apple and pear trees. Cherry-trees had been brought to England by the Romans, and did well in many parts.

The country women made butter and cheese. They kept poultry, and had plenty of eggs. They also kept bees, and so had a large amount of honey. From it they made a drink called mead, which they liked. They were fond of cider, which was made from the juice of apples; and they drank a kind of home-made ale at every meal, just as we take tea or coffee.

In the evenings they sat round the fires, as the monks of Whitby had done. Some played draughts, or checkers. Others listened to the songs and stories of the wandering harpers, or gleemen, who went from house to house, earning a meal and a rest by their music. Kings and rich people had jesters and gleemen of their own. But the wandering minstrel was a great favorite, and he was sure of a welcome wherever he went.

THE COMING OF THE CRUEL DANES

UP to this time England had been divided into seven small kingdoms. Each had its own chief, or king. But now a new king came to rule over the West Saxons, and before many years were over he made himself overlord of the country. This overlord was named Egbert.

Now, in the year 787, we read that the "first ships of the Danes" came to England. The Danes were sea-robbers, and they sailed across the sea to destroy and carry off whatever came in their way.

As they grew bolder, they went farther inland. In Egbert's reign they came so often that the King had to lead his own army against them.

After Egbert's death the Danes spent a whole winter in the Island of Thanet. They robbed both London and Canterbury. Then they crossed the Thames and went into Surrey, where they did more mischief. Every monastery was entered and its treasures were taken away. For the monks had beautiful books and vessels of silver and gold, which the Danes seized at once.

King Ethelwulf was always fighting, but he found time to send his youngest son, Alfred, on a visit to Rome. Alfred was only four years old, but Pope Leo was pleased with the child, and he took him for his godson.

STORIES OF ALFRED THE GREAT

ALFRED was a bright and gentle boy, but no one taught him to read until he was about twelve years old. He liked to hear the minstrels and the gleemen, and many a story of brave deeds did he learn as he sat listening to them in the quiet evenings by the red fire of his father's hall.

One day, his mother called him to her side and showed him a beautiful book of poetry. "I will give this book to the boy who first learns to read it," she said, as she looked round upon the children.

"Will you really give it to one of us?" asked Alfred.

His mother laughed. "Yes, really," she said, "to the one who can first read it."

Then Alfred went quietly to a teacher, and began to learn. He tried so hard to get on, that at last he was able to go to her and read out of the beautiful book. So it became his. And the old writer who tells the story adds, that he always carried that book about with him.

Alfred was often at war with the Danes. One of the great battles which they fought was at Ashdown, in Berkshire, when two armies of Danes came against King Ethelred and his younger brother, Alfred.

The Danes came forward to fight; but King Ethelred lingered behind, for he was saying his prayers in his tent.

His men therefore cried: "Come forth, O King, to the fight; for the heathen press hard on us." But King Ethelred said: "I will serve God first, and man after."

Now Alfred was outside with the soldiers, and he said: "I cannot stay till my brother, the King, comes forth. I must either go away, or fight alone with the heathen men." He stayed and fought, and as an old writer says: "He went forth trusting in God."

Then when Ethelred had finished his prayers, he came out ready for war, and the English gained the victory. But that did not drive away the Danes. After much war and strife, good King Ethelred died; and Alfred, his brother, became King in his stead.

The Danes were now beginning to settle down in England. One party of them divided Northumberland, and began to plow 'as if they owned the land. In those days, we must remember, Northumberland reached from the Humber to Edinburgh, and the Danes found plenty of room for themselves. They not only seized the places, but they gave their own names to them.

Alfred paid the Danes a sum of money, and they promised they would leave the country. But

they did not keep this promise, for they went at once into Devonshire and laid siege to Exeter. But one morning the English rose early. They attacked the Danes before they were ready for them, and they took the great flag called the "Raven," which three Danish ladies had worked for their brothers.

The "Raven" was always carried before the Danes when they went to battle; and they had a saying that if they were going to win the day, it stood out as if a live raven were flying; but if they were going to lose, the flag hung down, and looked limp. That day it must have looked very limp indeed.

Yet, in spite of this success, things were not going well with Alfred. The Danes covered the land; and so he took refuge in the woods, followed by a few trusty friends.

It is said that Alfred stayed in the house of a herdsman, who knew he was the King, although his wife did not. One day, as she was baking cakes, she asked Alfred to look after them for a moment.

The King was sitting by the fire, mending his bow and putting his arrows right; and he was so busy that he never noticed the cakes were burning.

The woman, however, saw them; and she ran in, crying out: "Don't you see the cakes are on fire? Why did you not turn them? You are glad enough to eat them when they are baked!"

At Athelney Alfred built a fort, where he and his friends could remain safely. Here a bracelet of gold has been found, with these words engraved on it, "Alfred had me made."

There is a story that Alfred went to the Danish camp, dressed as a harper, and that he learned all about his enemies by the visits he thus paid. But we do not know if this is quite true. He spent seven months at Athelney getting ready for a battle, in which the Danes were defeated. They were driven back to their camp and kept there until they begged for peace. The Danish King became a Christian, and Alfred gave him the name of Athelstan.

It is said that the white horse which is cut on the side of the chalk hill was put there in memory of the battle of Ethandun.

For ten years the land had peace, and Alfred had time to think of other things. He wanted to live for the good of his people. "So long as I have lived," he said afterward, "I have tried to live worthily."

He built a fleet of long ships, in order to defend England. Some of these ships had sixty oars, others had more. They carried men who were trained to fight.

But Alfred was not only a good fighter; he wanted to see his people well educated. So he built schools. There was a schoolroom even in the palace where the young nobles were taught. Every monastery had its rows of pupils, and teachers from other lands were brought over to instruct the children.

The King himself was fond of reading. He translated Latin books into English, so that his people might be able to read them, and learn to love them as he did. An old writer tells us that Alfred had six candles made of wax. They were twelve inches long, and they burned for twenty-four hours. These candles were placed in lanterns of wood, with fine horn instead of glass; and they gave light to the King while he wrote books for his subjects.

Alfred was a wise ruler. He made good laws, and he saw that they were kept. So it was said of him, as of old it had been said of King Edwin, that he "hung up his golden bracelets by the roadside, and no man dared to steal them."

Alfred the Great died in 901 A.D., when he was only fifty-two. He was buried in the new minster which he was building at Winchester. He was a good man as well as a great King, and he knew how to rule.

ALFRED'S SON, EDWARD THE ELDER

EDWARD was 'as great a ruler as his father, Alfred; but he was not so fond of learning. His cousin Ethelwald was angry when he began to reign, for he thought he had a right to the throne. So there was trouble in the land.

The Danes too were restless, and eager to fight. But Edward made himself overlord of them, as well as of the Welsh. He was the first King of the West Saxons to be lord of all Britain, for the King of the Scots "chose him for lord."

But he did not long enjoy this honor. He died the year after he was chosen, and was buried at Winchester. He left five sons and nine daughters, and we read that most of his children became kings and queens.

There is a very pretty story told about King Edward and his little daughter, Eadburh. It is said that when the child was three years old, the King thought he would find out which she liked best—the things of this world, or the things of God.

So he took two tables and set them side by side. On one he placed some rings, and bracelets, and chains of gold and precious stones. On the other he put a silver cup and the Book of the Gospel.

"Now, my child," said King Edward, "look at these, and see which you like best."

The child did not take long to make up her mind. She turned from the jewels, and took up the cup and the Gospel. Then King Edward kissed his little girl, and said: "Your mother and I are happy to find we have a child who is holier than ourselves."

ALFRED'S FAVORITE GRANDSON, ATHELSTAN THE WARRIOR

EDWARD'S son, Athelstan, had been a great favorite with his grandfather Alfred. He gave him a purple cloak, a beautiful belt covered with jewels, and a sword in a case of gold.

Athelstan was a man when his father died, and he became king. In his time the Danes were very troublesome. One day, as Athelstan sat in his tent, a gleeman came with a harp in his hands. He sang and played before the King and his lords, and they thought he was only a gleeman, such as others were. They did not know that he was a Danish King.

Athelstan and his lords were so pleased with his songs that they gave him a piece of gold. The gleeman took the gold, but he would not keep it. So he buried it in the earth, for a king could not keep gold which he had earned in that way.

Now a soldier saw him bury the gold, and he knew who he was. He went to King Athelstan and said: "My lord, O King, that gleeman was your enemy the Dane. He has been in your camp, and seen your power."

"Why did you not tell me who he was?" replied the King. "You are not a true soldier, for you have not served me faithfully."

"My lord, O King," said the man, "I was once his soldier, and I promised to serve him. If I had given him up to you, I should have broken that promise. Even you could never trust me again, for you would think I might do the same to you. But now, if you will listen to my advice, you will change the place of your tent."

The King did so, and that night the Danes attacked the camp. His tent was moved, but a bishop, who had come in late that night, had pitched his in the empty place, and the Danes fell upon him and killed him, while the King escaped.

After this a terrible battle was fought between the English and the Danes. A song has been written about it, beginning:

"This year King Athelstan—the Lord of Earls,
Ring-giver to the warriors, Edmund too,
His brother, won in fight with edge of swords
Life-long renown"

EDGAR THE PEACEABLE

EDGAR was only sixteen when he was made King. In his days "all things went well, and God granted to him that he should have peace so long as he lived. He loved the law of God, and took thought for the peace of his people, beyond all the kings that had been before him." Thus he gained the splendid title of Edgar the Peaceable. But though he loved peace, he took care to have a good fleet, and every year he held a review of his ships.

His chief adviser was the Abbot Dunstan, who afterward became the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Edgar, the old books tell us, was a small man in height; and one day, Kenneth, King of Scotland, said to his friends: "How strange it is that so many kings should serve this man, who is smaller than any of us!" When this was repeated to King Edgar, he asked Kenneth to come with him, as he had something to say.

So he took the Scotch King to a wood, and showed him two swords. One he gave to Kenneth, and kept the other himself. "You say I am but a small man, and unfit to reign over you, and over so many other kings. Now then, take this sword, and lay on manfully. Let us see which of us is the fitter man to rule over the other. It is not good for a king to be swift with his tongue, as thou art, unless he be also swift and strong in battle."

But Kenneth would not draw his sword against the overlord of Britain. He fell at Edgar's feet, and begged his forgiveness, saying he was but jesting. So Edgar forgave him, and the two kings became good friends once more.

EDWARD, CALLED THE MARTYR, AND HOW HE DIED

EDGAR left two young sons, Edward, who was thirteen, and Ethelred, who was only seven years old. The mother of Ethelred claimed the crown for her son. But Dunstan said Edward was the rightful heir, so he became King, though he did not reign long.

One day, the boy-king went hunting in the forest near Corfe Castle. This was where his stepmother lived; and as the day was warm, the King, being tired, thought he would ride to her palace, and ask for a cup of water. The Lady Elfrida met him at the door, and she seemed delighted to see him. She called a servant to bring him a cup of wine. But while he bent to drink, another attendant ran a dagger into his body.

The poor boy-king was buried quietly at Waltham. But Dunstan had him removed to Shaftes-

bury, and buried as a king should be, with royal honors. It is because of his sad death that he is often called Edward the Martyr.

THE DANISH KINGS OF ENGLAND

AFTER Edward's death, his young brother Ethelred was chosen King. He reigned thirty-eight years; but as he was a very weak man, he did not reign well. The Danes had begun again to visit England, only going away when the King gave them large sums of money. A great battle took place at Maldon, in which many brave men were killed. We do not know if Sweyn was at this battle, but he came soon after, bringing with him Olaf of Norway.

The two kings attacked London, and then went to the south coast, where they robbed and did many cruel deeds. But once again the King of England gave them money; and though they stayed through the winter at Southampton, they did no harm—until they wanted something more from Ethelred. King Olaf was a Christian, and when Ethelred knew this, he sent for him. The two seem to have made friends, for the King adopted him as his son. Olaf then promised never to invade England, and he kept this promise.

A few years later Sweyn came hastily from Denmark. His sister, Gunhild, had been killed by an outbreak of Ethelred's men, and her last words were that her death would bring trouble upon England.

SWEYN THE READY, AND ETHELRED THE UNREADY

WHEN Ethelred the Unready (or Unwise) heard that Sweyn was coming, he gathered a large army together and placed it under a man named Elfric. But when the time came for the fighting to begin, Elfric pretended that he was very ill. So the army had to go home, and Sweyn was able to do as he pleased. He burned several towns and did much harm. But though the English were angry and ready to oppose him, they had no one to lead them.

In 1008 Ethelred built a large number of ships—more than had ever been seen in England in the reign of any king. But this great fleet did nothing. A certain man, named Wulfnoth, stole twenty of the ships and put out to sea. He had done something wrong on land, so he thought his best plan was to become a sea-robber and take the King's ships to help him.

Such a deed deserved punishment. So one of the King's officers followed him with eighty ships. But "a storm, such as had never been known,"

drove his ships on shore, and Wulfnoth, who was safe in port, came and burned them. Thus the fleet was not successful.

In 1013 Sweyn came again with a splendid number of vessels. Their bows were of brass; at the sterns were lions of gold; and the mastheads carried birds and dolphins as weathercocks.

From the river Humber, Sweyn went to Gainsborough. "Never did army do more damage than his," and town after town submitted to him. London alone stood out, for King Ethelred and his brave general, Thorkill, were there. But in a short time "all the nation acknowledged Sweyn for their true king," and London followed their example.

Ethelred's wife, the Lady Emma, went to Normandy, taking her two sons with her; while the King kept Christmas in the Isle of Wight.

Sweyn was now King of England. He did not live long after Ethelred's departure; and he left the kingdom to Canute, his son, who was then about eighteen years old.

THE PEACEFUL REIGN OF CANUTE THE WISE DANE

CANUTE was crowned in London as King of all England. He married Emma, the widow of Ethelred, who was, perhaps, glad to leave Normandy and come back to England. In 1019 Canute felt so secure, that he was able to spend a winter in Denmark. He took with him Godwin, whom he afterward made Earl of Wessex, and who became a noted man in the history of the country.

Canute's reign was a time of peace, such as had not been known since Edgar's day. He was a great friend to the Church; and he often visited the beautiful Abbey of Ely. Once, as he was being rowed across the water to the island on which it stood, he sang these words:

"Merrily sang the monks of Ely,
When Canute, the King, was passing by.
Row, boatmen, row to the land,
And let us hear these churchmen sing."

Canute tried to be a good man, for he said: "I have vowed to God to lead a right life in all things." He made just laws. He put down the wicked slave-trade, for slaves were bought and sold in his day. He also forbade the worship of the sun and moon, of trees and fountains, and other things to which the heathen prayed. Every man was allowed to hunt in the woods and fields of his own land, though not on the King's ground. Canute's great wish was to gain the love of his people.

THE STORY OF Othere the Poet AND Canute

CANUTE, the King, was a friend to all the minstrels and poets who came to his court. Among these poets was one Othere the Black, who came from Ireland. He was probably so called because of his dark hair and eyes. One evening after evensong the King came into the hall, and said: "I see a man here who is a stranger." Othere heard him, and he stood up. "Let us so greet the King of the Danes, Irish, English, and Island Dwellers," said he, "that his praise may travel wide over the land."

The King listened to his poem, and praised it, and he took off a Russian cap which he wore. It was embroidered with gold, and had silver knots to it. He bade his chamberlain fill the cap with silver, and give it as a present to the poet. So the chamberlain filled it with silver and passed it over "men's shoulders, for there was a crowd; and the heaped-up silver tumbled out on the ground."

The chamberlain was going to pick it up, but the King stopped him. "Let it be," he said. "The poor shall have it, and thou shalt not lose by it."

CANUTE REBUKES HIS COURTIER

ANOTHER story about Canute is one which is very well known. It is said that as he walked by the seashore, his courtiers began to praise him, and say what a great man he was, for everything in the world obeyed his will.

The King smiled to hear them. Then he bade one of his men set a chair by the edge of the waves, when the tide was coming in. On this he seated himself, and in a loud voice he spoke to the sea.

"I command thee, O Sea, to come not on my land, nor to wet the garments and feet of thy lord." But the waves rolled on as before. They flowed all round his chair and over his feet. His words had no power to stop the coming in of the mighty tide.

The King sprang from his seat and leaped back. "Let all men know," said he, turning to his courtiers, "that the power of kings is a vain thing. There is only One whom the earth and sea will obey."

Never again would Canute wear his royal crown. He took it to the church, and there he placed it as a memorial of his humility.

STORIES OF HAROLD, THE SON OF GODWIN

GODWIN, the Saxon, was a great man in King Canute's day, and after Canute's death he took

charge of the kingdom till the heir, Hardicanute, came back from Denmark.

After Godwin's death, his son, Earl Harold, became the most powerful person in the country. He was the trusted friend of Edward, the King. He governed the kingdom for Edward, and it was a good thing for the King to have such a wise adviser by his side.

The pious King's mind was bent on building a beautiful monastery and church at Westminster. This is the abbey where English kings are crowned, though there is little of Edward's church now standing. Harold also built a church at Waltham. He built a college too; and he took care to have some one at his college who could teach well. So he sent all the way to Germany and Holland for such men.

Harold was a great traveler. He visited Rome, as other men had done; and he came home through France, for he wanted to learn how matters were going in that land.

Harold was a clever, prudent man. He placed his brothers in places of honor. They were all, as we say, men of position and influence. Indeed, they had nearly the whole of England in their keeping. There was only one part which was not theirs.

In 1062 there was trouble in Wales. So Harold marched there, intending to seize the man who was making all the mischief. But somehow the news of his coming reached Rhuddlan, and King Gruffydd went hastily away in a ship. This Gruffydd was the last Welshman who reigned over Wales. He left other princes to go on with the war; but Harold seems to have been too strong for them. At every place where a battle was fought Harold put up a stone with these words on it, "Here Harold conquered."

The Welsh princes at last promised to obey Harold, as well as King Edward. Harold was, indeed, called Under-King by some people, who must have looked upon him as some one higher than an earl.

HAROLD'S PLEASURE-TRIP, AND WHAT FOLLOWED

In 1064 Harold went on a pleasure-trip in the English Channel. He had three ships with him, and he took a great many dogs and hawks, which were to be used in hunting.

Unfortunately, the weather was not suitable for such an excursion. Harold's ships were wrecked on the coast of France, and a fisherman carried the news to the lord of that part, who was called Count Guy. He said if the count would give him £20 he would "show him a prisoner who would



CANUTE REBUKING HIS COURTIERS.

FROM A DRAWING BY P. LEYENDECKER.

be willing to pay a hundred pounds for his release."

So Guy went to the coast and seized Harold, whom he took to a castle farther inland. But one of Harold's servants escaped and went to Duke William of Normandy, who was then in Rouen, and he told him of Count Guy's conduct.

So Duke William sent off a messenger to say that Harold must be set at liberty immediately; and as Count Guy was much afraid of William, he took Harold with him to meet the Duke.

Harold was supposed to be a visitor at William's court. He was treated with great honor; and it was said that he was going to marry one of William's daughters. But he was kept very carefully, and nothing was said about leaving Normandy.

William wanted something from Harold before he would part with him. He wished Harold to help him to get the crown of England, when Edward died. So, though Harold was a guest, he was in reality a prisoner. He could not escape, and he was compelled to promise what William asked, and to swear an oath of fidelity to him. There was no help for it; and this was how William said he had a claim to the throne of England.

There was yet more trouble in store for Harold. We know how well he had provided for his brothers. He had given them lands and honors; and one of them, whose name was Tostig, had been made Earl of Northumbria. But Tostig was not a very wise person. He was harsh to his people, and very careless about their welfare. When two nobles were put to death by his orders, the whole country rose against him. Even King Edward turned from him. Tostig was obliged to give up the earldom and go for shelter to Baldwin, the Count of Flanders.

But though Tostig was angry with his knights and barons, he was furious with his brother, who had allowed him to be driven away; and he made up his mind to injure Harold whenever he had the chance.

WILLIAM, DUKE OF NORMANDY, AT HOME

WILLIAM was born in 1038; and when he was about six years old, his father, Robert the Magnificent, told the nobles of Normandy that he was to be the next heir to the dukedom.

His father was going, as so many men did in those days, on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Such a journey took a long time and was full of danger. So Duke Robert wanted to leave his affairs in order before he went away.

There was no one else to succeed him, so the nobles promised to obey William, and as his father died on his way home, the boy became Duke when he was only seven years old. He had an unhappy childhood, and when he was about twenty his cousin, Guy of Burgundy, made a plot to seize him at his hunting lodge and put him to death. For Guy wanted to be Duke in his stead.

As Guy and his friends were talking this matter over, a poor half-witted man named Gillos was called in to amuse them.

Now Duke William had once done this man a great kindness, so when he heard what Guy meant to do, he slipped away, and arrived at William's hunting lodge at midnight. It had taken hours to perform the journey. But Gillos was a grateful man, and he was glad to serve the duke, who had been good to him.

When he reached the lodge it was quite dark. Every one was in bed. But Gillos thumped on the door with a stick and awoke the duke. At first William could not believe his story, though Gillos declared it was quite true. The duke therefore wrapped himself in a thick cloak, saddled his horse, and rode off to inquire into the matter.

As he went through the forest he heard the sound of horses, and he knew that a band of armed men was passing on the road. This was what Gillos had told him; so finding that the poor man had not made any mistake, he turned his horse toward the castle of Falaise, where he had many friends in the town.

By daybreak he was near a little village. His horse was tired, and he was in doubt as to the way. Just at that moment a gate opened, and a man came out. He started to see the duke, and called aloud:

"My lord, what makes you so dusty?"

"Who are you that know me so well?" asked William, in surprise.

"I am Hubert de Ryes," replied the man, "and I hold this village from you. Tell me what you need, and I will help you as I would help myself."

The good Hubert then took William into his house and gave him food. He found a fresh horse for him, and sent his three sons to guide William safely to Falaise, where the duke was sure of strong friends.

DUKE WILLIAM'S FIRST VISIT TO ENGLAND

YOUNG Duke William kept a firm hand over Normandy, and he ruled his country well. He placed

good men in his abbeys, and he was a true friend to schools and to education. But, like other strong men, he liked his own way.

Having put things in order in his own land, William thought he would like to visit England, for he wished to add that kingdom to his dukedom of Normandy. So he came over on a visit to Edward. It was at the time when Earl Godwin was in Flanders, and the pious but weak King Edward was pleased with the fine, strong Duke of Normandy.

We do not know what happened, but it seems likely that Edward may have made William a promise that he should have the crown when Edward died. At any rate, William believed he would get it. Of course, Edward had no power to promise the crown to anybody. All he could do was to speak of William to the wise men, or Witan, who formed the council, or early Parliament, of the nation. But William went away quite satisfied, and all his followers received handsome presents, so that they rejoiced greatly.

On the last Christmas Day of his life Edward went, as usual, before his people, wearing his royal crown. Although he was weak and ill, he made this effort to appear. But when his great church at Westminster was finished, he was not able to be present. He could not even raise his head from the pillow. So the Lady Edith, his wife, went to the consecration, or hallowing, service in his stead.

On January 5 Edward, the son of Ethelred, died, and on the next day he was buried in the beautiful new church of Westminster, which he had just finished.

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS

ON January 6 Edward the Confessor was buried, and on the same day Harold was crowned. The two ceremonies came together, for the nation had chosen Harold for their King.

It was the first time that a king had been chosen who was not of the royal family, for even the Danish kings Sweyn and Canute were royal persons, though not belonging to the English line of kings.

Harold was the bravest man in the country. He had ruled for many years, to help King Edward, and he had shown much wisdom and good sense in his actions. So, no sooner was the funeral over, than Harold was made King.

His coronation did not please everybody. One man who was very angry at it was Duke William of Normandy, for he thought he ought to have had the kingdom. The other was Harold's brother, Tostig, who at once raised a fleet, and

"did much harm wherever he went." A little later he joined Harold Hardrada, King of Norway, in a fight with England.

In the autumn these two men came with a fleet to the mouth of the Humber. For Harold Hardrada, King of the Northmen, brought a large number of soldiers to England; and with him was Tostig, the English King's brother. These two sailed up the river Ouse as far as Riccall, near Selby. Then Harold Hardrada blew a trumpet, and bade his men anchor and go on shore. For he meant to take the city of York.

The day was warm, and as he rode along, the King took off his armor, and sang merrily, for he felt sure they would win. But as they came near the city, they saw a great cloud of dust, which was evidently raised by the feet of men and horses; and Harold of Norway said to Tostig: "Do you know who these are that come toward us?"

"I am not sure who they are," replied Tostig. "It may be the army of the English; or it may be that some of my friends are coming to welcome us, and to join your troops."

Then said the King of Norway: "We will halt till they come nearer."

So they waited; and presently they saw that a mighty army was coming, and the swords of the men shone from afar.

Then Harold of Norway looked at Tostig. "This is surely the English army," he said, "and Harold, son of Godwin, comes against us. Let us see what we can do."

"Let us go back to our ships," said Tostig. "We can fight from the decks, and then the horsemen will not harm us."

"No," said Harold of Norway, "we will stop here. But we will send three men on swift horses to call up the rest of our soldiers. The English shall see some good sport before I yield to them."

"Very well," replied Tostig. "You shall do as you think best. For, indeed, I have no mind to fly before my brother and his army."

Next Harold Hardrada called the man who carried his banner, and set him in the middle of his troops, with all the soldiers round him. Thus they stood—every man with his shield in front, till they looked like a great shield-wall; and King Harold of Norway rode round to see if all was in order.

Now he rode on a black horse, and as it went it stumbled, so that the King fell to the ground. He jumped up, however, and said: "Truly a fall is lucky for a traveler."

By this time the English were quite close enough to see what went on, and Harold of England saw Harold of Norway fall.

He did not know who he was, but there were some in his army who knew the King of Norway. So Harold turned to them and said:

"Do you know who is that handsome man who has fallen from his horse? He wears a blue cloak and a fine helmet."

"Yes," replied the others. "That is Harold, King of the Northmen."

"He is a tall and handsome man," said Harold of England. "But I fear his luck has left him."

Then Harold sent out twenty horsemen in armor; and when they came near, one of them called out:

"Is Earl Tostig, the son of Godwin, in this host?"

"It cannot be said that he is not here," said Tostig.

The horseman then said: "King Harold of England greets Earl Tostig, his brother. He offers him peace, and he will give him the Earldom of Northumbria. Nay, rather than that his brother should be his enemy, he will give him a third of his kingdom."

"If he had said this a year ago," replied Tostig, "he would have saved the lives of many men. But what does he offer my friend Harold of Norway?"

"Seven feet of English earth; or, maybe, a little more, seeing he is taller than other men."

"Go thy way, then," cried Tostig, "tell King Harold, my brother, to prepare for war. For never shall men in Norway say that Earl Tostig left King Harold Hardrada and went over to his foes. We will either die like men or we will take England for our own."

The horsemen rode off after this, and King Harold Hardrada asked who had been speaking so well.

"That was King Harold, the son of Godwin," replied Tostig.

"Why did you not tell me this before? For he would never have lived to plan the death of our men," said Hardrada.

"He was willing to give me peace and much land," said Tostig. "If one of us must die, I had rather he killed me than that I should kill him."

"He is but a little man, but he sits firmly on his horse," said Hardrada.

Then, as if to cheer his own spirits, he began to sing aloud a war-song, composed by himself. It was the last song poor Hardrada ever sang, for quite early in the battle that followed he was slain by an English arrow.

When Harold of England saw that Hardrada, the King of the Northmen, was dead, he sent to offer Tostig his pardon. He was even ready to let the Northmen go home in peace. But neither

they nor Tostig would consent. So the fight went on till Tostig was killed. Only a few Northmen returned to their ships.

One brave Northman kept the bridge over the river for his comrades to pass over. But an Englishman crept under the planks, and thrusting his spear through a hole in the timber, he killed him as he stood on guard.

Thus ended the warfare between Tostig and his brother.

THE NORMAN CONQUEST

WE must now go back a little way and see how the news of Edward's death and of Harold's coronation came to Normandy.

On a winter's day, quite early in 1066, Duke William was just setting out to hunt in the forests near Rouen, when a horseman rode up. In a low voice he spoke to the duke, and told him what had happened in England.

The news took William by surprise. He returned quickly to the castle and threw down his bow. His day was spoiled. He could no longer go to hunt. He walked up and down the hall with such a frown on his face that no one dared to ask what was the matter. One man alone came near him, for he was a great friend of the duke.

"Sir," said he, "why do you look like that? It is said in the town that Edward of England is dead, and that Harold has seized the crown."

"You are right," said William. "I am sorry for Edward's death, and angry at the way in which Harold has treated me."

"There is no cure for Edward's death," said the friend. "But we can cure Harold's wrong deeds."

But though William was quite as ready as his friend to deal sharply with Harold, he had to think over the matter. For he knew he would need both ships and men, and where was he going to get them?

The Normans were willing enough to serve their duke in Normandy, but they had no wish to fight across the sea. They asked the duke's friend, Fitz-Osborn, to speak for them, and tell William what they thought. But instead of doing so, Fitz-Osborn stood up and said boldly that the Normans would serve William as truly beyond the sea as in Normandy. He himself offered to give the duke "sixty ships well fitted with fighting men."

But now the men who were listening were very angry with Fitz-Osborn, and the gathering broke up hastily. In a little while, however, each man was called to speak to Duke William, and after a few words with him, they agreed to all Fitz-

Osborn had said. They went off to cut down trees and build ships, and to make their armor ready for battle.

The Duchess Matilda had a fine ship built for her husband, the duke. For its figurehead it had a likeness of her youngest son, William, "blowing an ivory horn." All William's friends were going with him, and numbers of ships were prepared for sailing.

WILLIAM'S SOLDIERS SET SAIL FOR ENGLAND

THE winds, however, were against William, and he had to wait till they changed. It was not pleasant to wait, but the frowns went from his face when at last the breezes were favorable. Horses were taken on board, the soldiers hung their shields along the sides of the vessels, and as the sails filled they moved out of harbor.

The next day—which was Michaelmas Day, 1066—the fleet arrived at Pevensey.

Harold, meanwhile, was at Stamford Bridge, and the coast was clear. There was neither King nor army to stop the Normans, so they landed quietly, without haste or confusion.

William was the first to jump on land. But as he leaped, his foot slipped and he fell. He rose with his hands full of earth, and said: "I have taken possession of the country, which, by God's help, I hope to win."

One of his men who stood by said: "It is good, my lord. You shall be lord of England before a month is past."

The soldiers were first on shore. Then came the horses, and last of all came the carpenters, who began to build three forts for the men.

William thought no one had seen him land. But a Saxon noble had watched the scene, and, mounting his horse, he rode straight off to York. There he found Harold dining with friends, but, without pausing, the Saxon rushed into the hall, crying:

"The Normans have come! They have built forts at Pevensey."

The dinner-party was over at once. By dawn, Harold was on his way to the south, calling out his followers as he went. All England had to gather for the defense of the nation.

HAROLD LEADS THE ENGLISH AT HASTINGS

ON October 12 Harold halted at the hill of Senlac, near Hastings. At the top of the hill he placed his banner, bearing the figure of a man in armor. Behind his men was a paling of wood, very cleverly made. In front was a rampart and

a ditch. If the soldiers kept within these, they would be safe. The story is told that the English spent the night in feasting and noise, while the Normans prayed for help on the morrow. At any rate, they were better prepared for the work that was coming than the tired English, who had not had time to recover from the fight at Stamford Bridge.

On the morning of the fight William put on his coat of iron with the back to the front. Some people thought this was a very bad sign; but the duke laughed. He told them it meant that a duke would be turned into a king.

The Normans ran up the hill, shouting their war-cry of "God help us!" One of William's army, a minstrel-knight, sang a battle-song as he rode into the fight.

William himself was on a beautiful Spanish horse. He looked so noble, that his men cheered him as he passed by.

All day they fought, and at last a cry was raised that the duke was killed. His beautiful horse had been slain under him, and for a moment his figure was no longer seen. The Normans lost hope, and turned to run. But William threw off his helmet, and brought them back with the words: "Look at me! I live—and by God's grace, I will conquer."

The Saxons who ran out of their camp were killed, but the rest stood firm, and Harold's voice could be heard as he bade his men fight on bravely for England. Above him floated his royal banner, and all around stood his knights, ready to defend him with their last breath. Now William bade his archers shoot their arrows into the air. It was a strange movement, and, in wonder, Harold looked up. As he did so, a shaft struck his eye, and he fell at the foot of the banner.

In a moment all was over. Twenty Norman knights rushed to secure the banner. They cut down those who came in their way, and the victory belonged to the Conqueror.

That night William slept on the field of battle, wrapped in his cloak; and perhaps it was then that he resolved to build a church upon the spot where so much blood had been shed.

THE MORNING AFTER THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

In the morning many women came to seek the bodies of those they loved. The mother of Harold came too, for three of her sons lay on the field. She had lost them in that terrible fight, and she asked that she might take them away to be buried. But though she looked all over the field, she could not find Harold's body.

At last a lady called Edith of the Swan's Neck came to help her and she found it. But it was covered with wounds and bruises.

Harold's mother offered to give Duke William her son's weight in gold if she might bury him in the church he built at Waltham. But William refused. He ordered a knight, named William Malet, to bury him on the sea-coast, for, said he, "Harold guarded the shore when living; let him guard it now that he is dead." So William Malet took the body and buried it under a heap of stones, near Hastings.

Afterward, when Duke William became King, he sent men to take up Harold's body and bury it at Waltham. But when Edward came to the throne he removed Harold's body once more, and carried him to Westminster, where he was placed near other renowned persons.

QUEEN MATILDA'S WONDERFUL NEEDLEWORK PICTURE

WILLIAM built a beautiful abbey, called Battle Abbey, on the field where he had won such a great victory. From the ruins, which still stand, it can be seen what a fine building this abbey was. In the hands of the abbot William placed a list of all the Normans who fought at Senlac, and many good names are found in it.

The Duchess Matilda worked a piece of tapestry with her own hands. It was done as a record of William's great victory, and begins with Harold's coming from Normandy. Matilda used bright colors, and she made her castles and abbeys look very brilliant. Even the horses are done in strange shades of blue and green. But the faces of William and Harold are quite clear, and can easily be seen. Even a comet, supposed to have been the same as that known as Halley's, has a place in this wonderful work. The comet appeared in 1066, and was thought to bring bad luck to the English.

This famous tapestry was given to the cathedral at Bayeux, where Odo, William's half-brother, was bishop. It still exists, for it has been very carefully kept.

WILLIAM'S VICTORY AND CORONATION

It was on Christmas Day that William was crowned, in the West Minster built by Edward the Confessor.

The church was crowded with people, when Geoffrey, a French bishop, stood up, and asked: "Will ye that William, your duke, be crowned King of the English?"

He spoke in French, but every one seems to have understood him, for all clapped their hands, and shouted "Yea! Yea!" So many voices together made a great noise, and the Normans who were on guard at the door thought their duke was being attacked. Instead of rushing to his help, they ran to the houses of the English, and began to set them on fire. When the people in the minster knew this, they came out to rescue their property and save their homes.

So Duke William was alone with the bishops, and he was crowned in an empty church. But he promised to govern justly and to be merciful. The crown was then placed on his head, and he became the King of England, though we know him best as William the Conqueror.

HOW KING WILLIAM I. KEPT THE ENGLISH IN ORDER

WILLIAM was a king who knew how to be obeyed. We read: "There came to him all the land-owning men that there were over all England, and all bowed down before him, and became his men." They promised to obey his laws, for they knew he was strong enough to punish those who did not obey.

It was he who caused the Domesday Book to be kept. This was a record of all the property in England.

The soldiers were kept in order, and castles were built in various places where a strong force was necessary. In Kent five towns were fortified, and men were specially paid to guard the south coast from sudden attack by sea. These old Cinque Ports (Five Ports) were Sandwich, Dover, Hythe, Romney, and Hastings, each of which is marked on the map of Norman England.

Life and property were safe, for William tried to be a good king, and he insisted on peace and quietness. He ordered a bell to be rung every night at eight o'clock. This was called the curfew bell, and at its sound all lights and fires were to be put out. This was a wise rule, for the wooden houses of those days were easily destroyed, and lives were even lost through the falling of a spark or a cinder.

EDWARD THE STRANGER INVITED TO ENGLAND

Now there was a young boy, named Edgar the Atheling, whose friends thought he had a right to the crown, because he was the son of Edward, who was called the Stranger.

This Edward had been one of the sons of Edmund Ironside, a king of the West Saxons.

He had lived for many years under the care of a very good man, Stephen, King of Hungary. His court was a happy home for Edward, and he remained there for forty years.

In 1058 the Stranger was invited by Edward the Confessor to come to England as the next heir to the throne. But he died soon after his arrival, and his youngest child, Edgar, became Atheling instead.

Edgar was, as we are told, about ten years old when the Confessor died; and as Harold was not at all afraid of the boy, he allowed him to remain quite happily in London. But when William came, Edgar's friends brought him forth and proclaimed him King of England.

They were easily frightened, these friends of Edgar's. For when the Conqueror came to Westminster, they took the keys of the city and threw open the gates to William. They also took Edgar to the new King.

The boy was very fair. He had flaxen hair and blue eyes, and he looked such a child that William greeted him very kindly. Fierce as he was, the Conqueror could not be vexed with such a small rival.

He had been a fatherless boy himself, and he knew what it was to be alone in the world, even in such a high position.

He was very sorry for Edgar, and, probably to the surprise of the boy's fair-weather friends, he took him in his arms and kissed him, while he promised to be his protector.

So Edgar went to live at William's court, where the Saxons called him "England's Darling."

ROBERT'S REBELLION IN NORMANDY

WILLIAM had many troubles. His eldest son, Robert, was a disobedient, unruly man, who did a great deal of harm in Normandy, over which country his father had made him governor.

William was also much deceived by his half-brother, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, whom he trusted and loved. He nearly broke his heart when his wife, Matilda, died. For the Conqueror was a man who was a good friend, but a bad foe, and if he liked any one, he liked him very much indeed.

In the midst of all these troubles William was not well. He never took care of himself. If war broke out in any part of the kingdom, he went there. So in 1087, when a rebellion broke out at Mantes, in Normandy, he hastened from England across the Channel to crush it.

It was the time of harvest. The grain was golden in the fields, and the vines hung down with the weight of the big bunches of beautiful grapes.

Alas! the soldiers trod down all the golden corn, and the purple clusters of grapes were lying on the ground. The poor people who lived in the villages came out to try to save their property, but they were too late.

The troops then made their way into the city, where they burned and destroyed whatever they found. The air was hot with the flames, and the ground was covered with burning cinders.

As William rode through the town of Mantes, his horse trod on a cinder, and the pain made him stumble. In an instant the Conqueror fell forward on his saddle, and hurt himself very much. The men who were near enough to see what was happening went to his aid, and they carried him back to Rouen.

But William could not rest in the noise of the city. So he asked to be taken to the Monastery of St. Gervais, which stood on a little hill behind the city. Even here he could not sleep. He felt that he was going to die, and he sent for his two sons, William and Henry.

KING WILLIAM'S LAST HOURS

THE Conqueror had always been a good friend to "those who loved God." But when he was dying he was full of sorrow for all the pain and misery he had brought upon others.

When his sons came near, he began to speak about the kingdom. The story is told that as they stood round his bed, he said that Robert must have Normandy, for to him, long ago, had been given the charge of that country.

"But," said William sadly, "wretched must be the country under Robert's rule."

He did not say who should have England, but seeing the disappointed face of his second son, William, he added that he hoped the English would choose him for their king.

"And what do you give me?" asked Henry, who was a fine, handsome youth.

"Five thousand pounds of silver," said the Conqueror.

"What good will the silver do if I have neither lands nor home?"

"Take comfort, my son," said his father. "It may be that one day thou shalt be greater than all."

The church-bells were ringing for service when William awoke from sleep. He lifted his hands to join in the well-known prayers, and at that moment death came to him. His eyes closed. The great Conqueror was dead.

His sons had gone away, and the servants who filled the room forgot the respect due to the dead. They began at once to steal the things that were



WILLIAM I RECEIVING THE CROWN OF ENGLAND.

FROM THE PAINTING BY BENJAMIN WEST.

lying about, and to help themselves to his property.

When the monks came back from the service, they found that their lord was dead, and they were much troubled. They carried William sadly back to his own abbey at St. Caen, and there he was buried.

It is pleasing to know that one of William's last acts was to forgive those who had offended him: for in showing mercy to others, it may be that he also "obtained mercy." William was a very brave man and a truly great king. Though he had many faults, he tried to do his duty to the conquered land over which he reigned for twenty-one years. He tried to protect the weak against the strong by curbing the power of the proud and troublesome Norman nobles and knights who held much of the land of the country.

It was said that William "loved the high deer as though he were their father." He was very fond of hunting, and he turned a large portion of land into a thick wood. This he called the New Forest. It was not a part of the country where grain would grow well, for the soil was poor.

But some villages were destroyed to make this hunting-ground, and the people believed that William would be punished for the deed. The wood is still known as the New Forest.

THE DAYS OF HENRY I., THE SCHOLAR

HENRY I., fourth son of William I., was not only a great king, he was also a clever scholar. He was fond of books and of study. He translated books from Latin and Greek into English. This was a very wonderful thing to do in those early days.

Henry was the only one of the Conqueror's sons who was born in England, and he loved everything that was English. His manners were far more pleasing than those of his brother, William Rufus, who was king just before him. He tried to carry out his father's wishes and to rule as he would have done.

Henry had a great sorrow in the death of his son, Prince William, who was drowned at sea. This caused Henry many sleepless nights, in which he thought of all the wrong things he had done. The death of this boy left him only one remaining child. This was his daughter Maude, or Matilda, and he at once sent for his nobles, and made them promise to acknowledge her as "Lady" of England; for in early days the title of "Lady" was the highest in the land.

But we cannot say that the English were quite satisfied with her rule. They did not like the idea of having a woman to reign over them when Henry died. So they came very unwillingly to swear obedience.

Among them was a fine handsome young knight, who was Henry's nephew, Stephen, Earl of Blois, and many a baron cast glances at him as he also promised to own Matilda as the "Lady" of England.

"Why should he not have the crown instead of her?" they said quietly to each other. "We do not want a haughty princess like her." But they had promised and the deed was done. It would not do to offend Matilda, for she was already an empress.

When Matilda was a little girl of eleven, she had been married to Henry V., the Emperor of Germany. The new Empress was so small that the weight of her wedding dress was too much for her, and the Archbishop of Cologne had to lift her in his arms while the ceremony went on.

Matilda had married a disagreeable young man, and on his death she gladly came home to her father's court.

After the barons had sworn to make her the successor to the throne, Henry thought she should marry again, and this time he chose Geoffrey, Count of Anjou, as her husband. Young Geoffrey was only fifteen, but he was a good-looking, clever boy, and Henry was delighted with the way in which he spoke Latin. But Matilda was by no means so pleased. She treated Geoffrey most rudely, and he kept out of her way, spending much of his time in the woods. In his cap he always wore a sprig of broom, so that after a while it became the badge of his family. From it they also obtained their surname of Plantagenet, as the broom is called in Latin *planta genista*. Very likely Geoffrey was better liked by those who knew him; but he kept so carefully away that the barons did not think of him at all when they made up their minds to forget their promises and to follow Stephen instead of Matilda.

CIVIL WAR AND ENGLAND'S SAD STATE

WHEN Henry I. died in Normandy, Stephen of Blois was by his side, and he heard his dying words; "I leave to my children whatever I have gained. Let them do justice to those I have injured."

But as soon as the King's last breath passed away, Stephen started for England, where he had many supporters. He landed in the midst of a dreadful thunder-storm. He seized the crown,

and began giving large presents to those whose help he needed. Then he promised to give people whatever they liked to ask, and so he made many more friends.

When he was crowned, the barons were very glad. They knew he was "unstable as water," and they felt sure they could do as they pleased. So they began at once to build four hundred castles. "They put the wretched country folk to sore trial with their castle-building," says the Old Chronicle, "and when the castles were made they filled them with evil men. Then they took all those that they deemed had any goods, both by night and by day, men and women alike, and put them in prison to get their gold and silver. All this lasted nineteen winters, while Stephen was King, and ever it was worse and worse. Thou mightest easily fare a whole day's journey, and never find a man living in a village, nor land tilled. Then was corn dear, and flesh and cheese, for there was none in the land. Wretched men starved for hunger, and some were begging alms that were once rich, and some fled out of the land." It was said, Christ and his saints "slept" in this time of violence and insecurity of property and life.

Meanwhile Matilda had gone to her relation David, King of Scotland, for help. It was said that David "belonged to a family of saints," and of these he was one of the best. He preferred to live in peace. The humblest of his subjects could make sure of his sympathy and assistance; and he loved to do justly and to improve his country.

When Matilda went to him David remembered that he had promised to be her friend. He then called an army together and crossed the border. At the same time another ally of hers was raising an army for her in the south, and so her party grew stronger day by day.

KING STEPHEN AND THE FIGHTING BISHOPS AND ABBOTS

STEPHEN had so many difficulties in the south to face that he left the north to take care of itself. The clergy now came to the front. They called their people round them and spent three days in prayer and fasting. Then the old Archbishop of York gave them his blessing and charged them never to desert each other. The Bishop of Durham led the way, having in his charge the banners of St. Cuthbert of Durham, St. Peter of York, St. John of Beverley, and St. Wilfrid of Ripon. Just behind these standards came the famous archers of Yorkshire and Nottingham. Each archer carried a sheaf of arrows and a bow as tall as himself.

The fight which followed was known as the "Battle of the Standard," 1138; and when you hear of this, you will remember the unusual action of the great churches that sent their banners to the field against Matilda and her allies.

MATILDA'S BEHAVIOR AND HER FORTUNES

AFTER Stephen was defeated at Lincoln, during the Civil War, he was taken as a prisoner to Bristol Castle, and Matilda was proclaimed Queen in his stead. But she soon disgusted everybody by her conduct. She was proud, and her manners were very disagreeable. When the people asked her for a charter which would secure good laws to the country, she told them they ought to bring her money, and not ask for privileges.

They soon became tired of this haughty lady; and one day, as she sat at dinner, all the city bells began to ring. The citizens swarmed into the streets, they even rushed into the palace. Matilda had barely time to escape, for they looked very fierce and angry. She fled from place to place, and she only managed to get out of Devizes by being carried away in a coffin.

Stephen's Queen now collected an army, and she took one very important prisoner, whom she quickly exchanged for her husband. Stephen was set free on November 1, 1138, but he soon fell ill, and now Matilda thought she had another chance of seizing the crown.

She was at Oxford, where she thought herself quite safe. But while she was planning what to do, Stephen, who was now well again, marched to Oxford and besieged Matilda. He crossed the river, set fire to various parts of the city, and then placed his men all round the castle.

Now, indeed, Queen Matilda knew what trouble meant. Food was scarce within the walls. Snow covered the ground. The river was frozen over. It seemed as if the people inside the castle could not hold out much longer.

"Dress yourselves in white," said Matilda, in her short, sharp tones, as she summoned three of her most trusty knights. "I, too, will change my robes. Then we will steal out of this place, which is no better than a prison-house for us."

Her commands were obeyed; and when it began to be dark, the three knights and their Queen were let down from the top of the walls, and helped by the dim light, they managed to creep away. Presently they met one of Stephen's men who had been bribed to show them how to escape, and trembling with fear and shivering with the cold, they contrived to pass through the enemy's camp.

A treaty was afterward made by which Matilda's son, Henry of Anjou, was to reign after Stephen's death. A year later King Stephen died, and the land was thankful; for now it looked forward to times of peace and prosperity, after twenty years of civil war, lawlessness, and cruelty.

THE ENGLISH CONQUEST OF IRELAND

You know that Ireland is often called the "Emerald Isle" because its fields are very green. When good St. Patrick went there to preach and pray, Ireland became known by another name, for it was now called the "Isle of Saints." The fiery Danes who harassed England found Ireland a pleasant place. They settled in some parts and fought many battles with the Irish. One of the Danes made himself king of all Ireland.

Do not think that there were no Irishmen who knew how to fight. There was brave old Brian Boru, who fought until he gained peace for his people. In his times, as in those of Alfred, a "maiden covered with jewels" could travel safely through the length and breadth of Erin. But Brian Boru died at the age of eighty-eight, and then the Danes came once more. Still, the island seems to have been fairly prosperous. For we read that Morogh O'Brian, of Leinster, sent William Rufus enough bog-oak to serve for the roof of Westminster Hall.

In the days of Henry II., however, Ireland was in rather a bad way. Diarmid, King of Leinster, had carried off a lady who was the wife of a prince of Breffny. He was punished by the other chiefs for his conduct, and he had to fly from his capital at Ferns. So he went to King Henry and offered to serve him if Henry would help him to get back his kingdom.

It was a time when Henry had many "irons in the fire" in France; so he could only give Diarmid a letter which permitted the English knights to take up his cause if they cared to do so. That was all Henry would do; and, armed with this letter, Diarmid went to Bristol, for many fierce nobles lived near that town. The first man he saw was a tall, red-faced Norman knight, named Richard de Clare. He was the Earl of Pembroke, and was surnamed Strongbow, because of his boldness and love of adventure.

Diarmid began by offering Strongbow the hand of his daughter Eva; he also promised that he should be King of Leinster after him if he would only recover the kingdom from Diarmid's enemies. It was just such work as Strongbow loved, and he readily agreed. Diarmid then got together a band of knights, and Raymond the Fat,

who was Strongbow's nephew, came over to help them.

They came in the month of May, when the "Emerald Isle" was beautiful with flowers; but neither Strongbow nor Raymond had leisure to see the pretty things around them. There was much fighting to be done, and they were ready for it.

In the end, Strongbow won many victories, and he married Eva. Then, when Diarmid died, he became King of Leinster. In a little while he might even have made himself king of the whole island.

HENRY'S VISIT TO IRELAND

WHEN Henry heard what was going on he became very much alarmed, and he issued a proclamation that Englishmen were not to go to war in Ireland. His words were so threatening that Strongbow felt it would be wise to make peace with his King. So he sent Raymond the Fat with a humble letter, in which Strongbow said he was the King's most faithful servant.

At first Henry refused to see him; but when Strongbow arrived, he threw himself on his knees, and gave up so many of the places he had conquered that Henry forgave him and allowed him to keep the province of Leinster.

In October, 1172, Henry crossed to Ireland with a fleet of four hundred ships and a large army of soldiers, and the Irish at once made terms with him. They paid him homage, and the great princes promised to own him as overlord. The King held his court in a hall, built for the occasion, of wickerwork. It was a very stormy winter, but neither he nor the chieftains heeded the weather. Henry gave his new subjects such a banquet as they had never before enjoyed. Every kind of Norman dainty was on the table. The King wore his most splendid robes and jewels. Vessels of gold and silver were used by the visitors, and after the feast the knights entertained them by holding tournaments. But it was seen that Henry took little notice of Strongbow, and he made Hugh de Lacy governor of Ireland. In 1185 the king sent his son, Prince John, to Dublin to rule Ireland. But before the year was out he was obliged to recall him on account of his insulting behavior both to the English and Irish people whom he met there. In 1189 Henry II. died of a broken heart at Chinon, France, owing to the grief caused by his three rebellious sons, Richard, Geoffrey, and John.

Chinon is now little more than an imposing relic; but the sight of its walls, half in ruins, fittingly recalls the sad King who died there.

WHAT BECAME OF STRONGBOW
AND RAYMOND

STRONGBOW was a wise man. When he saw that Henry was not pleased with him, he went to Normandy, and fought so nobly for the King that Henry was obliged to reward his services. He made him the governor of Dublin, in Lacy's place; and at last Strongbow was happy, for he had long desired this post.

Strongbow soon quarreled with Raymond the Fat, for Raymond wished to marry his sister Basilia, and Strongbow would not give his consent. But when the Irish rebelled against him he was glad enough to send for Raymond, saying: "As soon as you read this, make all the haste you can. Bring all the help you can raise, and you shall have what you have so long desired."

Raymond was not the man to delay after receiving such a message. Taking twenty ships, he sailed for Waterford harbor, and routed the Irish. Then he marched to Dublin to help Strongbow, and, "in his full armor," he married the Lady Basilia. Raymond, you see, was a man of action. As soon as he heard of a disturbance he went off to put it down, and he was always successful. During one of his journeys, Earl Strongbow died. But so jealous were his friends, that they tried hard to keep the news of his death from Raymond's ears.

THE ENGLAND OF EDWARD I.

BEFORE we speak of the events of Edward's reign, we must look at his kingdom, and see what sort of a country it was. First of all, there were thick forests in many parts, and some of these forests were regular dens of robbers. The abbots of St. Albans had to keep a band of armed men in order to protect the travelers who passed between their town and London.

On all country roads there were guides to conduct travelers, and show them the fords across the rivers, for there were very few bridges. Rich people who took long journeys often went in litters drawn by horses. But the usual mode of traveling was on horseback; and it was astonishing to see how many horses were kept; Simon de Montfort had 334 in his stables at Odiham, and these were only for the use of his family and his servants. The Queen had a carriage, it is true, but it was more like a long cart, and it had no springs. The King also drove in a "house of deal," as it was called, which had six wheels, and was "roofed with lead." Common people could not afford such luxuries. They were fortunate when they might safely travel about on foot.

THE PEOPLE'S HOUSES, FURNITURE,
AND FOOD

THE houses were very simply built. The hall was the chief room, as it long had been. Its floor was seldom boarded, and rushes were spread over the ground, for carpets were not much used. Indeed, when King Edward was married, the good people of London were quite angry to hear that his floors were covered with costly carpets.

The tables were very strong and heavy, and to keep them firm, their feet were stuck in the ground. Stools and benches were generally placed along the walls of the hall; and in the middle of the room the fire burned brightly, while the smoke went out through the roof.

Sometimes the walls were covered with wood, painted to represent scenes from history; but the ladies often worked beautiful hangings of silk and wool called tapestries, which looked very pretty, and kept out the drafts.

The noble and his friends sat at a table at the upper end of the hall. Below were his servants and attendants. A white linen cloth was spread on the table, and, as a rule, the dinner served was a good one.

To begin with, there was plenty of fish. Beef and mutton, too, were plentiful; but the meat was often salted. The wheat-bread was not so white as ours. There were vegetables of various kinds, such as peas, beans, onions, turnips, and herbs. For dessert, there were pears, apples, cherries, peaches, and even mulberries. Everybody drank beer, but it could not have been a pleasant beverage. There was also wine for those who liked it. The King was the only person who had a glass for his beer. His friends used cups of horn, while others had wooden bowls or vessels made of leather.

When the guests were seated, the servants brought round the meat. It was brought on the spit, fresh from the fire, and every man cut off as much as he wanted with his knife. He used his fingers instead of a fork, for forks were not invented. He ate a good deal, for fresh air and exercise made him hungry; and when night came, he was often glad to lie down on a bench or on the floor, where he slept quite soundly. He went "early to bed," and he rose early, going out to his work or his hunting with an energy which did him credit. There was little then to tempt one to indulge in late hours, for "links"—torches of tow or pitch—furnished the only illumination.

Such was life in England at the time when Edward, called "Longshanks," became King. Now let us see what sort of a monarch he proved.

EDWARD'S DESIGN TO MAKE A GREAT BRITAIN

EDWARD was crowned in Westminster Abbey in 1274. After the ceremony "there were let go at libertie, catch them that catch might, five hundred great horses, by the King of Scots, the Earls of Cornwall, Gloucester, Pembroke and others, as they alighted from their backs."

No sooner was the King crowned than he passed some very important laws. Thus he showed that he meant to rule justly and without favor.

When, upon the coming of the Saxons to Britain, the poor Britons fled for shelter to Wales, there they kept their own language and were governed by their own kings. There were often wars between the English and the Welsh.

In Simon de Montfort's lifetime his daughter Eleanor met a Welsh prince named Llewellyn, who wished to marry her. Edward, however, would not agree to this, unless Llewellyn promised to give up the castles he had taken and submit to him as his overlord.

Llewellyn refused to do these things. He marched into England, and many fights took place; until, perhaps, both sides grew a little tired. For when Edward next summoned Llewellyn to meet him at Glastonbury, the Welsh prince went quite readily.

He was married to Eleanor de Montfort in Worcester Cathedral, and for two years they lived very happily. Then Eleanor died, and Llewellyn became unhappy and discontented. Fresh wars broke out, and in the end Llewellyn was slain in 1282. Wales now fell under the power of the English. Two years later the Queen's little son was born at Carnarvon Castle.

THE FIRST PRINCE OF WALES, 1284

THE King was at a meeting where the Welsh chiefs were present, and in his delight he told them he would give them a prince of their own. "Nay," they shouted back in anger, "not so. We will have no prince but one born in our land, who speaks our own tongue."

"So be it," replied the King. Then calling for his Queen's nurse, he spoke a few words to her in English. When she brought the baby, he took him from her arms, and holding him up before the astonished chiefs, he cried:

"This is your prince. He was assuredly born in your land, and he cannot speak one word of English."

The joke pleased the Welshmen. They agreed to accept the child as the Prince of Wales. A

Welsh nurse was engaged for the baby prince, so that the first words he learned were those of the ancient British language. Ever since the birth of this child the eldest son of the sovereigns of England has always been created a Prince of Wales.

THE STORY OF THE INVASION OF SCOTLAND

AT this period the King of Scotland was Alexander III., an excellent man, who was much liked by the nation. One evening, as this King was riding along the edge of the cliffs above Kinghorn, his horse stumbled and he was thrown to the bottom of a steep precipice.

The next heir was his grandchild, Margaret, the daughter of Eric, Prince of Norway. The Scots, therefore, sent to ask if she might come to their country. But the journey was a long one, and the princess was very young. She fell ill on the voyage and died in the Orkney Islands, to the great regret of the Scottish people.

They hardly knew what to do now, for no less than thirteen persons claimed the throne, and it was difficult to say who had the best right to it. So the Scots thought they must ask Edward of England to settle the matter for them.

The first thing Edward did was to say that he was the overlord of Scotland. This was not the decision the Scots wanted, but Edward declared he would "either have his rights, or die claiming them." He gave them three weeks to consider his claim. But as they knew he had an army behind him, they had no wish to wait. They met Edward on a field near Norham Castle, and owned him as their overlord with as good a grace as they could command, 1291.

When this was done, Edward began to examine the claims of the thirteen heirs, and he decided that there were only two who might be considered the nearest to the throne. One of these was John Baliol, the other was Robert Bruce; and Edward thought that Baliol was the man who ought to be king.

He had to bend his knee to Edward and own him as his overlord before he was crowned. But when the ceremony was over Baliol found that his was not an easy position. Edward treated him like one of the nobles, instead of a king. He made him attend the opening of Parliament, just like any of the barons.

The Scots called him "Toom Tabard," which meant empty coat, to show that he was only a king in name.

The day came when Baliol, the weak, made up his mind to defy Edward. When he was next

called to London he would not go; he even refused to call Edward his overlord.

"Fool that he is!" cried Edward, when he heard this. "If he will not come to us, we must go to him."

So he gathered a large army and marched to Dunbar, where he defeated the Scots, 1296.

Baliol was now obliged to ask for mercy, but though Edward forgave him, he sent him to London as a prisoner. There he was kept for many years, while Edward caused himself to be owned as King of Scotland. When he returned to England, he brought away the crown and scepter, as well as the famous old stone from Scone Abbey, on which as far back as could be known the kings of Scotland were always crowned.

This stone, known as the "Stone of Destiny," is now in Westminster Abbey. It is placed in a chair of oak, and ever since Edward's reign the kings and queens of England have also been crowned while seated on this Scottish stone.

THE PATRIOT WILLIAM WALLACE

THE Scots did not submit quietly to Edward. They hated the English, and they looked about for a champion who would help them against their enemies. One of the most famous Scottish songs by Robert Burns, the poet, refers to two great national leaders and heroes, Wallace and Bruce, whose deeds of valor are now to be told.

Just at this time William Wallace appeared. He was the younger son of Sir Malcolm Wallace of Elderslie, and he also disliked England. Once, when quite a boy, he had been fishing in the river Irvine with a friend, who carried his baskets. On the way home he met some English soldiers, who stopped the boy and wanted to take the fish he had caught. Wallace was willing to give some of his trout, but the men insisted on taking all he had. So a struggle took place, in which Wallace used his fishing-rod with right good will upon their shoulders, and he soon put them to flight.

Of course Wallace was obliged to leave home. He went to the hills, where he knew he would be safe. But in a year or two he thought he might venture to return. He now walked openly about the market-place of Lanark, dressed in a handsome suit of green, with a dagger by his side. He was a fine tall man, and the English soldiers could not help noticing him. One of them asked him rudely why he, "a wretched Scotsman," dared to wear such a fine dress. Wallace was not one to take such an insult tamely. He fell to blows with vigor, and the Englishman was killed. Now there was indeed a fine hue and cry in Scotland.

Wallace took refuge in his own house, but the

soldiers came battering at the front door. So he was obliged to escape by the back to a glen, where he hid for some time. He was now made an outlaw. The law would not protect him any longer, and if any man should kill him he would receive a reward.

WALLACE DEFIES EDWARD I.

As soon as the Scots heard that Wallace was ready to fight for his country against the English, they gathered round him. Men came over the hills from near and far. They had waited for a leader, and now that he was found they flocked eagerly to his side. Many a time did he lead his followers against the English, and he was often successful. After a time, the English governor called the Scottish nobles to swear that they would obey Edward, and many of Wallace's party now slipped away. They went back to their castles, and joined the followers of the English King. But Wallace declared he would never submit.

When Edward's soldiers met his army, they were clad in armor; but Wallace's peasants were badly armed and badly clothed. He had the best place, however, in the battle that followed; for he and his poor soldiers were on the high ground above the river Forth. When the English governor saw them, he sent two friars to make terms of peace, but Wallace would not listen to them.

"Return to your friends," he said. "Tell them we came not for peace, but to set our country free. We are ready to meet them, beard for beard."

THE FIGHT AT THE WOODEN BRIDGE

THERE was a small wooden bridge across the river Forth. It was so narrow that only two men on horseback could cross at a time. But the English governor rose early in the morning, and began to send his soldiers across, for he wanted to be the "first in the field." When about half his army had crossed, he grew bolder. This was much easier work than he had imagined, and he thought the Scots were beginning to be afraid of him.

But a few moments afterward he saw his mistake. For Wallace had "bided his time," and he now rushed down upon the English, of whom a large number were killed. Others jumped into the river; some galloped off as fast as their horses could go; and the governor was obliged to turn back with only a part of the fine army he had brought with him.

Wallace now carried the war into the enemy's

country. He went over the border, and marched into Cumberland and Northumberland, and the frightened English fled as he came. He was called the "Protector of the Scottish Nation." But although he tried to rule justly, the nobles would not submit to him, for they had the fear of Edward before their eyes.

EDWARD'S RETURN TO SCOTLAND

WHILE these events were occurring, Edward was in Flanders. But he was very angry with the Scots, and he set out to punish Wallace for stirring up the rebellion. When Wallace knew that the King was coming, he got together a still larger army. But now some of the Scottish nobles began to be jealous of him; they even told Edward that he would find Wallace in the Forest of Falkirk, for he intended to attack the King when night came. Edward was delighted to hear that he would meet Wallace so soon.

"They need not come after me," he said. "For I will go to meet them."

So he put on his armor, and rode through the camp, bidding the soldiers make ready to start at once. His army was a fine, well-trained one. As an old chronicler says, "Each soldier slept on the ground, using his shield as a pillow. Each horseman had his horse beside him, and the horses themselves tasted nothing but the cold iron of their bridles."

It is said that Edward's horse trod upon him as he slept, and broke two of his ribs. His cry of pain awoke the others, and they thought the enemy had come upon them. But, in spite of the terrible pain, Edward jumped up, and bade his men mount and march. Then, as the first rays of

the sun broke out, they espied the lances of the Scots on a hill in front. Wallace had arranged his troops in four circles, so that their spears were like a fence of steel.

"I have brought you to the ring," said he, "now dance if ye can."

They were only peasants, badly clothed and poorly armed. But they fought nobly. It was hard to break that fence of steel; but at last Edward's better-trained men drove the Scots back to the woods. Numbers were left dead on the field, and, with a very sad heart, Wallace was obliged to fly.

A BRAVE PATRIOT'S END

For seven long years Wallace lived among the hills, going in danger of his life. Then one of his own men was wicked enough to tell King Edward where he was to be found.

So he was caught and taken to Westminster, where he was charged with being a traitor.

"I am not a traitor," cried Wallace, "for I was never his subject."

"You have killed many Englishmen," said his judge.

"Ay, truly; but I killed them in fair fight. They were the enemies of my country."

But there was no mercy for the brave Scot. He was found guilty, and put to death, in 1305. His head was crowned in mockery with a wreath of laurel, and, after the cruel custom of those days, it was placed on a pole on London Bridge.

But to Scotsmen the name of William Wallace is ever dear. For he was a hero, whose one aim was to free his native land from her foes.



CURIOUS STORIES FROM HISTORY

PART II

A PIG THAT NEARLY CAUSED A WAR

BY JULIAN RALPH

IN no history that I have been able to find, and in no popular book of reference that I have seen, after a great deal of searching, is there any account of the fact that in the year 1859 a pig almost plunged us into a war with Great Britain. All the books mention the excitement, but only as a part of another matter. Yet, when I was in the beautiful, rose-garnished English city of Victoria, on Vancouver Island, close to the Pacific coast of Washington State, I found many English subjects who had a great deal to say about that pig, and about the mischief caused by it. Our country was then on the eve of a war the most awful in all history, and this comparatively slight incident made but little impression upon our people, all wrought up, as they were, over the great questions which turned upon the issue of that terrible conflict. It was very different with the people of Victoria and the great island of Vancouver. Theirs was then, and has since been, a peaceful existence, and the shock and excitement caused when one of their pigs all but brought war to their doors made a deep impression on their minds.

There had been a great deal of trouble over that extreme northwestern corner of our country. It was not definitely known until the early '70s where our territory ended and British soil began. The greater part of the corner now forming the states of Oregon and Washington, and so highly prized by us, was claimed, at different times, by Russia, by Spain, and by Great Britain. First Russia withdrew, and then, after Spain and England, in 1787, had almost come to blows over it, Spain gave up her claim. This left England to dispute the ownership with us; and sixty years ago the dispute waxed so hot that a political party in this country favored going to war over it.

"Fifty-four, forty,—or fight!" was the watchword of this party, which was led by the great Stephen A. Douglas. By "54-40" was meant the parallel of latitude, $54^{\circ} 40'$,—so that this party of Americans claimed the land all the way to the southern end of Alaska. James K. Polk was our President during the heat of this excitement, in 1845. The more temperate of our statesmen advised fixing upon latitude 49 for our northern boundary; and in 1846 Great Britain agreed, and it is our present boundary line. But the Pacific coast, just at that corner of our country, is ragged, and little islands are thickly dotted along the shore. Between two groups of these islands run two narrow straits of water,—one called the Canal de Haro, and the other the Rosario Strait. Between the two is San Juan Island. It commands both waterways, and hence it would be of great value to either country that owned it, in case the two nations should ever quarrel. The text of the agreement between the two countries reads that the boundary at this corner should be "the middle of the channel," without saying *which* channel. From 1846 to 1859, therefore, the dispute continued, though without the excitement there had been when there was doubt about the mainland.

The two channels lead for the British to the Pacific coast of Canada, and for us, to Alaska. One channel, the Canal de Haro, is straighter and broader than the other and deep enough for the largest war-ships. It washes the western shore of San Juan Island, a little green eminence fifteen miles long and, in the broadest part, seven miles wide. The northern part is broken up into high hills, while the southern end is covered with lovely pasture-land. Coal and limestone are found in the hills, and off the shore there is splendid

fishing for cod, halibut, and salmon. But it is on account of its fortress-like position on the main channel and commanding both waterways to Canada and Alaska that it is most highly prized.

A man named Hubbs, who was pasturing sheep on the southern end of the island of San Juan,

is no record of its age, size, or color, or of whether it had a name; or, in short, of anything about it, except that it went on Hubbs's ground—on that part where he was growing a few vegetables which the pigs kept by his neighbor had already damaged. If any one had dreamed what



MAP SHOWING THE DISPUTED BOUNDARIES IN 1859.

had for a neighbor, on the north end, a man named Griffiths. This Griffiths was employed to raise pigs for the Hudson's Bay Company, that old and famous institution which has existed for two hundred and fifty years, and has been maintained by brave and hardy men solely for the purpose of trading with the Indians; giving them money, blankets, food, guns and ammunition, in return for the skins of wild animals. The pigs belonging to this company overran the island and caused Mr. Hubbs a great deal of trouble; so one day, in a moment of anger, he warned his neighbor Griffiths that if another pig came upon his land he would kill it. The very next day a pig did trespass there. It is altogether a pity that there

an important pig this was, all the facts would perhaps have been written down.

Mr. Hubbs kept his word and killed the pig.

Griffiths was then as angry as Hubbs had been, and immediately sailed over to Victoria,—the busy little city on Vancouver Island, where the officers of the government, the soldiers, and the ships-of-war had their headquarters,—and obtained a warrant (or order issued by a court of law) for Hubbs's arrest. A warrant-server, or constable, went to arrest Hubbs, and to take him to Victoria for trial upon the charge of killing the pig. But Hubbs refused to go with him. He said he was an American citizen, and that therefore an English warrant was nothing to him.

The constable departed, and Hubbs, well knowing the officer would come back and try to force him to go to Victoria, sent over to Port Townsend, in Washington Territory, for American protection. That part of our country was called by our War Department "The Puget Sound District," and was then in command of Brigadier-General William S. Harney. For many years he made his home in St. Louis, where he was greatly admired and respected, as the oldest officer in our army.

the Yankees off the island." He moved his war-ships over to one of the harbors of the island. His business was fighting, and his first thought was to do what might have begun a bloody and terrible war. Sir James Douglas, the governor, was more temperate; he pacified the admiral, but he thought it wise to send some British troops over to the island—not to fight the Americans, but to let them understand that the English meant to claim San Juan as their property. Captain Dela-



"MR. HUBBS KEPT HIS WORD AND KILLED THE PIG."

Lieutenant-Colonel Casey, then in command of the Ninth Regiment of infantry, but now dead, was at Port Townsend, and General Harney sent him with a company of soldiers to encamp on the island and see to it that the English did not molest our fellow-citizen, Mr. Hubbs.

But, while our soldiers were setting up their tents on this green knoll in the great Pacific, there was the wildest excitement in Victoria. The governor of Vancouver Island was Sir James Douglas, a nobleman by nature as well as by title; and the English ships-of-war, harbored in a little bay near Victoria, were commanded by Rear-Admiral James C. Prevost. The admiral was very angry when he heard of the occupation of the island by the soldiers of the United States. What he said has not been written down, but it is remembered, by those who heard him, that he threatened to take his great war-ships and "blow

combe, of the Royal Engineers, was sent with a company of English soldiers, and their tents were pitched on the northern end of the island.

For five years that little island was occupied by soldiers of the two mighty nations. Each camp displayed the flag of its country on a high staff over the tents,—the Stars and Stripes fluttering over the pastures at one end, and the red banner of Great Britain among the hills at the other, only a few miles away. On either shore the people were greatly excited, and many on both sides favored war. They were no more temperate than the American, Hubbs, had been when he killed the pig, or than the Englishman, Griffiths, was when he tried to secure his neighbor's arrest. The Americans supported their countryman, and the English approved of what the Englishman had done; so, at least along the coast, both sides wished to fight. As is so often the case, the

soldiers were the least excited. The officers and men in our camp became well acquainted with the members of the English force, and the soldiers of the two camps not only visited one another, but actually relieved the monotony of life in that lonely place by giving dinners and parties, when the men of one camp would entertain friends from the other.

News of what had occurred was dispatched to Washington and London; and General Winfield Scott was sent posthaste, by way of Panama, to the scene. In the meantime all our available military force on that coast had been sent to San Juan. General Scott withdrew all our soldiers, except one company, and induced Sir James Douglas to leave only one company of British soldiers on the northern end of the island. This arrangement was called "a joint military occupation." It was decided to leave to arbitration the vexed question of which channel was the boundary, and both countries agreed that each should present arguments in favor of what it believed to be just. Our government wished the middle of the Canal de Haro to be the border line, because we claimed that it was the true ship-channel; but to this the British had never been willing to agree, since that boundary would give San Juan to our country, and with that island went the control of the gateway to the English possessions. They wished the boundary to be drawn along the middle of the Rosario Strait, leaving them San Juan, so that they could use the broader canal for their merchant vessels and ships-of-war, which could thereby sail in perfect safety to British Columbia or to our own Alaska, since both the San Juan side and the Vancouver side of the canal would then be English territory. When all the papers had been made ready (and the English admit that the American papers and arguments were far

better prepared than theirs), it was decided to give them to the Emperor of Germany, and to ask him if he would not decide where the boundary should be.

Of course, the Emperor of Germany did not actually do this, personally; but he handed the papers to Herr Grimm, the vice-president of the Supreme Court of Germany, Judge Goldschmidt, of the German Tribunal of Commerce, and Dr. Kiepert, a great geographical authority of Berlin. They made their report to the Emperor, and, on October 23, 1872, the Emperor rendered his decision in writing, and gave a copy to Mr. Bancroft, for this country, and to Lord Odo Russell, for England. He decided that the American claim was just, and that the middle of the Canal de Haro should be the boundary. One month later, the British cut down their flag-staff and left the island. It was a great disappointment to the people of Canada and of Vancouver Island, for it gave to the United States the important little island of San Juan, and the commanding position on the marine highway leading to the Pacific coast of England's American possessions, and thus our country secured a greater gain than many bloody wars have brought to fighting nations.

Time makes many changes, but it has not decreased the importance of that little island; for Vancouver Island has ceased to be a province and become a part of British Columbia. San Juan, therefore, lies in the waterway between British Columbia and its principal port, Victoria. So, although the pig was merely in search of something to eat (as pigs are, most of their time), and although Mr. Hubbs desired only to save himself from the consequence of an angry act, America well may be grateful to both—especially to the pig, for he lost his life for his country.

THE WALKING PURCHASE

BY GEORGE WHEELER

IN the early twilight of a September morning, more than one hundred and seventy years ago, a remarkable company might have been seen gathering about a large chestnut-tree at the cross-roads near the Friends' meeting-house in Wrightstown, Pennsylvania. It is doubtful whether any one of us could have guessed what the meeting meant. Most of the party were Quakers in wide-brimmed hats and plain dress, and if it had been First-day instead of Third-

day, we might have thought they were gathering under the well-known tree for a neighborly chat before "meeting." Nor was it a warlike rendezvous; for the war-cry of the Lenni-Lenape had never yet been raised against the "Children of Mignon" (Elder Brother), as the followers of William Penn were called; and in a little group somewhat apart were a few athletic Indians in peaceful garb and friendly attitude. But it evidently was an important meeting, for here were

several prominent officials, including even so notable a person as Proprietor Thomas Penn.

In 1686, fifty-one years before this, William Penn bought from the Lenni-Lenape, or Delaware Indians, a section bounded on the east by the Delaware, on the west by the Neshaminy, and extending to the north from his previous purchases "as far as a man can go in a day and a half." No effort was made to fix the northern boundary until the Indians, becoming uneasy at the encroachments of the settlers, asked to have the line definitely marked. On August 25, 1737, after several conferences between the Delawares and William Penn's sons, John and Thomas, who, after their father's death, became proprietors of Pennsylvania, the treaty of 1686 was confirmed, and a day was appointed for beginning the walk. This explains why the crowd was gathering about the old chestnut-tree in the early dawn of that day, September 19, 1737.

"Ready!" called out Sheriff Smith.

At the word, James Yeates, a native of New England, "tall, slim, of much ability and speed of foot," Solomon Jennings, "a remarkably stout and strong man," and Edward Marshall, a well-known hunter, over six feet tall, and noted as a walker, stepped from the crowd and placed their right hands upon the tree.

Thomas Penn had promised five pounds in money and five hundred acres of land to the walker who covered the greatest distance; and these three men were to contest for the prize. Just as the edge of the sun showed above the horizon, Sheriff Smith gave the word, and the race began.

Yeates quickly took up the lead, stepping lightly. Then came Jennings, accompanied by two Indians, who were there to see that the walking was fairly done. Closely following them

were men on horseback, including the sheriff and the surveyor-general. Thomas Penn himself followed the party for some distance. Far in the rear came Marshall, walking in a careless manner, swinging a hatchet in one hand, "to balance himself," and at intervals munching a dry biscuit,



"THE THREE MEN STEPPED FROM THE CROWD AND PLACED THEIR RIGHT HANDS UPON THE TREE."

of which he carried a small supply. He seemed to have forgotten a resolution he had made to "win the prize of five hundred acres of land, or lose his life in the attempt."

Thomas Penn had secretly sent out a preliminary party to blaze the trees along the line of the walk for as great a distance as it was thought possible for a man to walk in eighteen

hours. So, when the wilderness was reached, the walkers still had the best and most direct course clearly marked out for them. The Indians soon protested against the speed, saying over and over: "That 's not fair. You run. You were to walk." But the treaty said, "As far as a man can *go*," and the walkers were following it

chief, to send other Indians to accompany the walkers. He angrily replied: "You have all the good land now, and you may as well take the bad, too." One old Indian, indignant at the stories of how the white men rushed along in their greed to get as much land as possible, remarked in a tone of deep disgust: "No sit down



"THE INDIANS PROTESTED AGAINST THE SPEED."

in letter, if not in spirit, as they hurried along. Their protests being disregarded, the Indians endeavored to delay the progress by stopping to rest; but the white men dismounted, and allowed the Indians to ride, and thus pushed on as rapidly as ever. At last the Indians refused to go any farther, and left the party.

Before Lehigh River was reached Jennings was exhausted, gave up the race, and lagged behind in the company of followers. His health was shattered, and he lived only a few years.

That night the party slept on the north side of the Lehigh Mountains, half a mile from the Indian village of Hokendaqua. Next morning, while some of the party searched for the horses which had strayed away during the night, others went to the village to request Lappawinzoe, the

to smoke; no shoot squirrel; but lun, lun, lun, all day long."

Scarcely had the last half-day's walk begun before Yeates, who was a drinking man, was overcome by the tremendous exertions and intemperance of the previous day. He stumbled at the edge of Big Creek, and rolled, helpless, down the bank into the water. When rescued he was entirely blind, and his death followed within three days.

Marshall still pressed on. Passing the last of the blazed trees which had hitherto guided him, he seized a compass offered by Surveyor-General Eastburn, and by its aid still continued his onward course. At last, Sheriff Smith, who for some time had frequently looked at his watch, called, "Halt!" Marshall instantly threw him-

self at full length, and grasped a sapling. Here was the starting-point for the northern boundary of the purchase of 1686, sixty-eight miles from the old chestnut-tree at Wrightstown, and very close to where Mauch Chunk stands to-day. The walk was twice as long as the Indians expected it to be.

Unfortunately for the Delawares, they knew too little of legal technicalities to notice that the deed did not state in what direction the northern boundary was to be drawn. They naturally expected it to be drawn to the nearest point on the Delaware. But the surveyor-general, to please Penn, decided that the line should run at right angles to the direction of the walk, which was almost exactly northwest. Draw a line from Mauch Chunk to the Delaware so that if extended it would pass through New York City, and another to the point where New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania meet. The first is the Indian's idea of the just way to lay out the northern boundary; the second is the line which Surveyor-General Eastburn actually finished marking out in four days after Marshall's walk ended.

And so the three hundred thousand acres which the Indians would have given to the Penns as the result of Marshall's walk were increased to half a million by taking selfish advantage of a flaw in the deed.

The Lenni-Lenape had loved and trusted William Penn because he always dealt openly and fairly with them. "We will live in love with William Penn and his children," said they, "as long as the sun and moon shall shine." But the wrongs inflicted on them in the "walking purchase," aroused the deepest indignation. "Next May," said Lappawinzoe, "we will go to Philadelphia, each one with a buckskin to repay the presents and take back our land again." It was too late, however, for this to be done.

At last, in 1741, the Indians determined to resort to arms to secure justice. But the Iroquois, to whom the Delawares had long been subject, came to the aid of the Penns, and the last hope of righting the wrong was gone forever.

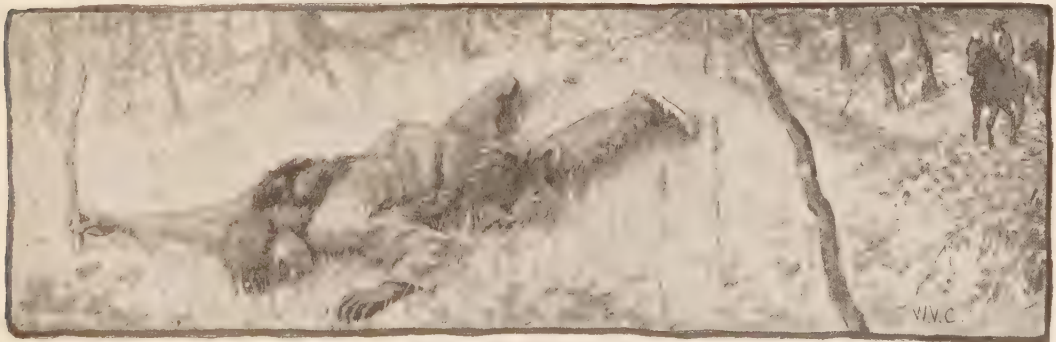
There seems a sort of poetic justice in the later experiences of the principal men in the affair. Marshall never got his five hundred acres of land, and his wife was killed in an attack by the Indians. Eastburn was repudiated by Thomas Penn, and his heirs were notified that they "need not expect the least favor." Penn himself was brought before the king and forced to disown many of his acts and agents in a most humiliating manner.

But all this did not repair the injury to the Delawares, and they never again owned, as a tribe, a single inch along the river from which they took their name.

A small monument, erected by the Bucks County Historical Society, marks the spot where the old chestnut-tree formerly stood. In order that this might not seem to condone an unworthy deed, the monument was dedicated, not to those who made or conducted the walk, but to the Lenni-Lenape Indians—"not to the wrong, but to the persons wronged."

The inscription on the stone reads:

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LENNI-LENAPE INDIANS
ANCIENT OWNERS OF THIS REGION,
THESE STONES ARE PLACED AT
THIS SPOT, THE STARTING-
POINT OF THE
"INDIAN WALK,"
September 19, 1737.



"MARSHALL THREW HIMSELF AT FULL LENGTH, AND GRASPED A SAPLING."

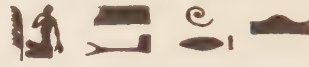
The Story of Eleven Cities



A—mur—ru—u

"Land of the Amorites"

written with cuneiform letters



A—ma—u—ro

"Land of the Amorites."

written with hieroglyphics,



An Amorite
taken prisoner
.....

BY EMMA J. ARNOLD

DO you like to dig in the dirt? I am sure you do. And I don't blame you. Is n't it delightful to have a big pile of sand, a spade, and a wooden pail or wheelbarrow, with plenty of time, and permission to dig as much as you choose? Is n't it fun to build mud forts for your toy cannon and lead soldiers? And some of you, I am sure, like to dig just for the pleasure of throwing the earth about.

Now, suppose that when you were digging a hole in the ground you expected to find something at the bottom of that hole. And suppose, when you had dug down a few feet and found something, you were sure there was yet another something for you to find still farther down. Don't you think it would be a great deal nicer to dig up dirt where you expected to find something than where you did not?

Now, there are grown-up men who have spent nearly all their lives digging holes in the ground, or else superintending others who dig for them. They are not digging for gold or silver; they are not mining for coal; neither are they making trenches for gas-pipes, or sewers, or water-mains. What do you suppose they are after? They are digging up *history*! That is a queer thing to say, and perhaps you don't believe me; but I can prove it to you.

You know what history is? It is a story—the story of what men were, and what they did and suffered, all through the many hundreds and thousands of years since men first lived upon the earth. Now, some part of this history has been written down in books, and we can read it in many languages. The French have their histories; we Americans have ours; the English, the Germans, the Swedes, the Italians, in short, all civilized nations, have whole libraries of books just to tell the story of what their ancestors, and the ancestors of other people, were doing, all

through the past. The Greeks and Romans wrote history, too; and the books of the Old Testament contain the ancient history of the Jewish nation.

Now, the further we go back into the past, the less number of history-books do we find. For many reasons. One is that the people who lived in those ancient days spent so much time fighting, that they had little opportunity left to write about it. And besides, I don't suppose it even entered the heads of most of them that there was anything but fighting which it was worth while to do or to write about. They had no idea that anybody would ever have the curiosity to know how they built their cities, how the people in them looked, and what they wore, whether they could read and write, whether they worshiped one god or a great many, in what manner they buried their dead, and if they went to war armed with swords and shields of metal, or fought with only stone axes and flint-tipped arrows.

Now, the science which tells all about this and many other things in regard to ancient nations is called *archæology*, and it is by the aid of archæology that we are able to find out much of the story of the years which passed away before people thought of writing history-books. Archæologists band themselves together into societies, and raise money to send out men to excavate, that is, dig up, the ruins of the cities and cemeteries of these ancient nations, and look for what they can find in them. In this manner, a bit here and a bit there, they are piecing together the history of the far-away past. It is very interesting work, and now you and I are going to accompany an excavator. We are going to dig up eleven ancient cities, look at each one, and see how much buried history we can find. These eleven cities are not in eleven different places; they are all on *one spot*! How do you suppose that can be?

Did it ever occur to you to think that wherever people live together in cities, the ground of these cities gradually rises? It may be only a tiny bit each year, but it is all the time becoming higher.

In cities which are built of stone or burnt brick, this increase in height is very, very slow—perhaps not more than a foot or two in hundreds of years. But there are countries, especially in Asia, where the people, when they wish to build a house, take the clay right out of the ground under their feet, mix it with a little chopped straw, and fashion it into bricks, which they dry in the sun. Of these bricks they build their dwellings.

Now, you can imagine that houses of this kind are not very durable. In dry weather they crumble; and in countries where it rains, so much of the mud is little by little washed away that finally the family has to move out.

What does the owner of this house do? Do you suppose that he tries to repair it? Oh, no! He just takes a spade, knocks it down, smooths it over, and commences again. He builds his new house on *top* of the old one!

And this is what his son does, after him, and his son's son, and so on. Each one builds on top of the ruins of houses which were built before his time. So in this way cities of mud-brick grow gradually higher and higher, until the last city stands perched on a lofty mound, many feet above the level where the first town was built. And now you have found out how there can be eleven cities all on one spot. Each rests on the remains of the one built before it.

The mound in which we are going to dig ceased to have any city upon it more than four hundred years before Jesus Christ was born. That would be about two thousand three hundred years ago. It was deserted, and as the years went on, the mud-bricks of the last city slowly crumbled away and mingled with the soil from which they had been formed; the rain and the wind smoothed over the top of the mound, and people forgot that there had ever been a city upon it, until at last nobody dreamed that deep down under the soil lay hidden the ruined houses of generations of men who had lived and died so many, many years before. So they turned the hill into a field, plowed it, and sowed it with grain.

This went on for centuries until 1890 when an archæological society called the Palestine Exploration Fund obtained leave from the Sultan of Turkey to dig up some of the mounds of Palestine. They engaged an American gentleman named Bliss to superintend the excavations. Now, three years before, in 1887, there had been found, far away from Palestine, in the land of Egypt, a number of very ancient letters, written on tablets of baked clay. These letters told of an old city of Palestine named Lachish. This same

city is spoken of in the Bible. But the puzzle was where to find it, for nobody knew where to look. No such city was known. It had vanished!

At last the archæological society decided that Mr. Bliss should dig up a mound called "Tel el Hesi." If you have a good map of Palestine you



Drawn from illustrations in Bliss's "A Mound of Many Cities," by kind permission of Macmillan & Co.

can find Tel el Hesi. It is not so very many miles southwest of Jerusalem.

Now we will imagine that you and I have each a magic cap, like the one in the German story of

Peter Schlemihl, which all boys and girls in Germany know so well. When Peter put on this cap it made him invisible. We will put our caps on, and go along with Mr. Bliss all the way to Tel el Hesy. He will never suspect that we are at his side or looking over his shoulder. And this is what we shall see when we arrive at our journey's end.

All around, a plain of waving green grass, dotted with beautiful scarlet flowers; hardly a tree is in sight. When we walk to the top of the

Egypt. The Egyptians were a mighty nation even six thousand years ago. Now a certain king, Tehuti-mes III., ruled for fifty-three years over the land of Egypt, and led his victorious armies to war in fifteen campaigns. Ten times he went through the country where our history-mound is, conquering the people and making them pay him tribute. Tel el Hesy, or Lachish (as the Bible calls it), was right in his path, and I have no doubt he besieged and took the very city at the ruined walls of which we are now looking.



THE "POSTAL CARD" OF BAKED CLAY. TWO VIEWS.

mound, we look over the edge of a precipice, down one hundred and twenty feet, to the bed of the Hesy River. A faint blue line, far away in the eastern sky, marks the outline of the Judean hills, in the region where Jesus was born, almost two thousand years after the people were dead who built the lowest of the eleven cities lying buried under our feet. The side of the bluff where it descends to the river is a tangle of weeds and rubbish; the top is covered with a crop of beans.

Now suppose we go back about four thousand years. How would our mound look then? Only *half* as high. Its history was only just commencing. A little city was perched on its top, surrounded by a great wall sixteen feet thick. I am positive that the people who lived in this city (which we will call City 1) would have laughed at anybody if he had said that four thousand years afterward a man, a woman, and a boy or girl would be standing right over their homes, sixty feet above them. We will imagine that this sixty feet of ruined houses and rubbish is cleared off, just as it was when Mr. Bliss's men finished digging. The lowest city is uncovered, and we can go directly down to its level.

Now, when we find the ruined walls of this city I think we have a clue to a little bit of its history. I believe that these people (who are called Amorites in the Bible) built this strong wall to protect themselves against the armies of

And the people fled from their little houses, and took refuge in the great citadel, the ruins of which are on the eastern edge of our wall, overlooking the river.

But all in vain; they had to surrender, and when the king returned to Egypt, he carried with him the spoils from Lachish and the countries around about—"vases of gold and silver, rich articles in bronze, furniture carved out of ebony and cedar-wood and inlaid with ivory and precious stones, olive-oil, corn, wine, and honey," and last, but not least, long trains of prisoners of war, whom he set to work in the mines, or else in building the enormous temples which all Egyptian kings liked to raise. All these things you could read about, even now, if you understood the hieroglyphic language of Egypt; for King Tehuti-mes caused the story of his campaigns to be carved on the solid rock of the walls of the Great Temple of Karnak, and there it is, even to this day. If you should go to Egypt, you could see the mummy, that is, the actual body, of this great king. It is in the Gizeh Museum. He was a little man, but a mighty warrior.

King Tehuti-mes besieged and took our city long years before Moses was born, or the children of Israel reached Palestine after their forty years' journey through the desert. When we get up to our fifth city we shall find a date from which we can reckon back. It is this date which will make us pretty sure that we are right when



Sennacherib, King of Assyria, the King of Assyria sat on an upright throne, and the spoil of the city of Lachish passed before him.

Drawn from the illustration in "History of Art in Chaldea," by kind permission of A. C. Armstrong & Son.

we say that King Tehuti-mes III. was the Pharaoh who made war in Palestine at the time our mound began to have a history.

But we must not expect to dig up a quantity of such things as King Tehuti-mes carried home to Egypt among the "dead bones" of our ancient city. When three or four thousand years have passed away, things have had plenty of time to go to "wreck and ruin." The most we can hope to find will be a few weapons of war, a few tools, and the broken fragments of dishes. In fact, our mound is full, from top to bottom, with pieces of ancient earthenware, the remains of dishes, jars, vases, and lamps. Archæologists call these fragments "potsherds," and by examining them carefully, they are often enabled to fix the date of a city. As we go up from city to city we find the people learning to make better and better earthenware. They are marching along the road to civilization.

Cities 1, 2, and 3 went to war with bronze weapons. They had not learned how to work iron, so they took copper, mixed it with tin, and made bronze. There are no tin-mines anywhere near Palestine. They must have gone all the way to Cornwall, on the coast of England, for their tin. Or perhaps it was brought to them by the

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ships of other nations through the Mediterranean Sea, or by caravans across Europe. What a long, tedious journey this tin must have made, for there were no steamboats or locomotives in those ancient days! These Amorites, then, had commerce with distant nations. That is another point in their history, and we have learned it from the pieces of their bronze weapons.

Now we are going to make our most important and interesting "find" in the fifth city from the bottom. Nothing more nor less than an ancient *postal card*! It has been through no post-office, and no postman delivered it; but we have received it, all the same. It has been thirty-three hundred years on the way!

Suleiman, the digger, as he brushes the dirt from it, cries: "It is a *saboony*!"—that is, "a bit of soap."

"No," says Mr. Bliss; "that is not soap; there is writing upon it."

But I don't believe you would guess it was writing unless you were told. *You* would say: "It is covered with *scratches*."

But every one of these scratches means something. It is writing—the writing of a people who lived in Asia, and who wrote in this way at least six or seven thousand years ago. Many people

think they learned to write even before the ancient Egyptians did. However this may be, I think that you will agree with me that this writing is not nearly so picturesque and pretty to look at as the hieroglyphic writing of Egypt. It is called the "cuneiform," or "wedge-shaped," system of writing, and was used by the ancient Chaldeans and Assyrians who lived on the Euphrates River. Many of their history-mounds have been dug up, and whole libraries of books found, written in this manner on tablets of baked clay.

Now I have called our clay tablet a "postal card" because it was never inclosed in an envelope. It is dark coffee-color, and about two and a half inches long and two inches wide. Both sides are covered with writing. While the clay was soft the letters were punched on it by some blunt-pointed instrument, then the tablet was put into a kiln and baked. This baking made it very hard and prevented it from crumbling away.

And so we have found it, and as we read the strange writing, we learn that it was sent to a person named "Zimrida." This Zimrida wrote one of those other cuneiform letters on clay which I told you were found in 1887. He was governor of Lachish during the reign of an Egyptian Pharaoh who ruled about thirty-three hundred and fifty years ago. And now you will understand how we have found out the name of City 5, and can tell about when it was built.

Some centuries pass away, then the Amorites

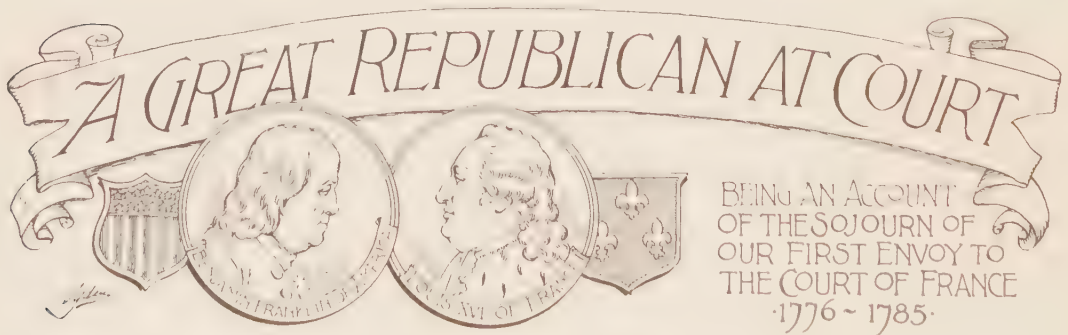
are driven out of their city. Across the river Jordan, into Palestine, come the children of Israel, led by Joshua, their great general. They march through the country, besieging the cities, and capturing or destroying their inhabitants. In the Old Testament Book of Joshua (x. 31, 32) you can read about it:

And Joshua passed from Libnah, and all Israel with him, unto Lachish, and encamped against it, and fought against it:

And the Lord delivered Lachish into the hand of Israel, which took it on the second day, and smote it with the edge of the sword, and all the souls that were therein.

Now, we shall not find anything in our mound which tells about this. We must trust to the Bible story, and believe that all our cities from this time up to the top of the mound were built by the Israelites. We do not know much about these cities; but we do know that Sennacherib, the great Assyrian king, who ruled about seven hundred years before Christ, came to Lachish and conquered it, as you will see by the picture. One of the cities near the top was destroyed by fire. Perhaps it was the very one which Sennacherib besieged.

And so we have reached our journey's end. Mr. Bliss and you and I have traveled by a "late train." We started at the bottom of our mound, and it has taken nearly four thousand years to reach the top. Never mind; if you like this sort of traveling, we shall surely some day take another journey together.



BY H. A. OGDEN

WHEN Dr. Benjamin Franklin stood before the monarch of France in 1778, it must have seemed to him the exact fulfilment of a prophecy; for it is said that, when a poor little boy, his father used to repeat to him Solomon's proverb: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings."

Of course, like most remarkable events that happen in this world, it seemed to come about very naturally. After the signing of the Declaration of Independence, that first great step toward making us a free people, Congress decided to send a special envoy to the French court, in order to enlist their aid in our struggle for freedom.

Their choice fell on their ablest and most patriotic member—upon him who had been one of the originators of the Declaration, and who, on signing his name, made the witty remark: "Now, gentlemen, we must hang together, if we would not hang separately."

On October 26, 1776, with his two grandsons, William Temple Franklin, a youth of seventeen, and little Benjamin Franklin Bache, his daughter's boy, of seven, the old Doctor set sail in the sloop-of-war "Reprisal," one of the swiftest craft of our infant navy.

Temple, the older boy, was still at school, and his grandfather's intention was to place him in one of the universities of France or Germany to finish his studies. What little Benjamin did has not been related; but we may be sure that the

chased by British cruisers, and each time the sloop's deck was cleared for action. When near their journey's end they captured two vessels, or prizes, as they called them; for the Reprisal, though a little craft, was a war-ship, and her captain, Hammond, was a valiant officer and brave fighter.

They came at last to anchor, five weeks after their start, in Quiberon Bay, off the coast of Brittany; and the Franklins, taking a fisherman's boat, were put ashore at Auray, on December 3. Sending to the near-by city of Vannes for a post-chaise, they arrived the next day at Nantes, where a grand banquet was held in honor of the American envoy, tidings of his arrival having preceded him. He was then over seventy years of age, and his fame as a printer, editor, in-



"THE MESSENGER CRIED, 'GENERAL BURGOYNE AND HIS WHOLE ARMY ARE PRISONERS OF WAR!'"

companionship and care of so wise and kindly a grandfather was as profitable to the boy as any schooling.

The voyage was a stormy one, with a continuous November gale nearly all the way. Although the Doctor had made eight voyages, he suffered more discomfort than ever before; but no matter how rough or stormy, whether sick or well, true to his desire for knowledge and discovery, he every day took the temperature of the Gulf Stream, of which very little was then known, and brushed up his French, just as many of us do nowadays when we make the same voyage. On the way they were more than once

ventor, philosopher, and statesman (for the old gentleman was a many-sided genius), was well established. The learned societies of the civilized globe were proud to enroll his name among their members; the French people, from the nobles down to the servants, all were familiar with his quaint and witty sayings, as translated from "Poor Richard's Almanac," as well as with his love of liberty and his broad sympathy with his fellow-men. Silas Deane, the agent of the American Congress, then living in Paris, afterward said: "Here is the hero, philosopher, and patriot who, at the age of seventy-four, risks all dangers for his country."

To show that the enemy fully realized his power as an advocate for the cause of independence, the Marquis of Rockingham, one of King George the Third's advisers, remarked that he considered "the presence of Dr. Franklin at the French court more than a balance for the few additional acres which the English had gained by the conquest of Manhattan Island." This was said not long after the battle of Brooklyn, whereby General Howe had secured possession of New York.

Shortly after his arrival in Paris, the Doctor was invited to make his home at Passy, then one of the little towns outside of the city, although now it is inside of the fortifications. Here, on a hill overlooking the river Seine as it flows past villages, châteaux, and palaces, stood the Mansion Valentinois, the owner of which insisted on Franklin's sharing his apartments with him without cost, saying, "If your country is successful in the war, and your Congress will grant me a small piece of land, perhaps I may take that as payment." Wherever the Doctor went, crowds followed him; he was cheered in the streets or at the opera; his sayings were quoted; and engravings, miniatures, medals, snuff-box lids, and souvenirs were made to bear his kindly features. He wrote home to little Benjamin's mother that they had "made her father's face"—by which, of course, he meant his own—"as well known as that of the moon."

In fact, he became "the rage." We all wanted to see China's great statesman and viceroy, Li Hung Chang, when he visited us; his reputation for ability and suavity, his odd ways and novel dress, all interested us. In a similar way, Franklin was a curiosity to the people of the Old World. He always dressed plainly; and his hair, which was gray and quite thin, was not concealed by a wig, though he often wore a fur cap, pulled down nearly to his spectacle-rims.

Ignorant people whispered that he was a wizard, engaged in separating the colonies from England by means of his magic spells. All showed their admiration of his attainments; but amid all of the compliments paid him and the extravagant attentions he received, he remained the simple-minded, plain republican, ever keeping in mind his country's trials and her need.

The court of France, while friendly and willing to aid us as it could, was not as yet ready to



"IT IS NOT THAT THE WIG IS TOO SMALL; IT IS THAT YOUR HEAD IS TOO LARGE!"

acknowledge our independence, and by so doing to provoke a conflict with Great Britain. The war, thus far, had gone against us; news of the one bright ray in the gloom—Washington's victory at Trenton—had taken five months to reach France, so difficult was it to escape from the British cruisers watching our coasts.

Some muskets and a private loan of \$400,000 were secured, and single volunteers were plenty. To fight for America became with the young French nobles what nowadays we should call a "fad." Franklin was besieged by requests to be officers in our army, or for letters of recommendation to Congress, and he was at his wits' end to refuse with kindness, so that he should not make promises of rank that he could not fulfil.

In contrast to many of these requests at this time stands Lafayette's generous offer of money, arms, and his life, if need be, without promise of rank or reward; but the French government still withheld its aid, waiting for some decided victory to prove to the nations of Europe that the united

colonies stood some chance of winning their liberty.

During this winter of darkness for freedom's cause, Franklin must play his part in the gay world of Paris. To make friends for our country was his constant aim; her enemies he defied, and everywhere he expressed his certainty of the final triumph of America in the struggle.

We have all heard of the phrase, "These are the times that try men's souls." These words were used at just this time by Thomas Paine, who wrote a series of articles on the American war. For, while it was dark indeed on our side of the ocean, it seemed also as if no nation abroad would help us. Franklin sent his associates, Lee and Deane, to the courts of Spain and Prussia for aid, but neither was disposed to take the first step.

Diplomacy among nations is often a tedious and selfish proceeding. Meanwhile the Doctor did what he could toward arming ships and making easier the lot of prisoners of war abroad. As to the ships, he was somewhat successful, and was gratified by his success; for he was eager to give England some of the treatment the colonies had received from her men-of-war.

All of these matters kept the Envoy very busy—so much so, that his grandson Temple was obliged to act as his secretary, and the idea of his going to a university was given up. At last came the sunshine through the clouds, for the Wise Providence that guides the affairs of nations as well as of men brought about the surrender of Burgoyne and his army in October, 1777, after the battle of Saratoga.

The news was despatched with all haste to our representatives abroad. Massachusetts sent the glad tidings by special messenger, a young Mr. Austin. Before his departure, a prayer was offered from the pulpit of a church in Boston—the minister, it is said, being so absorbed in praying especially that the despatches might be delivered that he made no mention of the messenger!

In a little over a month, however, both messenger and packet arrived in Paris, and the scene when he drove into the courtyard of the Hôtel Valentinois was a memorable one.

Our representatives had received word of his landing, but knew nothing of the nature of his news. As the chaise dashed up to the group around the door, and the messenger alighted, Dr. Franklin grasped his hand, exclaiming:

"Sir, is Philadelphia taken?"

"Yes, sir," was Austin's reply.

Then the old statesman wrung his hands in disappointment and had begun to return in sadness to the house when the messenger cried:

"But, sir, I have greater news than *that*! General Burgoyne and his whole army are prisoners of war!"

Temple carried the news to the French prime minister, the Comte de Vergennes, and a few days later a private interview took place at Versailles.

About a year from the landing of Franklin on the coast of France, his errand to that nation was accomplished. She became the ally of the American colonies, and thus was the first to welcome the United States into the circle of nations.

A main condition of the treaty was that we should not make peace with Great Britain unless our independence was recognized—a condition to which our representatives gladly agreed.

Our new ally's first act was to send a frigate carrying M. Gérard, a special envoy to Congress, with tidings of the treaty. He was received with great honor, and joy filled all patriot hearts. On February 6, 1778, the treaty was officially signed by Benjamin Franklin, Silas Deane, and Arthur Lee, on the part of the United States. The signing was followed by the important ceremony of being received by the king in person. As no one in those days ever thought of being presented to a monarch of France with his head uncovered by a wig, Dr. Franklin ordered one for the occasion. The hair-dresser, or *perruquier*, as he was called, brought the all-important article, and proceeded to try it on; but try as he would, he could not force it down over Franklin's head. After several trials, the Doctor said:

"Perhaps it is too small!" Dashing the wig to the floor in a rage, the *perruquier* cried, "It is impossible, monsieur! No, monsieur! it is *not* that the wig is too small; it is that your head is too large!"

As there was no time to remedy the misfit, the Doctor decided to go before the King without a wig. Therefore it was without a wig, or even a sword,—considered an indispensable article of a gentleman's dress in those days,—but in a plain black velvet suit, with ruffles at the neck and wrists, white silk stockings, and silver-buckled shoes, that our great republican drove to the palace of Versailles. On the morning of the 20th of March, 1778, accompanied by his fellow-envoys, Dr. Franklin was ushered into the presence of his majesty King Louis XVI. of France. After the formal introduction, the monarch expressed himself as well disposed toward his new ally, and gracefully complimented the fact that Franklin had displayed during his sojourn in the capital and among the French people.

In the evening, during the games that the court were engaged in, the Queen, Marie-Antoinette, conversed with Franklin in her own charming and



"AT A BRILLIANT FÊTE GIVEN IN FRANKLIN'S HONOR, HE WAS CROWNED WITH LAUREL."

gracious manner. His wit, fascinating conversation, and sound common sense attracted the admiration of the gay and frivolous court, and he was lionized by all.

At a brilliant fête given in his honor, he was crowned with laurel by one of three hundred

dence abroad, Congress was pleased to declare that "the Honorable Benjamin Franklin, Esquire, was permitted to return to America." His fellow-signer of the Declaration and afterward our President, Thomas Jefferson, had been chosen to succeed him as minister to the French court.



FRANKLIN AND HIS YOUNG RELATIVES IN THE STREETS OF PARIS.

young ladies. The old statesman accepted all these attentions modestly, considering them as offered, through him, to his native land.

During the rest of his visit to France, Franklin's life was filled with solicitude for his native land; but now, by the authority of the French king, armies and fleets were sent, by the help of which we were finally able to capture Cornwallis and secure our independence.

At length, weary and ill, Franklin asked for his recall; he had signed the treaty of peace with England, thus crowning his mission with success. So in March, 1785, after nearly nine years' resi-

H.T.&G.D. II. 26.

"You replace Dr. Franklin, I hear," the King's minister is reported to have said.

"I succeed—no one can *replace* him," was Jefferson's witty and truthful reply.

And it was true; for no American could have surpassed Benjamin Franklin in the patience, cheerfulness, and wise statesmanship with which he had carried out the mission his struggling country had entrusted to him.

In honor he left France, in honor America welcomed him. On his departure, the King gave to the great republican a miniature portrait set in diamonds; the Queen lent her own litter to convey

the venerable diplomat to the sea-coast, for old age and hard work had brought pain and exhaustion to his formerly vigorous constitution.

So on the 12th of July, with Temple, who was now a promising young man, and Benjamin, a big lad of sixteen, Franklin left the home at Passy, in the street still called by his name, and, jogging easily along at the rate of about eighteen miles a day, reached the ship that was to bear them home. At Portsmouth, in England, the compliment was

paid the party of omitting the custom-house examination—a courtesy rare in those days. His old friends in England, from whom the war had parted him, hastened with their greetings, and to bid him "God speed!" For this was to be the last voyage of one of the greatest of Americans. The adieus were made at evening, the old Doctor retired to his cabin for rest, and when he awoke the next morning the ship was far on her voyage to his loved native land.

THE STRANGE STORY OF A GOOSE.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH

THIS goose made its first appearance near Quebec over sixty years ago, when some British troops had been sent out to put down a rebellion of the colonists. A certain farm in the neighborhood, suspected of being a resort for the insurgents, was surrounded by sentries placed at some distance apart; and one day the sentry whose post was near the gate of the farm heard a singular noise. A fine, plump goose soon appeared on a run, making directly for the spot where the soldier stood; and close behind in pursuit came a hungry fox.

The sentry's first impulse was to shoot the thievish animal and rescue the goose; but since the noise of the report would have brought out the guard on a false alarm, he was obliged to deny himself this satisfaction.

The fox was gaining on



"IT WALKED UP AND DOWN WITH THE SENTRY WHILE HE WAS ON DUTY."



"THE GOOSE CONTINUED TO WORRY AND CONFUSE THE ASSASSINS UNTIL THEY FLED."

his intended prey, when the goose, in a frantic attempt to reach the sentry-box, ran its head and neck between the soldier's legs just as the pursuer was on the point of seizing it. Fortunately, the guard could use his bayonet without making a disturbance, and he did this to such good advantage that the pursuit was soon ended.

The rescued goose, evidently animated by the liveliest gratitude, rubbed its head against its deliverer's legs, and performed various other joyful and kitten-like antics. Then, deliberately taking up its residence at the garrison post, it walked up and down with the sentry while he was on duty, and thus accompanied each successive sentry who appeared to patrol that beat.

About two months later the goose actually saved the life of its particular friend in a very remarkable way.

The soldier was again on duty at the same place; and on a moonlight night, when the moon was frequently obscured by passing clouds, the enemy had formed a plan to surprise and kill him. His feathered devotee was beside him, as usual, while he paced his lonely beat, challenging at every sound, and then "standing at ease" before his sentry-box. The goose always stood at ease, too, and it made a very comical picture.

But some undesirable spectators—at least, of the soldier's movements—were stealing cautiously toward the place under cover of the frequent

clouds and a line of stunted pine-trees. Nearer and nearer to the post they crawled, till one of them, with uplifted knife, was about to spring on the unsuspecting man.

Then it was that the watchful goose covered itself with glory by rising unexpectedly from the ground, and flapping its wings in the faces of the would-be assassins. They rushed blindly forward; but the sentry succeeded in shooting one of the party and bayoneting another, while the goose continued to worry and confuse the remainder until they fled wildly for their lives.

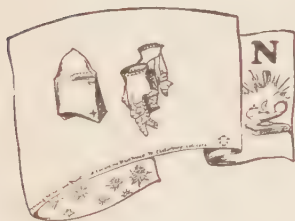
The brave bird was at once adopted by the regiment, under the name of "Jacob," and decorated with a gold collar on which his name was engraved, in appreciation of his services.

Ever after, during his life of twelve years, he did sentry duty at home and abroad; for he was taken to England at the close of the war in Canada, and greatly lamented there when he died. His epitaph reads, "Died on Duty"; and no human sentinel could have been more faithful than poor old Jacob.

As it may occur to some readers who have not made a study of the interesting and almost human ways of many animals to doubt the truth of so remarkable a story, they are referred to the gold collar with Jacob's name and exploit engraved on it, which may still be seen at the headquarters of the Horse Guards in London.



BY MARY DAWSON



OWADAYS we use gloves only to complete our formal dress, or to protect our hands from cold, and, possibly, from the cuts, bruises, or scratches of certain kinds of rough labor. But in the olden days the glove, although it served these purposes too, played a very superior part. It might almost have been called an important "personage" in those times, for on many occasions it acted instead of a person. Sometimes it played the part of a king or earl; sometimes it did the work of a policeman; now and then it gave away large properties, even whole towns and rich tracts of land. It sounds like a fairy-tale, does it not? But it is every word true.

This is the way it came about.

When gloves were first invented, they were used exactly as we use them now—to keep the hands warm, and to keep them from all sorts of disagreeable blisters, burns, and chapping. The ancient Persians wore them at a very early period, and boys and girls who have read Vergil's

"Æneid" will remember that the Roman pugilists wore them in their pommeling contests.

Gloves as first invented should rightly be called mittens, for they had no fingers. Fingers were a novelty introduced by the Romans of later days, when Rome became luxurious and foppish.

As soon as the finger gloves (they called them *digitalia*, from *digitus*, a finger) were introduced, the Romans used them for state occasions, wearing the mitten for every day. Poor people had only mittens, when, indeed, they had any hand-coverings at all.

From the older countries, such as Italy and Greece, the fashion of wearing gloves spread to newer lands, reaching England about the time of the Saxon kings. The word *glof* (a queer way the Saxons had of spelling glove) means a hand-covering, and occurs very often in the writings of those times. The beautiful old illuminated books which have luckily been preserved for us show the hands of bishops and other churchmen incased in gloves which are often ornamented with dazzling rings.

Kings and queens of that day all wore gloves. At least, we find their marble effigies, on the tombs in Westminster Abbey, with gloved hands.

The gloves of the middle ages were very different from those we have now. You could not then go into a shop and order a dozen pairs, at a certain price, to fit you perfectly. But then, you might have them exquisitely embroidered in silk of many colors and bordered with a deep fringe. Perhaps, too, the design of the embroidery of those you bought would be entirely original, intended for you and shared by no one else.

Naturally, the gloves of the kings were very fine and costly covering, with embroidery of gold and silver and circlets of precious stones. Bishops and the clergy wore white linen gloves, symbolic of innocence, or red silk hand-gear with symbols worked in gold thread. The popes sometimes wore them of white silk decorated with pearls. Grave people wore dignified patterns without any gorgeousness, and those who liked to make a brave show chose very elaborate or gaudy affairs.

In the early days everything was not regulated for the people, as it is now, by the government and the law-courts. Europe was still young then, and people had rough-and-ready means of dealing with one another, of buying and selling or giving goods and property, and settling disputes. A glove, as it was very close indeed to a man's hand, came in course of time to be looked upon as taking the place of the hand itself, and, as I have said, it sometimes took the man's place and was made to represent him.

For example: To open a fair it was necessary then to have the consent and protection of the great lord in whose country it was going to be held. Those who wished to open the fair would come to the nobleman and petition him to be present. He might be very busy, or bored at the idea of having to go, yet he would know that it must be opened or his people would be discontented. So he would say to the leaders of the people: "No, my trusty fellows; I can't open the fair in person, but I will send my glove to do it. You all know my glove. Nobody has one like it in the country. It is the one my lady mother embroidered for me in colored silks and silver wire,

and it has a deep violet fringe. You can hang it above the entrance of your fair grounds as a sign that you are acting with my permission. If any one disputes your right or touches his master's glove, I will attend to him, that 's all." So the glove would travel in state to open the fair.



AN EARL'S GLOVE OPENING A COUNTY FAIR.

In the thirteenth century a powerful earl is said to have delivered up a great tract of land to the King of France by promising him the land and sending or giving his glove as pledge of good faith.

In fact, now and then some stag-hunting lord who, when a boy, had been fonder of war and the chase than of writing and reading, would fling down his glove among the legal papers drawn up for arranging some business matter, and say that that was his way of signing papers and giving his



"DULY SIGNED AND SEALED"—BY A GLOVE.

which we have been speaking—the trial by combat.

For when a man of the medieval times considered himself wronged in any way by a neighbor, he very often decided to attend to punishing his enemy himself. He began matters by throwing down his glove before his enemy. The enemy, if he had any spirit, never allowed it to lie there, of course, for to do that was supposed to prove that the challenger was in the right and that the other feared to put his fate to the touch. If a lady was in distress, she asked some man friend to fight for her, which he was usually glad to do. As soon as the glove was picked up, the two men arranged a battle, which was regulated by fixed rules. This fight was recognized as a legal trial. It had to be settled pretty

promptly one way or the other, as they never stopped fighting until one of the champions was killed or badly hurt, or admitted that he was in the wrong.

The champion who came off victorious was said to be the innocent person, for the true knight went to battle with the firm belief that God would strengthen his arm and direct his spear or sword.

We still say "throwing the gauntlet," meaning a challenge, even though we are only defying a schoolmate to "spell us down" in a spelling-bee. Of course, the gauntlet is a big glove. The expression is now all that is left of a very important custom of the rough-and-ready age of

A knight in the days of chivalry, if he dis-



THROWING DOWN THE GAUNTLET.

graced himself and his knighthood, had his gloves taken away from him, just as he had the spurs knocked from his heels, as a punishment.

So many gloves were made in England, and so many people were employed in making them, that in the fourteenth century the glove-makers formed one of the city companies, or guilds, and drew up a set of rules for governing their men; which were thought important enough to be laid before the king and approved by him.

One of the rules was that if any glove-maker was found doing bad work, that is, cutting or sewing badly or using bad material, he should be brought before the mayor and aldermen. If, when this happened, he was sorry and promised to do better in the future, he might be let off with a reprimand. But if unrepentant, he would be banished from the city and was not allowed to return.

Queen Elizabeth was very vain of her pretty hands, and so was extremely fastidious in the choice of her gloves. She must have had as many pairs of them, in that wonderful wardrobe of hers, as she had blond wigs. The reason she had so many gloves was that, everywhere she went, people, knowing that she liked beautiful hand-wear, gave it to her. She received gloves of silk or leather, embroidered or jewel-studded, trimmed with a multitude of little gold buttons, and deliciously perfumed.

These sweet or perfumed gloves were much liked by ladies of Elizabeth's reign. The father of a family, if his wife and daughters followed the fashions at all, allowed them a certain sum of money to buy gloves. This was called "glove-money," just as we still say "pin-money" (and, by the way, the allowance made to ladies to buy pins in former times must have been larger than it is nowadays, for pins were then quite expensive).

A gentleman who was in the habit of going to Elizabeth's court told his friends that in one of her Majesty's audiences the Maiden Queen pulled her gloves off and on more than a hundred times. This was to let those present see

and admire her hands. Think of the little vanities of so great a woman!

For many hundred years gloves have played a part in the court life of various countries, and many are the interesting glove-relics that have come down to this day, and that are now care-



THE KING'S CHAMPION AND HIS CHALLENGE.

fully preserved in museums. Among these there is a plain buff-colored pair of gloves which belonged to the martyr king, Charles I. These he presented to the great-great-grandfather of the present owner. This gentleman had got together a troop of horse to help his sovereign, who was then in dire distress, and the king, meeting him at the head of his men, drew the gloves from his hands and gave them to his faithful follower.

When these gloves were given, the times were

troubles. Poor King Charles had other matters, more important than clothes, to think about, and therefore his gauntlets show no sign of trimming. But we have other pairs which once belonged to the same monarch, and these are beautifully wrought.

He wore a very rich and kingly pair upon the day of his execution. For, instead of making a careless or slovenly appearance on the scaffold, as some less noble person might have done, this king went to it dressed in all his state. He told his attendants to dress him "as trimly as might be," and gave particular directions about each article of clothing.

Several pairs of gloves once the property of Charles II can also be seen in the museums and collections.

As for the pretty legends and historic stories which cluster about gloves, a big book would be needed to give them all. Richard Cœur de Lion, returning from Palestine, was recognized by a glove hanging at the girdle of his squire, and was taken prisoner.

There were many delightful courtesies in former times connected with gloves. Lovers exchanged them, and the knight who rode forth to war had one fluttering from his helmet. When a maiden died, a pair of white gloves, the white being emblematic of innocence, was laid upon her bier. Or, if a judge summoned his court, and there were no criminals to be tried or cases to be settled, the judge was given a snow-white pair of gloves.

The etiquette of crowning a king once required that the new sovereign should have his knight to champion his cause. Imagine to yourself the ending of a coronation banquet in Westminster Hall. The king is there, and his family and his court.

Suddenly a trumpet blares out through the Hall, and into the place dashes a knight on a fine horse and gallantly armed, spear in rest. This is the king's champion. He proceeds to pull off his long glove, and casts it down upon the floor, and, in a loud voice, calls upon any subject who does not think the new king is the true king to stand

forward and pick up his glove, and fight him to the death. I have never heard that anybody accepted the challenge.

Gloves at one time were very popular as New Year's gifts. One lady brought a gift of this kind to the great Sir Thomas More. Unfortunately, she filled it with gold coins. Sir Thomas had decided a law case in her favor, and she wished to show her gratitude in this way. But Sir Thomas was too high-minded and honorable a man to take money in the administration of justice. "It would be against courtesy," he said, "to refuse the lady's gift. I will therefore keep the *gloves*, but the *lining* she must give to some one else." By the lining Sir Thomas meant, of course, the gold with which she had filled them.

The Portuguese say of a man, "He wears no gloves," when they mean that he is honest and honorable and above suspicion.

There is still another phrase which comes down to us from the days when gloves were used in more ways than they now are. Have n't you sometimes heard it said, when a young lady has discarded her lover, that she "gave him the mitten"? This was first said in the early times when lovers exchanged gloves as a sign that they intended to marry each other. When a girl broke her engagement she gave back the glove or mitten. We still use the phrase, although gloves are no longer exchanged.



Our Yellow Slave.

By C. F. Lummis.

The

only abundant metal, in the world, that is yellow, is the most precious of them all—gold. Brass is not a true metal, but an alloy, a compound. And the color which gold shares with the sun has a great deal to do with its value. I do not think it would be possible that we should ever have come to love and admire any metal so much, to choose it for our highest currency and our ornaments, no matter how rare or ductile it might be, if it were of a dark, dull, gloomy color. The human eye never gets too old to be pleased with very much the same things which pleased it in childhood; and no eye is insensible to the charm of that precious yellow.

I like sometimes to think back to the first man of all men that ever held that "rock of the sun" in his savage hand, and to imagine how he found it, and how it made his sharp eyes twinkle; and how he wondered at its weight, and pounded it with one smooth rock upon another, and found that he could flatten it. All these things come by accident; and gold was an accident that befell when the world was very young. Probably there had been a great rain, that washed the comely lump from its nest in some gravelly stream-bank; and the prehistoric man, in his tunic of skins, chanced that way and found it. It may be that the poor barbarian who picked up the first yellow nugget sank with it still grasped in his swarthy fist.

We do not know even the name of the man who first discovered gold, nor where he lived, nor when. But it was very, very long ago. Before the time of Joseph and the coat of many colors, gold had already become not only a discovered fact, but used in the world's trade. The early Egyptians got their gold from Nubia; so, very likely, the discovery was first made in Africa. At all events, it dates back to the very childhood of the race; and before men had invented the letters of the alphabet, mankind had achieved the prettiest plaything it ever found.

In the very first chapter of the first and noblest of poems, Homer tells of the priest who came with a golden scepter to the camp of the Greeks before Troy, to buy his daughter free; and the sunny metal figures everywhere in the oldest mythology we know. You all have read—and I hope in Hawthorne's

"Tanglewood Tales," where the story is more beautifully told than it was ever elsewhere—of Jason and the Argonauts, and of how they sailed to find the Golden Fleece. That was a fabulous ram-skin whose locks were of pure gold. No wonder the deadly dragon in the dark groves of the Colchian

king guarded it so jealously. Of course the myth is only a poetic way—such as stories generally assume in the folk-lore of an undeveloped race—of saying that Jason and his bold fellow-sailors of the “Argo” sailed to the gold-mines of Asia, and found them. The mines whose fabled richness tempted them to that adventurous voyage in their overgrown rowboat of fifty oars, were in the Caucasus Mountains, and produced a great deal of the gold which was used by the ancients. They were doubtless among the first gold-mines in the world, and their product gilded the splendor of many of the first great monarchs of history. As late as 1875, an attempt was made by Europeans to work these mines; but nothing came of it.

“Rich as Cræsus” has been for more than two thousand years a proverb which is not yet supplanted; and that last king of Lydia—and richest king of old time, according to the ancient myths—got his wealth from placer-mines in the river Pactolus, whose name has become as synonymous with gold as Cræsus’s own. One of the strangest and wisest of the folk-stories of ancient Greece tells how that little river in Asia Minor first gained its golden sands. This legend relates that there was a certain king of Phrygia who had more gold than Cræsus ever dreamed of—so much gold that it made him the poorest man in the world! It was King Midas, son of Gordius, who earned this strange distinction. He had done a favor to Dionysus, and the god said gratefully: “Wish one wish, whatever thou wilt, and I will grant it.” Now Midas had already caught the most dangerous of all “yellow fevers,”—the fever for gold,—and he replied: “Then let it be that all things which I shall touch shall be turned into gold.”

Dionysus promptly granted this foolish prayer, and Midas was very happy for a little. He picked up stones from the ground, and instantly they changed to great lumps of gold. His staff was gold, and his very clothing became yellow, and so heavy that he could barely stagger under its weight. This was very fine indeed! He touched the corner of his palace, and lo! the great building became a house of pure gold. Splendid! He entered, and touched what took his fancy, and furniture, and clothing, and all underwent the same magic change. Better and better! “I’m the luckiest king alive!” chuckled Midas, still looking about for something new to transmute.

But even kings who have the golden touch must sometimes eat; and presently Midas grew hungry with so much wealth-making. He clapped his hands, and the servants spread the royal

table. A touch of the royal finger, and table and cloth and dishes were yellow gold. This was something like! The exhilarated king sat down, and broke a piece of bread; but, as he lifted it, it was strangely heavy, and he saw that it, too, was of the precious metal! A doubt ran through his foolish head whether even the golden touch might not have its drawbacks; but he was very hungry, and did not wait to weigh the question. If his fingers turned the bread to gold, he would take something from a spoon; and he lifted a ladle of broth to his mouth. But the instant it touched his lips, the broth turned to a great yellow button, which dropped ringing back upon the golden board.

The disquieted king rose and walked out of the palace. At the door he met his fair-faced little daughter, who held up a bright flower to him. Midas laid his hand gently upon her head,—for he loved the child, foolish as he was,—and lo! his daughter stood motionless before him—a pitiful little statue of shining gold!

How much longer this accursed power tormented the miserable monarch, the myth does not tell us; but he was cured at last by bathing in the river Pactolus, and the washing away of his magic power filled the sands of the stream with golden grains.

Though the old fable is no longer believed, the truth taught by it remains. The Midases are not dead yet; for the one of ancient fable there are to-day thousands at whose very touch all turns to gold. Their food does not change to metal between their lips; but often it might as well, for all the joy they have of it.

Gold figures largely through all the quaint history-fables of the ancients; and history itself is full of tales hardly less remarkable. The early history of America was *made* by gold; or rather by golden hopes, which achieved wonders for civilization, but very little for the pockets of the most wonderful explorers the world has ever seen. Had it not been for the presence of gold here,—and the supposed presence of infinitely more than has yet been dug,—the western hemisphere would be very much of a wilderness still. It was the chase of golden myths which led to the astounding achievements that opened the New World; and since then, almost to this day, civilization has followed with deliberate march only in the hasty footprints of the gold-seekers. No tale was too wild to find credence with the early adventurers. In South America the most striking myth was that of *El Dorado*, “The Gilded Man”—a living person who was declared to be plated with pure gold! The anxiety of the credulous world-finders to reach a country so rich

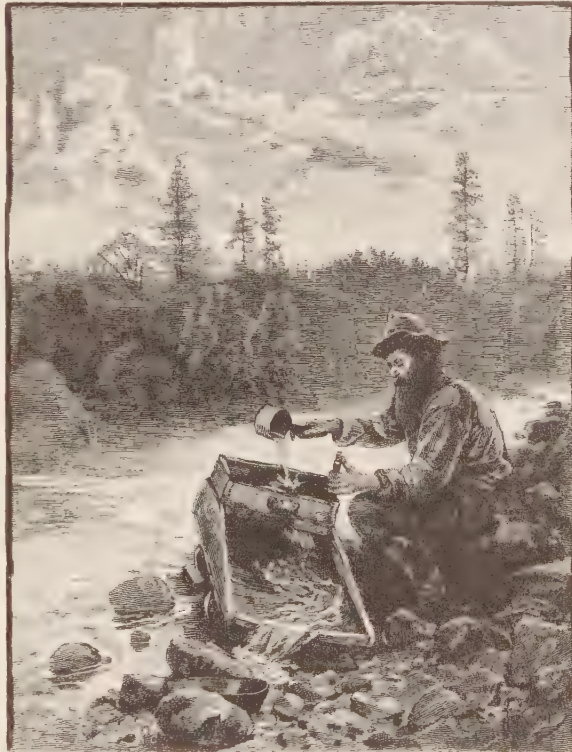
as must be that of El Dorado, cost uncounted thousands of gallant lives. In Mexico there were myths almost as impossible; and I am sorry to say that equally silly myths find unnumbered victims in our country still. The fabled ransom of Montezuma is *all* a fable; but it is probably a fact that Atahualpa, the Inca of Peru, did pay to that marvelous soldier Pizarro a ransom of golden vessels sufficient to fill a room twenty-two by seventeen feet to a height of nine feet above the floor! It is certain that the captive Inca offered that stupendous price to buy himself free, and that the offer was conditionally accepted; but whether he had paid the ransom before his treachery in having his brother Inca assassinated led to his own execution, we are not fully assured.

There is no doubt, however, that while gold was not in use in Mexico, there was a great deal of it employed in Peru, chiefly for sacred utensils and idols, and that some of the conquerors amassed vast wealth there. The early Spanish discoveries of gold in North America were unimportant, despite the gilded myths which have surrounded them. In Columbus's time, the gold-fields of the known world were so "worked out" that their product was barely enough to meet the "wear and tear" of the precious metal; so there was crying need of new finds. But they came slowly.

By 1580 there were vague rumors of gold in what is now California. Loyola Cavello, the priest of San José, saw "placer" gold there, and tells of it in his book written in 1690. In the next century, Antonio Alcedo speaks of lumps of California gold weighing from five to eight pounds. But though its presence was known, and though the rocky ribs of the Golden State hid many more millions than were dreamed of,—and perhaps than are dreamed of yet,—there was little mining, and that little with scant success.

The first gold discovery in the American colonies was in Cabarrus County, North Carolina, in 1799; and up to 1827 that State was the only gold-producer in the Union. In 1824 Cabarrus County sent the first American gold to the mint in Philadelphia. The Appalachian gold-field, which embraces part of Virginia, and stretches across North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, touching also parts of Tennessee and Alabama, was once looked to for great things; but it long ago ceased to be of any importance.

In 1828 the New Placers were discovered in New Mexico, some fifty miles south of Santa Fé, and for a great many years produced richly. Even to this day they are far from unproductive. Gold had been found in New Mexico a great many generations before, but never in quantities to come anywhere near paying. Ten years later, placer gold was discovered in Santa Barbara County, California, on the vast rancho of that gallant old hidalg-



THE "CRADLE" USED BY MINERS IN WASHING OUT GOLD.

go whose home was described by Mrs. Jackson as the home of "Ramona." These placers have been worked steadily, though clumsily, by Mexicans ever since; and I have a nugget which was washed out on Piru Creek in 1838.

Until within half a century, the world's supply of gold had long been inadequate for the growing demand. Russia was the chief producer, and her mines—discovered about 1745—kept the nations from a "gold famine" that would have been most disastrous. There were old mines in China, but little worked; and, though Japan's gold output was large, it was but a drop in the bucket of the world's need. Russia at present, by the way, produces an average of twenty millions of dollars' worth of gold a year.

The wonderful gold-fields of Australia were discovered in 1839 by Count Strzelecki; but the priceless find was concealed, for a curious reason.

Australia was already England's outdoor prison; and it was feared that if the golden news were known, the forty-five thousand desperate convicts there would rise in rebellion and annihilate their keepers, as they could easily have done. So, for a dozen years, the mighty secret was jealously guarded; and thousands walked unsuspecting over the dumb gravel that held a million fortunes. In 1841 a clergyman again stumbled upon the dangerous secret; but again the discovery was suppressed; and it was not until California had set the whole world on fire with an excitement which nothing could bottle up, that Australia threw off her politic mask. In 1851, E. H. Hargraves, who had just come from the new mines of California, saw that Australia was, geologically, a gold country; and his "prospecting" proved his surmises to be correct. The news spread in spite of the efforts of cautious officials, and a wild epidemic of fortune-seekers soon pitted the broad face of the great island-continent with "diggings."

The rich gold-fields of New Zealand were first found in 1842; but were not extensively worked until 1856, when the swarming gold-hunters had overrun the Australian fields, and the restless sought still easier wealth.

As I have told you, gold was mined at odd times in California much more than two centuries ago; and steadily mined for more than a decade before the "great discovery" which was to change the face of a whole nation, and bring about what was in many ways the most remarkable migration in the whole history of the human race. But these early diggings of the precious metal made little stir. The swarthy miners delved away quietly, exchanged the glittering gold "dust" for rough food and other rude necessities, making no noise about it. They were very much out of the world. The telegraph, the railroad, and the printing-press were far from touch with them. There were a few Americans in California, and even one or two newspapers; but neither paid attention to the occasional rumors of gold, save to ridicule them.

But on the ninth day of February, 1848, a little girl held in her unknowing hand the key of the West—the wee, yellow seed which was to spring into one of the most wondrous plants in history. On the American Fork of the Sacramento River, in what is now El Dorado County, California, stood a shabby little mill, owned by an American named Sutter (the Californians, by the way, pronounce the name "soo-ter"). The mill-race became broken, and three men were hired to repair it. Two were Mormons, and the third was the overseer, named Marshall. As the

men worked, Marshall's little daughter played about them—dreaming as little as did her elders that she was to upset a continent. A yellow pebble in an angle of the sluice caught her eye; and picking the pretty trifle from the wet sand, she ran to her father with "Papa! See the p'tty stone!" It was indeed a pretty stone, and Marshall at once suspected its value. Tests proved that he was right, and gold was *really* found. The discovery made some little noise among the few Americans in that lonely, far land, but nothing was known of it to the world until the Rev. C. S. Lyman, who saw some of the nuggets which further search yielded, wrote a letter to the "American Journal of Science," in March, 1848. As soon as the news was in type, it spread swiftly to the four ends of the earth; and by August of the same year four thousand excited men were already tearing up the sands of the American Fork, and so forcing them to yield up their golden secrets. And well they succeeded, since every day saw from \$30,000 to \$50,000 worth of gold "washed out" and transferred to rude safes of bottles or to buckskin sacks. How long and high that gold-fever raged; how it patted the fearful intervening desert with the weary footprints of hundreds of thousands of modern Jaxons; how it brought around the Horn a thousand heavy ships for every one that had sailed before; how it overturned and created anew the money-markets of the world; how it turned a vast wilderness into the garden of the world, and pulled the Union a thousand miles over to the West, and caused the building of such enormous railway lines as mankind had never faintly dreamed of, and did a thousand other wonders, you already know; for it has made literature as well as history. Our national page is crowded with great achievements; but its chief romance was in

The days of old,
The days of gold—
The days of '49.

Of the various methods of liberating our yellow slave from the hard clutches of the earth, it would take too long to speak in detail here; but they are broadly divided into two classes, according to the surroundings of the gold itself. Free or "placer" gold—which was the first known to mankind, and which was the sort that started the great "fevers" in California and Australia—is found in beds of sand and gravel, generally the bed of a stream. It is extracted—this precious needle from an enormous and worthless haystack—by means of its own weight, water being applied in various manners to give that weight a chance to assert itself. The mined gravel is water-sifted until but little is left; and from

that little it is easy to hunt out the coy yellow grains.

The placer gold was not formed in the gravel-banks where it is found, but came there by the decay of its mother-rock. All gold began in "veins" in the earth's rocky ribs; but Time, with his patient hammers of wind and rain and frost, has pounded vast areas of these rocks to sand; and the gold, broken from great bands to lumps, has drifted with the bones of the mountains into the later heaps of gravel.

The processes of mining gold which still remains in its original home in the rocks are much more complicated. There is a vast amount of boring to be done into the flinty hearts of the mountains, with steel drills and with blasting; and then the rock which is dotted with the precious yellow flakes has to be crushed between the steel jaws of great mills. Much of the gold that is mined, too, is so chemically changed that it does not look like gold at all, and requires special chemical processes to coax it out. In all gold-mining, mercury is one of the most important factors. It is the mineral sheriff, swift to arrest any fugitive fleck of gold that may come in its way. The sluice-boxes in extensive placer-mines and the "sheets" in stamp-mills are all charged with quicksilver, which saves a vast amount of the finer gold-dust that otherwise would be swept away by the current of water; for water is equally essential in both kinds of mining.

There is no such thing as "pure gold," often as we hear the phrase. Nature's purest, her "virgin gold," is always alloyed with silver; and the very finest is ninety-eight or ninety-nine per cent. gold. California gold averages about the fineness of our American coin—ninety per cent. of purity.

It is an odd fact that the sea is full of gold. No doubt at the bottom of that stupendous basin, which has received for all time the washings of all the world, there is an incalculable wealth of

gold in dust; but the strange ocean mine is not all so deep down as that. The sea-water itself carries gold in solution—a fraction of a grain of gold to every ton of water, as a famous chemist has shown.

Among the historical big nuggets found in various parts of the world, there have been some wonderful yellow lumps. In Cabarrus County, North Carolina, one was found in 1810 which weighed thirty-seven pounds troy. In 1842 the gold-fields of Zlatoust, in the Ural, gave a nugget of ninety-six pounds troy. The Victoria (Australia) nugget weighed 146 pounds and three pennyweights, of which only six ounces were foreign rock; and the Ballarat (Australia) nugget was thirty-nine pounds heavier yet. The largest nugget ever found was also dug in Australia—the "Sarah Sands," named for a far-off loved one. It reached the astonishing weight of 233 pounds and four ounces troy! I wonder



HYDRAULIC MINING—BREAKING UP ROCK BY TWO GREAT STREAMS OF WATER.

what Miner Sands felt when he struck his pick upon that fortune in one lump!

Since their fields were opened, California and Australia alone have produced more than half as much gold as the whole world had mined before Columbus. The total annual production of gold in the world is over four hundred millions of dollars.

Yet the world is not richer in gold by all that vast amount every year. It is losing, too—an

amount very trifling compared with the whole, and yet very large in fact. You hear people wishing that they owned this rich mine or that vast fortune; but if one could have just the annual *loss* on the billions of dollars' worth of gold now in the world's hands, there would be no need to envy Cræsus. Every year an impalpable golden dust—so infinitely fine as to seem rather a vapor than a dust—is worn from all gold in use, and passes forever from our wealth and our knowledge. And in our handling, enough gold to make one person incalculably rich disappears every year, lost as absolutely as if it had never existed. So even if the world's needs of gold were not multiplying very rapidly, there would be required a large annual production merely to meet this shrinkage by "wear and tear."

The quality which makes gold the most valuable of the metals is its docility. The cunning hammer of the smith can "teach" it almost anything. The more stubborn metals crumble after they have been reduced to a certain point of fineness; but gold can be hammered into a sheet so infinitely fine that 282,000 of them, piled one upon the other, would be but an inch thick! And a flake of gold tiny as a pinhead can be drawn out in a finer thread than ever man spun, in a spider-thread—to a length of 500 feet.

There is no end to the uses of gold. They broaden every day. In one of its many forms, our Yellow Slave helps us in almost every art and walk of life. It is as necessary as its red fellow-servant, Fire—and a better in one way, since, unlike fire, it can never become "a bad master," except through our own fault.



THE BOY WHO RODE ON THE FIRST TRAIN

BY MARY K. MAULE

LET me tell you a curious little story told to me a few years ago by an old man of Norwood, Long Island, aged ninety-four; but away back in the early '30's he did something that no boy had ever done before, and that no boy will ever do again—for he was the first boy that rode on the first train in America.

His name was Stephen Smith Dubois, and he was just as fond of fun and excitement, and of going to places and seeing things, as boys are to-

day. In the autumn of 1831, after the crops were harvested, and he had in his pocket the money he had earned as a farm-hand, he thought he would give himself a great treat. So he put his little bundle on a stick over his shoulder, and started to walk all the way from Providence, Saratoga County, up to Albany, to visit his uncle. He was fifteen years old then, and a forty-mile walk was nothing to his active young limbs.

He had been living on a farm, and the sights of

Albany kept him at a fever heat of interest for a week, at which time he felt that he would have to start on his return journey. He did not in the least mind the prospect of the long walk, but when he mentioned the matter to his uncle, he was told that if he would remain a little longer his uncle would take him on the trial trip of the new railroad then being built, and which was the greatest experiment that had ever been undertaken in that part of the country.

What boy could possibly resist the opportunity to ride on a brand-new invention that was the talk of the whole country, and which, moreover, it was predicted, would run away, or blow up, or go over into a ditch at the first trial!

This big boy was sitting out in a five-acre corn-field, near Norwood, Long Island, busily shucking corn, when he told all about it.

"My first ride on a railroad train!" Mr. Dubois

by the name of James Goold. I found all that out around the work-shops.

"There had been an engine made in England and sent over here, and they called it the 'John Bull,' and boy as I was, I kept looking over the new engine that had been built here in our own country, and hoping it was better than the English engine.

"As I said, railroading was a pretty new thing in those days, and some of the folks around there were terribly down on the experiment. They said that the Lord had made rivers, and lakes, and dirt-roads for man to travel over, and that as they 'd been good enough for their forefathers and *their* merchandise to travel over, and to build up the country as well as they had, they guessed it was good enough for them; and they could n't for the life of them see what folks wanted to make such a fuss for, and waste their time fool-



STYLE OF FIRST PASSENGER TRAINS BY STEAM POWER BETWEEN ALBANY AND SCHENECTADY, 1831.

From an old print.

said. "I 'll never forget that as long as I live. I remember it all just as well as if it was yesterday. Why, that was one of the biggest events that New York State had ever seen, and to think that I, just a common farm-boy, was privileged to take part in it, was a thing I could never forget. Why, the whole country, from Albany to Schenectady, and back again, was fairly wild about that railroad. There had n't been much effort at railroading anywhere up to that time, and the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad was a little the biggest experiment that our part of the State had ever tried. My uncle, John Conklin, was interested in the road, and that was how I got the chance to ride on the first trip. You can just imagine I was a pretty excited boy when I heard about it. I could hardly sleep nights thinking about it, and I hung around the railroad yards looking at the locomotive, and studying the rails, and the cars, every chance I got. I tell you it was a grand opportunity for a boy like me! Such an opportunity as will never come to another boy in the United States of America. The locomotive was built down in New York by a man by the name of David Mathews, and the coaches were made in Union Street, by a man

ing 'round with such outlandish contraptions as 'that tootin', screechin' locomotive.' "

At this the old man straightened up and laughed heartily.

"Why, they were afraid as death of it. They vowed it would run away, or blow up, or back down a hill and be smashed with everybody aboard, and they insisted that if any people were going to risk their lives by riding the thing the directors should ride first, as they were the ones to blame for getting innocent people interested in it.

"All that kind of talk rather scared some people out, but it did n't scare me. I only wanted more than ever to go. I could hardly wait for the day to come. I remember that day well; it was September 24, 1831. Nothing else had been talked of for weeks. And I remember that when I woke up that morning I felt as Columbus must have felt the day he sailed away to discover America.

"I did n't sleep much that night, and I was up and wanting to start almost before daybreak. Everybody got there early, but the fellows that were operating the locomotive seemed to have plenty of troubles on their hands before we got started. First the piston-rods got cranky, then the feed-pipes would n't work, and it was after

twelve o'clock before they got everything ready for the start."

The old man took off his hat and laid it beside him, and the light wind lifted the long locks of his wavy, snow-white hair. The knotted, work-worn hands fell idly, and in the dim blue eyes that gazed away over the fields to the gorgeous glow of the autumnal foliage, the vision grew—the vision of that stirring scene of a long lifetime ago.

"I can see that train now," he went on, musingly, "just as plain as I did that morning. I suppose it would be a funny-looking sight to people now, but to me it was one of the grandest and most inspiring things I ever saw.

"I was only a poor farmer-boy, and I had n't seen much, but I tell you that I was proud I was an American that day.

"The name of the engine was the 'De Witt Clinton,' but somebody called it the 'Brother Jonathan,' and it was afterward known as the 'Yankee,' I suppose on account of the English engine being called the 'John Bull.'

"It was a pretty funny-looking little contraption compared to what locomotives are now. It stood high and spindling, had a straight, small smoke-stack, and the boiler was about as big as a kerosene barrel. Behind the engine there was a tender, just a sort of a platform on a truck, and on this were two barrels of water, a couple of baskets of fagots, and an armful of wood. Behind the tender were the coaches, hooked together by three links. Did you ever see an old-fashioned stage-coach? Well, these coaches were made just like them. Regular stage-coach bodies placed on trucks and supported by thorough-braces, with a 'boot' at each end for baggage—and four seats inside, each holding three people, two seats in the middle, and one at each end. There were five coaches that day, and all of them were packed full when the train finally got started, so there must have been something like seventy-five people aboard.

"All the 'big bugs' and dignitaries of the whole State were there. I reckon no boy ever rode in more distinguished company. Most of them were directors of the road, senators, governors, mayors, high-constables, editors, and all sorts of celebrities. Many of them were old men, even then, and most of them were middle-aged or over, while I was the only boy on the excursion and I was only fifteen. That's why I say that I know that I am the only person now living that was on the Mohawk and Hudson on its first trip with passengers over the road.

"Well, as I said, we had a terrible time getting started, but at last we got off, and then it did

seem to me as if we fairly *flew*. I had never felt anything like it. There were big white stone mile-posts all along the road, and it seemed to me that I no sooner would get through dodging one than another one would come by. Oh, it was grand riding, I tell you!

"A man by the name of Jervis—John B. Jervis, I think it was—was chief engineer, John Hampson was the fireman, and John Clark, the fellow they called 'resident engineer,' acted as conductor. They did n't have a regular conductor. I remember that they filled up the boiler when we started, but at what they called the 'half-way house' we had to stop at a tank and take on water to carry us through.

"By the time we'd left the half-way house she was getting right down to her work, and it did look to me as if we were going at a terrible speed—although I guess about eighteen miles an hour was the best time we made.

"I saw some of the passengers turn pale and clutch their seats like grim death when we rounded the curves; and others of them, solemn old fellows, looked at each other and shook their heads, as if they knew that going at such a rate as that was almost wicked, and that they surely were tempting fate. But I was n't a bit scared. The faster we went the better I liked it. The engine could n't go too fast to suit me.

"People all along the way ran out to look after the train as dumfounded as if it had been an air-ship or a comet, and the horses and cows and pigs and chickens took to the hills, bawling and squawking as if they thought the very fiends were after them.

"I can't remember now just how long it took us to get to Schenectady, but I mind well that the trip was n't half long enough to suit me.

"When we got to Schenectady the town authorities or somebody gave a big dinner in honor of the occasion, and Uncle John told me that Mr. Cambreling, the president of the road, gave a toast, something to the effect that he hoped that before long we would 'breakfast in Utica, dine at Rochester, and eat supper with our friends at Lake Eric.'

"I thought that was pretty wild talk then, for it took about seventy-two hours of hard travel to get to Buffalo by stage, and I never dreamed of such a thing as a train going thundering across the country at sixty miles an hour, any more—" the smile upon the fine old face faded, and the patriarchal head was bent, as the old man gazed musingly across the fields—"any more than I thought that I would be sitting here at ninety-four telling all about that experience of my boyhood for American boys and girls of to-day."

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Have cared for it, so now it spreads
Its Roots and Branches far and wide,
And casts its shade on every side.

This Tree bears Fruit of different kinds
For many Hearts and many Minds.
So all you Children have to do
Is just to take what's best for you.
But no one ever soils or breaks
The Golden Fruit he needs and takes,
And no one ever bends or tears
The Books this Tree of Knowledge bears.

❧ "John-martin" ❧



